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THE
EVANGELICAL UNION WORTHIES

THE WORTHIES

OF THE

EVANGELICAL UNION

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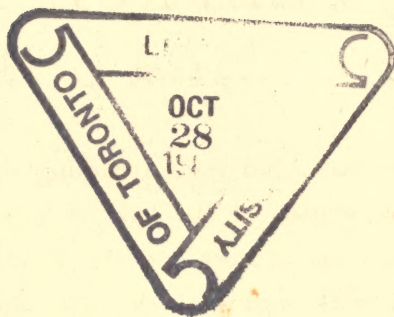
LIVES AND LABOURS OF DECEASED EVANGELICAL
UNION MINISTERS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

GLASGOW: THOMAS D. MORISON

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PREFACE.

MANY inquiries have been made regarding the prospect of having memoirs written of the lives of a number of the departed Fathers and Leaders of the Evangelical Union, more especially with regard to the Rev. Robert Morison, Rev. Peter Mather, Rev. Fergus Ferguson, sen., the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, the Rev. Dr. Bathgate—and instead of having a separate volume devoted to each of the aforementioned and others, it has been suggested that the best method would be to deal with all the biographies in one volume, and to give an account of the life and labours of all the deceased ministers of the denomination.

In giving effect to the above suggestion, this volume, it is hoped, will form a lasting and a becoming tribute to the memory of our lamented and dearly beloved departed Fathers and Brethren of the ministry, men who sacrificed much for the sake of the gospel and of conscience.

The various biographies are each written by different ministers or members of the denomination, and of course it is understood that the respective writers are responsible each for his own contribution alone, and not for those

of others. The name of each writer is attached to the respective sketch.

The compilers hope that the pleasant task of giving an account of their deceased companions in gospel work, which has been to them literary labours of love, may be appreciated by friends at home and abroad, and that the volume may find a ready and cordial welcome.

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REV. ROBERT MORISON.

THE EVANGELICAL UNION WORTHIES.

THE REV. ROBERT MORISON.

MY father was a stalwart man. He was in every respect large. Standing in his stockings, he was an inch-and-a-half more than six feet tall. The other dimensions were proportional. His head was large, and rather domed than square. All his features were large. Only his hands and feet were small. He was fair-haired, and of a ruddy countenance. His presence was commanding. It was a common saying among the country women round about, "He's a *braw* man, Mr. Morison." About fifteen years ago, I met on the banks of the Clyde an elderly lady, who, without meaning to be rude or uncomplimentary to myself, said to me, as in surprise, "Are *you* the son of Mr. Morison of Bathgate? He was my minister lang syne, and a braw man he was. Ye're no like him at a'." She spoke the truth; for no one could say of my father that "in person he was weak" or "contemptible."

There was inherent in my father's mind a peculiar moral characteristic, that very naturally consorted with the strength and largeness of his physical frame. He was always, and in all circumstances and emergencies, *without fear*. I have often heard him say, that it was not by consciousness that he knew what *fear* is. He knew it by its symptoms, as manifested in others. He never, on any occasion, lost his self-possession. I remember that, between fifty and sixty years ago, there was, in the circle in which we were moving quite a *fureur* of interest in working out appropriate anagrams of proper names. My father and I, along with Mr. Taylor, the accomplished

parish schoolmaster, were one evening engaged in this amusement, when my father, among some less successful hits, worked out of the letters of his name, *Mob-is-no-terror*. It was hailed by Mr. Taylor as a singular felicity, the more especially as my father had, about that time, been facing undauntedly some stormy political meetings, in which he took the unpopular side, and pleaded strenuously the cause of Catholic Emancipation.

A short time after that, I had a different kind of evidence of my father's *fearlessness*, that profoundly impressed my youthful mind. He was, on a certain summer day, engaged in pastoral "visitation," five or six miles distant from home. He took me with him. We visited the homes of several sick folk. Then there was quite a large congregation assembled in the spacious kitchen of an antique farm-house, where the fireplace was located near the centre of the floor, and was overshadowed by a chimney of immense proportions. Every "coigne of 'vantage" was occupied for the service. My father, seated in the great arm-chair, conducted devotions, and then put some question of the *Shorter Catechism* to every person present, very young children alone being exempted. When the subject that was treated of in the answer happened to have some feature of special significance, my father broke it down analytically into its component parts, putting, in reference to it, many an extemporaneous question, which would sometimes give occasion to animated theological dissertation, or to eager discussion. After the kitchen service was reverently concluded, there was, I remember, a feast of curds and cream, with abundance of other good cheer. By and by, we left the hospitable home.

It was a lovely evening; and, for variety, as well as to shorten the road, we resolved to cross an extensive field. We got into it, and advanced a long way through it, when my young eyes descried a solitary bull in the distance. Scarcely had I drawn my father's attention to it, ere it scented our presence, or otherwise got note of us. Erecting its head, and then, by and by, its tail too, it came running towards us, bellowing hoarsely. Escape by flight would have been impossible; we were beyond the middle of the field; but

my father never for a moment thought of flight. He picked up some stones, and said to me, "James, take your cap, and gather as many stones, like this one, as you can." I did not need to be twice told; and by the side of my father I did not feel alarm. The excited brute was rapidly making up to us. But at length it stood still for a few moments and surveyed us. Then holding its head downward, with its tail curvilinearly extended upward, it tore up the sods with its horns, and, uttering a malignant rumble, hastened forward. My father did not waver or stand still. He went steadily on, and as soon as the infuriated beast was within reach, he threw at it a stone with admirable precision. It took effect; I heard the rattle on the animal's bones. Stone succeeded stone with great rapidity and great force. They seemed all to take effect. I heard, and still hear, the rattles and the thuds. Giving my capful of ammunition to my father, I gathered more. The bull at length stood still, "punished" about the head. It hesitated. But my father, on his side, never slackened in his artillery, till at length the fierce brute was subdued, turned aside muttering, and walked slowly away. If my father had not been *fearless*, and stalwart too, the consequences might have been serious.

It is not improbable that this feature of *fearlessness* in my father's character may have had some intimate connection with a rather remarkable power which, while in the prime of his vigour, he instinctively wielded. He had undefinable moral control over such as were subject to hallucinations, or felt tendencies to homicidal or suicidal violence. Many gentlemen got benefit from contact with him, and several strange friendships with distinguished individuals were the result. The same idiosyncrasy led him into prolonged intimacy with some celebrated physicians, inclusive of Dr. Abercrombie, of Edinburgh, and Dr. Andrew Combe, physician to the King of the Belgians.

My father was born at Mill of Garvoch, in the parish of Dunning, Perthshire, on the 18th of August, 1782. It was a farm-home in which he opened his eyes and looked out on the world. By and by this farm was exchanged for a larger one, called Masterfield, not far from Dunning; and there my father

grew up amid abundance of pure air and fresh milk, and other farm-house dainties. He soon made himself useful to my grandfather, James Morison, and grew apace, developing day by day into more pronounced largeness, outward and inward. The vigour of his intellect, the readiness of his rhetoric, especially in debate, and the peculiar tenacity of his memory, gave him in the home, as in surrounding circles, a position of mental superiority, that even eclipsed his pre-eminence as a skilful worker in every kind of farming operation. Thus it happened that, though he grew up into the assumption that the farm was the sphere of his mission, yet many could not help entertaining and expressing the opinion that it was a pity that his talents should not be consecrated to the work of the Christian ministry. This idea, when once it got wings, fluttered both within and around the home, as also over the church at Dalreoch, till at length both father and mother felt it to be their duty to encourage their gifted son to proceed with study with a view to the ministry. He became a student in the Edinburgh University, at the ripe age of twenty-two, in the year 1804. He continued in the University till the year 1809, during which time he pursued the common curriculum of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Logic, Moral Philosophy and Natural Philosophy, adding to the list Chemistry under Dr. Murray. He attended the Latin Classes three consecutive sessions, having for his teacher during the first two, Professor Hill, and then Professor Christison for the third. He studied Greek during five consecutive sessions, enjoying the last year of Professor Dalzel's incumbency, and attending Professor Dunbar for the four succeeding years. He absorbed the full benefit of the Humanity work, although the energy of Professor Hill was in its sere and yellow leaf. My father continued to the end of life to read, and likewise to speak, Latin with facility. There was not so much to be absorbed in the Greek Class. It was merely rudimentary work that he had to perform in his first session under the veteran Professor; and, for the four succeeding sessions, there was conspicuous rudimental imperfection in the teacher,—the young Professor, in his attainments, limping behind his more advanced pupils. In Mathematics he

came under the inspiring influence of Sir John Leslie, then a nimble-footed stripling, to the last degree unlike that "huge rotundity" of person into which he afterwards distended. In Logic, he enjoyed exceedingly the prelections of Professor Finlayson, and always spoke of him with deep respect; while something higher than respect, his *admiration*, seemed to be about equally divided between the illustrious Dugald Stewart for Moral Philosophy, and the no less illustrious John Playfair for Natural Philosophy. On the whole, his favourite study was Mathematics; and he would have shone in scientific research and analysis, had not his path been from the first laid out for him in the direction of the ministry.

Before completing his University curriculum, he commenced the study of Divinity under Professor Paxton in the autumn of 1807; and at length in 1811 he was "licensed" to be a preacher of the gospel by the Associate Presbytery of Perth.

His first sermon was preached in Dalreoch, his mother church. His second and third were preached on October 6th, 1811, in Aberdeen, from the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Templeton. On that day week he preached in Huntly to the vacant Associate congregation there, "which," says he, in a diary which he kept of his career as a *probationer*, "was a small handful of seemingly not very opulent people."—"Their music," he adds, "was remarkably tame and flat."—"Many of the men went to church with nothing on their heads but their old night-caps."—"I could not," he continues, "but notice that a good many full-grown young women came to the meeting with nothing on their heads, but only their hair put up with a comb." He found, however, some accomplished and delightful people, in particular a Mr. and Mrs. M'Donald, of whom he says, "I never saw husband and wife look upon one another with more kindness and complacency, or appearing more happy in one another, or improving opportunities of easily and lovingly gratifying each other in every part of their conduct."

My father preached again in Huntly on the following Sunday to increased assemblies; and again on that day fortnight, November 10th, and also on November 17th, to still larger audiences. Then he set out on his journey southward

to fulfil his second appointment, which was to the recently-formed Associate congregation in Bathgate, Linlithgowshire. This place he reached in time to preach on the 1st day of December, 1811.

There were, of course, no trains in those days; and even very few stage coaches. Hence, like other probationers, my father had to keep his own horse; and all his journeys from place to place were made on horseback. He rode by easy stages all the way from Masterfield to Huntly, and back again from Huntly to Bathgate;—a delightful mode of journeying in fine weather, but somewhat trying in the midst of a pitilessly pelting and persistent storm. My father's probationer-journeys were at a season of the year when there is often more to endure than to admire.

His first impressions of the church in Bathgate were somewhat mingled. He speaks of the congregation as "an assembly, not numerous, but of a more genteel and respectable appearance than the meetings he had in general seen in the North." "Yet," adds he, "I must say that their attention to the preaching of the gospel did not seem to be so great."—"To be sure," he continues, "they were very decent, but their ardour for hearing the gospel must be confessed to be far inferior to that of the less polished inhabitants of that district where last I was preaching."

The Huntly congregation in the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and the Bathgate congregation in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, were, so far as I can make out, the only vacant charges to which my father got appointments; and by both of these churches was he unanimously invited to undertake the pastoral office. After considerable hesitation he accepted the call to Bathgate, no doubt influenced by the consideration that he would be within easy reach of Edinburgh, where, during his University curriculum, he had formed numerous friendships and acquaintanceships. There would likewise, I presume, be another consideration that would have its own peculiar weight. He had formed a strong attachment to Miss Rollo, of *The Cottage*, Lochee, daughter of David Rollo, Esquire, and the inheritor of the mental and moral graces of a most excellent and enlightened mother. Not unlikely it would appear

to the young couple that the new home would not be so far away, if it were pitched rather at Bathgate than at Huntly.

I find, from the diary, that my father, in riding from Masterfield to Huntly, went *via The Cottage, Lochee*. And again in returning southward he came *via Aberdeen, Montrose, Arbroath, Dundee, and via The Cottage, Lochee*. He arrived there on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 20th, and stayed till the afternoon of Thursday, November 28th, preaching for Mr. Fraser, of Dundee, on the Sunday. It is evident that there was some very strong attraction in the suburbs of Dundee. He did not weary at *The Cottage*. I imagine that the intimacy culminated in the year 1811. I have in my possession a much-prized copy of Young's *Night Thoughts*, which my father gave me in 1837. It is inscribed, "To Miss Rollo, as a New-Year's gift and a token of esteem from Robert Morison." Then the date is given, 1811; and a quotation is added, which would come powerfully home to his own experience, "We take no note of time but by its loss." I have likewise in my possession a small, circular, and exquisite piece of lady's work, very delicately wrought, and intended to be a gentleman's keepsake, to be carried about in the case of his watch. On the top is the word "Union." Then follows my father's name, with a peculiarly overflowing designation,—*"R. Morison, my true Love and Beloved;" and at the bottom is the date, 1811.* My father carefully preserved this precious keepsake while he lived, and since his death it has been in my keeping, and is all the more tenderly guarded and regarded that I cannot recollect that I ever saw my mother.

My father was ordained in Bathgate to the office of the Christian ministry on the 2nd day of June, 1812. He was married to Jessie Rollo on the 20th day of August, 1813. Their family consisted of two daughters, and one son between the two. My mother died on the 15th day of April, 1822, and my father mourned for her till the year 1855, when he passed up to stand by her side in the presence of their common Lord.

His pastorate in Bathgate could scarcely be regarded as a distinguished success. He had indeed no rival in the place for readiness of speech and masterliness of debate. Nor had he any rival in classics or mathematics. No one in the locality

but himself could converse with educated foreigners, or even give an extemporaneous address to the townspeople. But there was a matter of secret history connected with the congregation, of which my father was the innocent victim. The result was for years a secret blight on his ministry. My father endured the trial. But he did more—he resented it. His spirit was somewhat stout, and perhaps he did not sufficiently bend. Probably had he obtained a different view of life, and life's responsibilities, he would, to a greater degree at least, have subjected himself to a yoke of self-restraint and self-denial. The congregation grew rapidly at first; but the blight soon took effect, and there was thenceforward struggle all along.

Then it must be admitted that my father's theology was not much fitted to attract and win. He was never till late in life a theological investigator. The *Westminster Confession of Faith*, pure and simple, and in all its integrity, with the one exception of the power of the civil magistrate in things ecclesiastical, was his theology. He had imbibed it in his youth without questioning; and never, in the whole of his ministry till the year 1840, did he venture to challenge any of its details. It was the one unchangeable mould, into which the living ore of revelation had to be run, and out of which it had to be lifted, entire, and cold, and hard, and then thrown at the people's heads and hearts. They must take that, and all that, and only that, and lay it right over all their most solemn yearnings and throbbings, or else take their place, without any hope of uncovenanted grace, among the wickedly unbelieving.

I remember well some of the conversations of the work-people, who came year after year to put the "glebe" to rights. I was a mere child, and no one ever thought that I would notice the discussions that were carried on. But year after year the same topics came up on the field, and were freely canvassed. The people were taught, they said, to believe that God had foreordained and fixed whatsoever comes to pass, however bad it might be—Is that consistent? They were taught that men are unable to believe the gospel, and that none but the few elect ever get the indispensable ability, and yet all

the rest are to be condemned for not doing what they cannot do—Is that consistent? Men are alleged to be unable, unless unconditionally elected, to do any spiritual duty, and yet they are urged to go home and pray, just as if they really had power to pray effectually—Is that consistent? Men are told that Christ died only for the elect, and yet all men without any distinction are commanded to embrace the Saviour as their Saviour—Is that consistent? Such were the questionings among the people. And my father's *Confession* did not supply him with any legitimate pleas for more self-consistent doctrines. He was too logical to leave theology in the back ground, and spend his energies in practical exhortations to the performance of practical duties. He boldly uplifted his theology just as he found it lying in his *Confession*, and brandished it fearlessly in the face of his audience. What wonder that it did not attract?

Even on such a simple subject as *the faith of the gospel*, the faith without which it is impossible to please God, or to be either saved or sanctified, his views were for many years disappointing and confusing. I remember vividly that, at sacramental occasions, when, in consequence of tent services, quite a group of ministers were required to carry on the work simultaneously in the church and on "The Green," there were often on the Saturday evenings and Monday afternoons, discussions on the nature of saving faith. It was quite a favourite theme of contröversy, and a theme to which was left, even within the pale of the *Confession*, scope for divergence and discussion. Dr. Duncan, of Midcalder, contended that it was a peculiar light that was flashed in upon the minds of the elect. My father, and Mr. Steel of Falkirk, seemed to think that it was rather of the nature of a new spiritual faculty, which the Holy Spirit creates in the hearts of the chosen. I remember that, on one occasion, when the discussion on this subject was waxing warm, Mr. Millar of Linlithgow struck in and said,—“Brethren, you are surely mystifying a simple subject: the old woman's definition is the best yet,—*Faith is just takken' God at his word.*” The other ministers, inclusive of my father, laughed derisively at the simplicity of such a notion. Mr. Millar, though a rich prac-

tical preacher, and so good a Hebrew scholar that he could read, as fluently as in English, the whole Hebrew Bible *ad aperturam*, was not in the least metaphysical, and hence his opinions were quickly pushed aside as scarcely worthy of consideration. But, that being the case, I do not wonder that the people were only, to a limited extent, attracted by my father's ministrations. These ministrations were both high and dry, except when he came, at the close of his sermons, to make practical application of his theme. These practical applications were always extempore, and almost always rich and mellow and impressive.

A curious illustration of the finality which was ascribed by my father to the theology of the *Westminster Confession*, occurred in the year 1833. That was the year in which Mr. Gillespie's *Argument a priori for the Being and Attributes of God* was published. It was a wonderful piece of reasoning, though running more on the lines of Dr. Samuel Clarke than the author seemed willing to acknowledge. It was sent to my father for review. He undertook the task in one of the religious magazines of the day; and he did his work in the most original manner imaginable. He simply set over against Mr. Gillespie's postulates and deductions *certain statements of the Confession of Faith*, assuming, on the one hand, that there is no room for *a priori* reasoning in Natural Theology, and on the other, that the speculative and practical doctrines of the *Westminster Confession* are an unchallengeable touchstone and test of philosophic research and truth. The very attempt, however, to work out such an inversion of the laws of logical thought showed a noteworthy intellectual intrepidity on the part of my father.

In later years he saw clearly enough his mistake as to Mr. Gillespie's *Argument*. And he saw in a clearer and a divine light many other things besides.

All along, since I could take notice, my father was a man much given to prayer: that is, *his thoughts and desires rose up to God by his own free will*. He was far from being satisfied with the results of his ministry. He was far from being satisfied with himself. Seldom if ever had he inquirers coming to him with broken hearts, and asking what they should do to be saved. He had

not himself experienced that great ethical change, in virtue of which a man can say,—“Whereas I was blind, now I see.” The expressions, *peace with God, lively hope of the glory of God, joy of salvation, glad tidings of great joy*, suggested to him subjects that were to be discussed and debated in their relation to theology; but seldom or never were they referred to as indispensable ingredients of Christian experience. Scarcely ever had he occasion in preaching to make use of the word *atonement*. He spoke often of Redemption, but seldom of Propitiation. And while he constantly longed to be spiritually helpful to his fellow men, never did he seem to burn with desire to lead his hearers, just as they were, to the Lamb of God who bore, and who bore out of the way, the sin of the world.

When his son began, in the north of Scotland, in the years 1839 and 1840, to work earnestly for Christ and for souls, and when the word preached took effect, so that men in large numbers were awakened as from slumber, and impelled to seek direction as to *what they must do to be saved*, my father heard, with a father's interest, the unexpected and unaccountable tidings, as communicated in letter after letter. He got to be greatly interested in the spiritual results; and ere long he felt an equal interest in the spiritual means that led to the results. A devoted young lady in his own congregation, Miss Henrietta Dick, afterwards Mrs. John Dalgleish of New Amsterdam, and ultimately a missionary martyr, seemed at that time to be just waiting for a baptism of fire. She speedily obtained it, in connection with the northern movement, and talked to my father fervently. The Bible was laid on the table, and they calmly considered it together. In her own sweet way she plied him with the simple representations of the gospel, just as they are found lying in profusion on the page of inspiration, till at length under the combined influences playing on his spirit from around, and from afar, and from above, he took home the Philippian Jailor's question to himself,—“What must I do to be saved?” For days the question worked itself into his heart, and seemed constantly, as with a loud voice, to be speaking to him and for him; till, on a certain morning, after a night of troubled

rest, he rose, still burdened in spirit, and undecided as to his relation to the love of God and the redemptive work of Jesus. All of a sudden, while in the very act of dressing, the words in 1 John v. 10, 11, flashed before his eyes,—“He that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. And this is the record, that *God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.*” The words held themselves up to him, that he might pour into them his “acceptation” and obedience. He did accept: he yielded the obedience of faith. He saw that “eternal life” is “God’s gift to mankind-sinners as such.” He saw that the fact of this gift is the sum and substance of the good news contained in the divine record. “Eternal life,” he said to his admiring spirit, “is God’s gift to me. It is *mine.*”

From that morning to the end of his career on earth, his soul was filled with a peace which the world can neither give by its smiles nor chase away by its frowns. The portion of Scripture in which he found the perennial fountain of his peace, was the very “well of salvation” at which the far-famed Thomas Boston of Ettrick, and the almost equally illustrious Ebenezer Erskine of Stirling, had slaked their spiritual thirst.

There was a great change thenceforward in my father’s preaching, and many, both in Bathgate and in other places, were blessed by his ministrations. He made no secret of the spiritual revolution which he had experienced, and while some condemned and mocked, others believed and gave God praise.

A zeal to win souls burned thenceforward in my father’s spirit, and he gladly took part in conducting special services for the preaching of the gospel in many parts of the country.

He never, indeed, became a popular preacher. He was too argumentative for that, and too prolix. He had too little ideality. He had, besides, too great a difficulty in reaching the core of his subject. He had to clear his way too elaborately, and to accumulate his preliminaries too exhaustively; so that, sometimes when he seemed to feel that he had only got fairly launched, it was really time to drop his

anchor and conclude. Then his voice was a difficulty. He had too much of it. As his interest in his theme advanced, the voice generally waxed stouter and louder, till sometimes he seemed to be shouting to people far away in the distance. Many remarkable occasions of the kind rise up before my memory. When the Evangelical Union Church in Galston was formed, my father was there, a most interested participant in the services of the occasion. I preached from a cart in a field. The people could not be accommodated otherwise than under the blue canopy of heaven. But in the evening the remnant of the assembly met in a little "meeting-house," strangely extemporized. The partition between two low-roofed weavers' shops had been taken out, and some rows of benches had been put in. That was the first Evangelical Union Church in Galston. The pulpit floor was about a foot higher than the level of the area. My father was the preacher. I remember well the solemn earnestness that was pourtrayed in his noble countenance. His head almost touched the ceiling. The hair, I believe, did sometimes touch as he expanded into his full dimensions, and rose with his subject. No matter. He had a message to deliver. There was room for only a very few benches between him and the door, which was right before him. The houseful of auditors was but a handful of people. No matter. My father seemed soon to lose sight of the little company. Elevating and elongating his voice, as if there were no walls around him, he seemed to speak to multitudes stretching far away. His voice blew like a trumpet of war; and had the sound, that was that evening expended, been condensed into a single discharge in the sky, men might have said that it thundered.

As the evening of life advanced, my father's voice was toned down, and he often talked with delightful familiarity from the pulpit. Not infrequently, as he thus discoursed, would he unconsciously take out his snuff-box, tap it, and assist himself out of its contents, and proceed, not seeming to be aware that he had in any way retarded, or otherwise complicated the proceedings.

When his son ha^d to suffer, ecclesiastically, because with young, fresh zeal he proclaimed that Christ gave himself "a

ransom for all," and "tasted death for every man," and that the guiltiest of the guilty, without exception, are welcome, on hearing the glad tidings, to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory," my father, fully convinced of the conscientiousness of his son, and the soundness of his views, took his position immovably by his side. Ere long, consequently, the cross, which the son had been compelled to bear, had to be borne by the father also. The crucifixion was in some measure public; but God enabled us to bury the sorrow in the secret depths of our feelings.

After a few more years, spent in frequent and fragrant "works of faith" and "labours of love," in the church at Bathgate and elsewhere, my father rapidly "aged." Like a worn and wearied pilgrim, battered by "storm and wind and tide," he looked in advance along the few remaining stages of life's journey, and then his eye turned aloft, and looked wistfully for the better country, "even the heavenly." He thought with ever increasing intent of "the city which hath foundations," "whose Builder and Architect is God." He often longed to depart and to be "with Jesus."

By and by the end drew nigh. For a brief space he was a prisoner to his bed, and a veil seemed to shut out from his view almost entirely things seen and temporal. The veil deepened in density, till suddenly, and just before the spirit's ascent, it rolled up before his wondering eyes, so that he knew my aunt, who was waiting on him, and the rest who were around him. He asked for "James"; but "James" was far away in the south of Europe in quest of his own health, which had been seriously impaired, and still farther threatened. My father expired peacefully in his library-room, in the full assurance at once of understanding, and of faith, and of hope, on the 1st day of August, 1855. His remains were deposited in the graveyard that is in the heart of the town. His epitaph is there, and in the hearts of his friends.

My father all along his ministry wielded the pen of a ready writer. He wrote largely for various religious magazines. After his great change he published several doctrinal pamphlets, and continued his old habit of contributing articles to the periodical literature of the day. Among his pamphlets

the ablest was his *Review of Statement of Principles*, and the most valuable was his treatise entitled *Difficulties connected with the Doctrine of a Limited Atonement*. This latter brochure was published in the year 1841. The other appeared in the following year. Both works were seasonable at the time of publication, and, together with his numerous contributions to the little magazine called the *Day Star*, were much and widely appreciated. His best works, however, were written without pen and ink in the hearts and lives of a faithful little band of disciples, who adorned the doctrine which they learned from his lips.

JAMES MORISON, D.D.

THE REV. THOMAS ELDER, M.D.



THE writer of the following memorials had the pleasure and the benefit of close intimacy with the subject of them, during several years at Lochhead, Aberdeen. He can therefore speak from personal knowledge of the leading events of these years. The information to be put upon record regarding his early years, and last days and hours, has been obtained from sources that exclude liability to inaccuracy. Dr. Elder was born on the farm of Binniehill, Parish of West Calder, on the 16th July, 1826; and died in Edinburgh, on the 20th June, 1857. His chief employment in his youth was manual labour in the field and the farm-yard. When grown to man's estate, he was tall, broad-shouldered, and altogether well built. He enjoyed vigorous health, and was noted for his great muscular power; took his part in the ordinary games, and, in connection with physical vigour, and no doubt greatly in consequence of it, he became possessed—as his after-history showed—of great mental power, energy, and tenacity of purpose.

Up to this time he indicated no concern about spiritual things. His relation to them was more negative than positive. Until shortly before his conversion, when at any time spoken to by a near relative, that loved him tenderly, and felt much for him, he did not seem to take offence, or indicate a disposition to oppose what was good, but rather treated the concerns of the soul with good-humoured indifference. While residing near to Edinburgh, he came in frequently to take tea with a much-loved sister and her husband on Sabbath afternoons. They were at the time connected with a Calvinistic Church in the city; but when the then so-called “new view preaching” was commenced in the Waterloo Rooms, about the end of 1845, the sister frequently attended there on the Sabbath evenings. She



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endeavoured to persuade her brother to accompany her, but, for a time in vain. At length, in response to a very earnest invitation, he went along with her, little anticipating what the result to himself would be. The blind are often led by a way that they know not, and in paths that they have not trod. It happened that the preacher for that evening was the late Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of Aberdeen, father of the Rev. Dr. Ferguson, of Montrose Street E.U. Church, Glasgow. Mr. Ferguson dealt in his specially pointed way with the sinner's guilt and danger, and spoke, as he never failed on such occasions to do, of salvation through the blood of the Lamb. Dr. Elder was impressed as he little counted upon being when he saw the preacher come upon the platform. He was made to feel that he was a sinner ready to perish, and all his light-heartedness was gone; but he left the room a stranger to gospel peace. His sister was made well aware by his changed appearance that he was no longer indifferent, but they parted with little said on either side.

Evangelistic services were continued throughout the week. Dr. Elder attended each night, but unknown to his sister. Although his deep concern continued, he still remained a stranger to Christ. On the next Sabbath, he attended at the Waterloo Rooms, in the early part of the day; by the afternoon, he felt so alarmed and bewildered about the state of his soul that he could take rest nowhere, did not visit his sister as usual, but wandered out towards the country, saying to himself that he must decide for salvation now, or he might never have another chance. In the course of his musings, there came before his mind the text, "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." He saw in that text, then, what he had never seen before—a Saviour for himself! He said to himself, "That takes me in; that means *me*." He felt drawn near to God, was able to rejoice in Christ, and ready to devote his life to the service of him who had loved him and given himself for him. That text seems to have been specially held fast by him ever after as a life-portion. One of his few manuscript sermons that are now in existence show how intent he was on presenting it to the

minds of sinners destitute of peace as it had been presented to his own mind. When, after some time, he made his way to his sister's house, the change in his countenance told unmistakeably of a change of heart; it was radiant with joy and a calm sweetness. Before any change was expressed by words, his sister felt satisfied that he had become a new man in Christ Jesus. She remarked that he had been late in coming; that tea was past. He responded, "Never mind about tea, I have found a Saviour." From that day his life was consecrated to the service of his Saviour. His heart became set upon serving him in the gospel ministry. There were most serious difficulties in the way, but they were heroically and hopefully encountered. He saw the necessity of having a full course of University and Theological Hall study; but he had not at the time the means of defraying the necessary expenses. Relatives who could have aided him would not; his purpose to obtain a classical education was considered little better than a craze, and they were scandalised by his avowal of what they deemed most dangerous heresy. Other relatives, who gladly would have helped him to any required extent, had at the time but little in their power; he, consequently, felt that, under God, he must depend upon himself, and he resolved to at least deserve to succeed. He had "dared to have a purpose firm, and dared to make it known." His plan was to work hard in the field in summer, and save from his wages what money he could to defray college expenses in winter. He went through full courses of study creditably at Edinburgh University and the E.U. Theological Hall, Glasgow; but the struggle was a hard one, and told sensibly upon his physical health. Neither College nor Theological Hall at that time included any provision for teaching the laws of health; while slowly, because of lack of such teaching, many of the best students throughout the kingdom, from year to year, became the prey of fatal disease, while consequently, so far as benefit for this world is concerned, all the other teaching they enjoyed counted for nothing. In Dr. Elder's case, overdoing and exposure brought on serious illness, and to such an extent that his friends began to fear that the end was very near, although there remained still considerable muscular vigour and indo-

mitable will in the direction of labour for the promotion of the cause of Christ.

About this time his attention was turned to the hydropathic system, advocated and expounded in the pages of the *Christian News*, and various other publications. When other remedies were seemingly failing, he resolved to make a trial of hydropathy at the then Lochhead Establishment, near Aberdeen. His friends became much opposed to this. When he made known his intention to his sister, she said she did not think he would live to reach the end of such a journey. This was backed up by the influence of a medical attendant, who gave it as his opinion that *certain death* would be the result of having recourse to hydropathic treatment. But he would not be persuaded, and anxious friends had to yield. All who saw him on his arrival at Lochhead, were struck with his pale, death-like appearance, and before any hydropathic treatment was entered upon, extensive hemorrhage from the lungs took place, leaving him much prostrated. He still decided to remain in the establishment, and to have put to the test whether hydropathy could do anything for him. He ere long became so far restored as to be able to walk about with freedom, and enjoy life. Still full of hope, he after some time ventured to preach, with no bad results except marked indications of weakness of chest. Although subsequently feeling a gradual increase of strength, it became doubtful whether the state of his lungs would ever allow of much public speaking, and he resolved to study medicine, encouraged by the persuasion that, as a medical practitioner, he would have many opportunities of ministering to the spiritual as well as to the physical necessities of those who might place themselves under his charge, while he could also preach and teach Jesus Christ more publicly, as far as strength would allow. It was no light matter for one in his state of health and at his time of life to go through a course of medical studies, but it was not in his nature to be deterred by difficulties when they had to be encountered in the prosecution of a good and cherished object. He prosecuted the studies successfully during the required four years, at Marischal College and University, Aberdeen, and obtained the

degree of M.D. with the esteem of his teachers and fellow students. Thinking that removal to a warmer climate might be of advantage, and that benefit might be expected from the sea voyage, he obtained a medical appointment in the "John Bell," and sailed for Hobart Town. But not feeling much benefited by a short residence there, he thought it advisable to return to his native land by the same vessel, and came again to Lochhead with his health but slightly if at all confirmed. He was offered a medical appointment at Lochhead, where his great worth was well known, but thought it advisable to remove ere long to Edinburgh, where he did not long survive.

Although it soon became apparent to his friends that his end was drawing near, he was himself for a time very reluctant to think that it could be so. This was not from any fear of death, but his mind had for long been intently set upon a life of usefulness. He had done all in his power to secure qualifications for this. He had sustained an almost continual struggle for about ten years, and could not easily give up what had been so long an object of desire and hope and strenuous effort. When first told that his medical attendant, a man of very large experience, had given up hope, he said it was hard, very hard, to be disappointed after the long struggle he had made, to be laid aside just when he had reached the top of the tree. But all depression on this account passed away as he drew nearer to his heavenly home. Shortly before the end he called attention to his brawny arm and general muscular development as being inconsistent with the idea of dying very soon; but when, after an early visit on a day soon after by the medical attendant, he was told that he had said, if sinking went on as it was doing, he would be in another world before the sun went down, very undemonstrative as he naturally was, he literally *shouted for joy*—which was followed by such remarks as, he, a poor worm, lying helplessly here, and to be in glory with Jesus before the sun was down! His voice had previously become so weak that he could with difficulty utter a few words in succession, but on that day he spoke for two hours with strong voice, almost continuously, the prevailing themes being the love of

the blessed Saviour, and the glory and purity of God. At one time he said he saw all the sins of his past life fully in view—saw them as clear as noonday, and that they were enough to sink him to the lowest hell, but, to the great relief of those who were beside, he soon added, “but the precious blood of Jesus—here it is—has covered them all, never more to be seen, never more to be heard of.” He urged his sister to read the Bible much for herself, and take nothing at second hand, not to be influenced by the authority of men. Shortly after the two hours of joyous eloquent speaking, he passed gently away. Amongst the last words he was heard to speak were,—“I am completely, unspeakably, eternally blessed.” It is only the simple truth to say, that during the years he resided at Lochhead, he was esteemed and beloved by all who intimately knew him, and the number was far from few. After long and very close intimacy with Dr. Elder, the words that come most readily to the mind of the writer when the years in question are thought of, are, “very pleasant hast thou been unto me.”

Reference has been made to manuscript sermons left by Dr. Elder. The writer of this sketch has come into possession of two of these that may be spoken of as characteristic. One of them has been already referred to as indicating the preacher's intense desire to have have gospel truth presented to the mind of the “peaceless” hearer as it came before his own mind, when, as the result, he came into the full enjoyment of peace with God. It is grounded upon the often-employed and often-blessed text in Job xxii. 21, “Acquaint thyself now with him (God), and be at peace.” The other MS. shows how honourable and practical the mind of the preacher was. While devoutly attached to evangelical doctrine, he was no less alive to the importance of well-rounded Christian character, and had a strong abhorrence of whatever savoured of meanness and selfishness, especially in the form of saying behind one's back what would not be said before one's face. The sermon in question is on “Calumny and Uncharitable Judgments.”

The text is James iv. 11, 12, "Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law; but if thou judge the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge. There is one lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy: who art thou that judgest another?" The following introduction to the sermon will give the reader some idea of Dr. Elder's style and cast of thought:—

"In perusing with attention the general epistle of James, it appears that this epistle embraces two distinct and separate objects of thought. The apostle directs the concentrated energies of an enlarged and enlightened understanding, and summons to his aid the utmost capabilities of language in exposing those corrupt doctrines and ungodly practices into which his Jewish brethren had fallen; and with an engaging tenderness, yet integrity of heart, distinctive of the favoured apostle, who by way of eminence was styled 'the Just,' as by affinity he received the endearing appellation of 'the Lord's brother,' he brings forward the most cogent arguments in confirming the faith, in animating the hopes, and in supporting the fortitude of sincere believers under the trials and protracted sufferings to which the opposition of an ungodly world would infallibly expose them. Though the apostle may have written his epistle, chiefly, for the special benefit of converted Jews, it appears from internal evidence that he intended it likewise for the use of the whole of the twelve tribes, whether resident in Judea or dispersed in foreign countries. The term 'brethren' in the passage under consideration, and in other parts of the epistle, might indeed lead us to restrict its application to believing Jews, yet this mode of address was of frequent occurrence, from one of their own nation, and equally applicable to converted Jews, to Judaizing Christians, and to the obstinate Jewish opposers of the truth 'as it is in Jesus.' In the preceding verses of the chapter the apostle, in the most emphatic terms, reprehended, in his Jewish brethren, several immoral practices to which they had disgracefully surrendered themselves. He exhibits to their view an appalling picture of their past degeneracy, and forewarns them of the impending consequences. He calls upon them to

examine their hearts and character by the unerring standard of God's unalterable law. He enjoins them to follow up *its* decisions by unaffected sorrow and deep humiliation, and he gives the animating assurance that if they thus yielded themselves to the feelings of true contrition, God would yet return to them in the way of mercy, and would raise them up from their degenerate and fallen state. From these general exhortations the Apostle, in the eleventh and twelfth verses, condescends upon particular transgressions of God's law, and makes the full force of his address to bear upon the aggravated sins of evil speaking and uncharitable judgments. From the pointed energy with which in this and in several other passages James enlarges on these offences, it is matter of high probability that many such transgressions of the divine law may have fallen under his own immediate notice; or it is no less probable that the prediction of his Divine Master, that even the unoffending and holy Apostle 'would be evil spoken of' by an ungodly world, may, in his own bitter experience, have received a plenary fulfilment. We stop not to notice the opinions of those who conceive that the passage refers merely to evil speaking and uncharitable judgments in matters affecting the inalienable rights of conscience. We feel warranted to give the language of the Apostle a more extended application, for while he may be justly understood as administering a severe yet deserved rebuke to those who 'speak evil of their brethren,' or 'judge' their brethren on account of real or alleged difference in religious opinions, yet it is not more in accord with the general tenor, than with the acknowledged spirit of his writings to admit of the application of this striking passage to the charge of calumny and uncharitable judgments in general. But that we may enter more fully into the views of the apostle, and lend a feeble hand in exposing these sins, we shall, in the first place, still further guard his language from misconception, and endeavour to settle its meaning. We shall, in the second place, disclose some of the *sources* of calumny and censorious judgments. In the third place we shall take a survey of some of the *channels* through which calumny finds its way to general circulation. We shall, in the fourth place, contemplate the *devastations*

which it occasions. In the fifth place we shall expose the *guilt* of evil speaking and uncharitable judgments; and in the last place we shall briefly advert to the *punishment* which awaits those who are guilty of these offences."

In the subsequent pages these topics are forcibly and exhaustively discussed, but it is necessary to keep in view that the discourse was intended to be *spoken*, and not printed. Had it been prepared for the press it would, no doubt, have been rendered more concise by avoiding repetition of certain terms.

It has already been noticed that Dr. Elder was by no means a demonstrative man, although one who could feel very deeply. It is seasonable to keep this in view in reading the following extract from his sermon on "Peace with God," because of the frequent use of the interjection in addressing those who were without peace. It would certainly not have been so employed if emotion had not been welling up.

"Permit me then to turn your attention to some of those things in the character of God which I conceive to be fitted to give peace to the soul that has sinned. In doing so I observe, in the first place, that he is *to us* a compassionate God. This is a truth that is at once overwhelming, astonishing, and without a parallel in the circumference of human observation. Man has sinned against man, and the consequence has been that our world's history can present nothing but unrelieved, unchanged views of injury and retaliation. But although all the sins that man ever committed against his fellow man, have also, and far more truly, been committed against God; and although even these are not a tithe of man's heaven-daring iniquities, yet they have all been insufficient to turn away from us the loving heart of God. In spite of all our persevering designing provocation the ocean tide of his love still continues, unchecked and uncontaminated, to roll its life-fraught billows around us, and to lave the sin-scorched shores of our moral world with its deepest impression. I could scarcely turn in a wrong direction for clear and demonstrable proof of this, but, as I must hasten on, permit me to turn you to one only which is, among proofs of the fact, pre-eminently the strongest. It is said in John iii. 16, that 'God so loved

the world that he gave his only begotten son.' Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend; but here is love superlatively greater than that love. God so loved *the world*, the sin-bloated, heaven-provoking world that he gave up his *only begotten*, and he whom he emphatically styled his 'best beloved son,' that *whosoever* of these heartlessly sinning wretches should believe upon him might be saved from the merited doom, and raised to mansions of eternal brightness. Oh, my peaceless fellow sinner, remember that you are a unit of this world that has been so loved, and thus, although but a unit, one that is just as much the object of this great *giving up* love as you were at first the object upon which was exerted creating and omnipotent power, as you are now the object of the daily care of a watchful, sustaining providence. Surely this is a peace-giving feature in the character of our God. Oh, my fellow-sinner, can you listen to these words of the blessed Jesus and not find feelings of delightful calmness stealing across your spirit? . . . Jesus, speaking of his approaching death, says, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, *so must* the Son of Man be lifted up;' and then, in the verse immediately following, tells us the reason of this lifting up, by saying, '*for* God *so loved* the world.' There is here unavoidable necessity spoken of by Jesus, and that is that *he must* be lifted up; and the reason of this binding necessity is, that God so loved the world that it could not be avoided. Here is love, fellow-sinners, to you and to me, that has come over mightier obstacles than ever human compassion encountered, either to surmount or be driven by them helplessly from the field—that is, one whose heart is bound to the object of its supreme affection, by cords infinitely more strong than any that ever encircled the human soul, calmly, but resolutely, giving up that object to take the place of creatures in whom he sees everything that is repulsive, and nothing that is attractive, unless it is the remains of his own defaced and untraceable image, in order that, through that giving-up, these polluted creatures may be cleansed and fitted for, and find their way back to his loving embrace. Do I speak to one in whose bosom the baneful monstrosity has been nestling, that God does not love him?

Oh, my fellow-sinner, look at this great giving up of love, and you cannot fail to come to the conclusion, that if there was ever such a thing as one being loved by another, you are the loved, and God is the lover. But, observe in the second place, that God is propitiated for us."

After discussing the doctrine of Propitiation at considerable length, the point of time is earnestly dealt with—"Acquaint thyself *now*."

The sermon concludes with a renewed direct appeal to the hearers:—"Dear fellow-sinner, acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace. Gaze upon his lovely countenance, and explore till you lose yourself in its depths. Continue to keep your heart fixed upon him, and all the assaults of the devil, the world, and the flesh, will no more be able to disturb your peace than the storms that rage across our world are able to drive it from the orbit in which it moves."

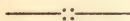
ALEXANDER MUNRO, M.D.





REV^d WILLIAM ROSS.

THE REV. ROBERT PEDEN.



THE Rev. Robert Peden, the subject of this biographical sketch, was born in Kilmarnock on 9th January, 1815. It can be truly said of him that he was descended, both on his father's and his mother's side, from the moral and religious aristocracy of Scotland. His father, John Peden, carried on for many years the business of coach-builder in Bank Street, and died on the 24th of November, 1865, in the 81st year of his age. Mr. Peden took little active part in the municipal affairs of the town, but in private life he was very highly respected by all who knew him. He was a thoroughly consistent Christian, and a man of high moral attainments. He always took a deep and practical interest in the spiritual prosperity of Clerk's Lane Church, of which he was for many years an active elder. He stood by Dr. Morison when expelled from the Secession body, and took a deep and lively interest in the formation of the Evangelical Union, and the spread of vital Christianity, to the very close of his life. It was no small privilege for Robert to be the son of such a father; and if we go back a few steps in the line of descent we find him honourably related to the martyrs of the Covenant. His great great grandfather was a brother of the celebrated Alexander Peden, so well and so commonly known in Scotland as "The Prophet." It was in this forefather's house in the parish of Sorn, after being weary with his wanderings, labours, and sufferings, that the good old worthy, of whom the world was not worthy, closed his pilgrimage and entered into rest.

Robert Peden's mother's name was Janet Morton, and his great grandfather on his mother's side was a Gemmell belonging to Fenwick, whose wife, Barbara Lambie (born 1707), was daughter of James Lambie, of Mauchline, one of a family noted for their firm adherence to the persecuted party. His grand-

father, also a James Lambie, had taken an active part on the side of the Covenanters in the struggles of the troublous times preceding the Revolution, and had been wounded at Bothwell Brig. The mother of Gemmell again was Janet Brown, a first cousin of John Brown, the well-known Christian carrier, shot by Claverhouse in 1685; so that Robert Peden was the sixth in direct descent from the grandfather of John Brown of Priesthill.

Our limits forbid that we should say much about his early years, and yet a few facts may be here given, as they indicate very clearly the bent of his mind and his early thirst for knowledge. At school in Kilmarnock he evinced great aptitude for learning, and was always amongst the foremost in his class—frequently carrying off examination prizes; still that jealousy and consequent strife which too frequently accompany success and elevation among scholars, were overcome and subdued in his case by a mild and amiable disposition, which endeared him to his fellow-pupils. He was not by any means what is generally termed a precocious youth, and yet while quite a boy he gave evidence of unusual thoughtfulness for one of his years. The natural bent of his mind, even thus early, was for religion. The religious element was very strong in him—he would forsake his play-mates in the height of their juvenile sports and pleasures, for his Bible and study, and would then compose little sermons. Near to his father's house was a girls' sewing school. Here he was quite at home, and was allowed much freedom. He would collect and arrange all the chairs and stools he could get together into something like a pulpit, around which the girls would form into a circle or class, and there he would deliver a sermon of his own composing. The selection of the ministry as a profession was thus early associated with his juvenile thoughts and actions.

In 1833, at the age of eighteen, he went to the Glasgow University, and studied there for four years, acquitting himself with no small degree of honour. In Professor Buchanan's class he carried off the prize for logic. While in Glasgow, he attended the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Heugh, for whom, in after life, he cherished a warm affection. In 1837 he was

transferred to the Theological Hall of the United Secession Church in Edinburgh, then under the charge of Dr. John Brown and Dr. Balmer. Here his mind first became inoculated with, and here was laid the foundation of, those wide and liberal views of divine truth which he ever afterwards taught, for which he suffered, which he nobly defended, and in the faith of which he died. At the end of the third year of his theological studies, his health failing, he was persuaded to accept an invitation from a relation, Mr. Dougall, Rosebank, near Amherstburgh, whose brother—the Editor of the *Montreal Witness*—was then on a visit to the old country, to come out in the capacity of private tutor to his family. He accordingly set sail in the ship “Belona,” on the 3rd of April, 1840, for Canada West.

On referring to a diary kept by him at that time, we find the following memoranda in reference to this determination:—“Thursday, 9th January, 1840.—This day I complete my twenty-fourth year. When I think of how much time I have lived, and to what little purpose, I feel ashamed of myself. The year on which I now enter will probably be an eventful one. I intend leaving my native country for Canada, if God should grant me health and strength to do so. O what a trial it will be to my natural feelings, to leave father and mother, and many near and dear to me, and that too, perhaps, never to see them again in this world, and sojourn among strangers, who will not feel bound to me by the same natural ties. O! it is an important step. It is my anxious desire that I may not do so through curiosity or love of enterprise, but for usefulness—for real love to the souls of men. O Lord! make this my aim, and then I shall have thy blessing, and be made a blessing.”

And again, January 21st, when he received from the Kil-marnock Presbytery a certificate and transference to the Missionary Presbytery of the Canadas, and in view of his early departure, he writes:—“If God be with me—if I can hear his voice saying to me amid bereavements, dangers, and prospective difficulties, Fear not I am with thee!—if I have a vigorous enough faith to rely on this promise, how valuable will it be—how infinitely valuable! Ah! ’tis painful to think of

leaving home, perhaps, forever ; and parents and friends and many earthly conveniences ; but yet the Saviour has said, ' He that loveth father, or mother, or houses, or lands more than me is not worthy of me.' I would that I had love to the Saviour above every earthly object, and my prayer is that the love of Christ may constrain me to live, not to myself, but to him that died for me. O, there is everything in the example of Christ to engender and keep within us, humility and self-denial, and to make us yield ourselves—soul, body, and spirit, to him as a sacrifice. I pray for God's guidance and direction in this important object. O may he be pleased to be my counsellor—may I act in dependence on his strength. May I acknowledge him in all my ways, in the belief that he will direct my steps."

We would remark in passing, that Mr. Peden removed to Canada shortly after Dr. Morison preached his first sermons in Clerk's Lane Church, and before he was called to, and was ordained pastor of that church. Having heard young Morison preach his trial sermons in his own church just before leaving his native land for the Far West, he felt, as a matter of course, deeply interested in the controversy which, at that time, began to move the whole of Ayrshire, and many other parts of Scotland. His father, as we have already said, being an elder in the church, and being anxious to spread the simple soul-saving gospel of Christ, did not forget his son in his new and far off sphere of usefulness. He was supplied with all the tracts, pamphlets, and books which were published in the early years of our movement, and, as he made a good use of them, he was more and more fitted to tell the story of redeeming love to sinners who needed light and life in this new sphere of labour.

Mr. Peden discharged the duties of family tutor for three successive years, during which period he was in connection with the Church of Scotland in Amherstburgh, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Cheyne, the only Presbyterian Church there, for whom he occasionally preached ; and his preaching giving general satisfaction to the congregation, he was invited, on Mr. Cheyne's removal to Saltfleet, to become their pastor. He accepted the invitation. It was

shortly after this that the Disruption took place, which resulted in the formation of the Free Church, and Mr. Peden, with the majority of his congregation, went over to this body. We would say here, that just before this change took place, a prize was offered to any one in the Province who would write the best essay on the Temperance question. Mr. Peden, having from his earliest years taken an interest in this section of social and moral reform, took pen in hand, and got the prize for his essay. It was published in Montreal in 1843, and entitled, "A prize essay on the Evils of the License System with more particular reference to Canada."

He continued earnestly, faithfully, and successfully to perform his duties as pastor of the Free Church. He loved a free gospel, and the more he studied the Bible, the more clearly did he see that Christ tasted death for every man—that he made a full atonement, or propitiation for the sins of the whole world; and seeing and feeling this grand, gracious, and glorious truth to be true, he gave it that prominence in his sermons and discourses which its importance demanded. But he soon found that the ministers of the so-called Free Church in the London Presbytery, of which he was a member, had very narrow and contracted views of the extent of Christ's work, and kindred doctrines of the gospel. He felt, however, that all needed a Saviour, that God in his love and mercy had provided a Saviour for all,—that Jesus had tasted death for every man; and he would not and could not hide the saving truth. He boldly, fearlessly, and lovingly preached the gospel of the grace of God, and many were brought through his earnest and faithful labours to a saving knowledge of the truth. In the year 1847 he published the substance of a series of discourses which he had preached to his congregation in Amherstburgh. This treatise he called "A Hidden Gospel the Cause of the Loss of Souls." It is a delightful work, full of the riches of divine grace, and fitted to guide the benighted, weary wanderer back to God. Every line of this little book shows the fine spirit of the author, and the earnest yearning of his heart for the salvation of the souls of his fellow-men. Or, to use his own words in the introductory note to the reader, "This little treatise has been written for the glory of God in

the desire to draw men to the Saviour, and to make believers 'cleave to the Lord with full purpose of heart.' The object of the writer has been to set forth the simple elementary truth of the gospel, the apprehension of which gives clearness of faith and assurance of hope; and to remove some of those false views or impressions that often interpose as a dark cloud between the soul and the blessed sun of righteousness."

When Mr. Peden became minister of the church in Amherstburgh, his father in Kilmarnock became more and more anxious that he should preach the gospel in its simplicity, in its fulness, freeness, and fitness for all. This is evident from the long letters which were sent to him from time to time by his father. They breathe the spirit of love, earnestness, and deep yearning desire for the entire consecration of his son to the work of the holy ministry to which he had been called. Though they were never written with the slightest prospect of publication, we cannot refrain from giving one or two short extracts as a sample.

"Kilmarnock, January, 1848.—My dear Son—Being New Year's Day, and the workshop shut, I sit down to write you a few lines, and say, with great gratitude to God, that we have been carried through a year of abounding trouble around us, and much death, and yet it has not come near our dwelling, nor seized any of the family. We were up this morning at six, in the church, and heard a very excellent discourse from our pastor on Heb. i. 12, last clause, 'But thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.' God is the same in his essence—the same in character—the same in principle—unchangeably the same. . . . Tell me if the Lord's work is prospering under your ministrations. Tell me also if you find great delight in the service of Christ, and that the study of the Scriptures is a continued feast. Be much in prayer, else your services will not be profitable. Seek the Holy Spirit to give you the zeal of a Paul, the loving heart of the beloved disciple of our Lord, and that you may be emboldened with all boldness, not fearing man, but God only, knowing that we must all appear before God, the judge of all; and, if we be faithful servants, we will not be ashamed before him on that day in the presence of all holy

beings. My dear son, keep that steadily in view, and regulate all your duties. Fill up all your time, and let every day, hour, and minute, be husbanded in looking forward to it. Remember, also, there are souls perishing around you; see to it that you have some concern about them. The command is, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' See that you tell it to all around you who will hearken, and seek the blessing of God upon it. Live a holy life, so that they may see by your good works that you do not only preach the gospel, but live the gospel. But I must close. My kind love to you.—From your affectionate

"FATHER."

The following is from the closing part of another letter :

"MY DEAR SON—How do matters stand with your own soul? How are you getting along with the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseer? Is Christ's cause prospering in your hands, or has anxiety been dying away? Are there any fruits to the glory of God's grace appearing among those to whom you preach from Sabbath to Sabbath? Is Christ and him crucified the great theme of your ministrations? Are you constantly holding him up to the view of your hearers? Or is it some things that lie around the gospel and not the gospel itself that you preach? O, be careful; let no soul be lost and the blood be on your head. Be most importunate with God for direction as to what you are to preach. Unless you seek from him souls for your hire you cannot expect them, and unless you speak to sleeping souls with yearning anxiety, as a man who is alive to their dangerous and awful condition, you will not awaken them sufficiently to exclaim, 'What must I do to be saved?' Cry aloud against all evil, public, private, and secret. Set before men what are the marks of a true Christian, lulling none of them into carnal security. O, be faithful unto death, and 'I,' says our Lord, 'will give thee a crown of life.' Study to please our dear Lord, although the whole world should be offended. Christ's soldiers must be faithful, devoted, and zealous in his service, else they will come short of his approbation at last. Who are they who are to shine as stars for ever and ever but those who

turn many to righteousness. Have but one master, and let him be the Lord Jesus Christ."

For two or three years after he published his "Hidden Gospel the Cause of the Loss of Souls," he laboured with great zeal and earnestness to make known the truth as it is in Jesus, and bring sinners to the enjoyment of peace with God through faith in the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ. At the same time he was unwearied in his efforts to build up the church, of which he was pastor, in the hope and holiness of the gospel. The little work to which we have referred had by this time been extensively circulated and read, especially in the western section of the province. As he in its pages endeavoured to set forth the unlimited extent of the atonement as the grand divine remedy for our ruined race, he was served with a libel by the Presbytery of London, C.W., to which he belonged, and cited to appear before the Synod, which met in Toronto in June, 1850. Our limits forbid of our saying much on the noble stand which he then took, and the powerful arguments which he advanced to prove that the atonement of Christ was for all mankind, and not for the elect only. Dr. Burns, Dr. Willis, and other leading men in the Free Church Synod, were determined to do all they could to put down the error and crush the heresy, so that the result, after two or three committee meetings, was his suspension and ultimate expulsion. Shortly after this took place, he published in Toronto a pamphlet of sixty-six pages, embodying the views set forth by him in his defence before the Presbytery of London in February, 1850, and also at Toronto, before the Synod in June following. This publication had a wide circulation at the time, and the eyes of many were opened by it to see that he who was now in bonds for preaching a full and free salvation for all, was freer than the Free Church that had cast him out. Mr. Peden did not murmur or complain when he was cast out, though it was to himself and his small family a great trial to be left out in the cold. Yet he was calm, submissive to the will of God, strengthened in his faith, and filled with more love than ever to that precious gospel which brings peace to the soul. The preface to his defence is an index to his views and feelings at this trying

period of his ministry. He says,—“Circumstances, in the providence of God, have called forth this little treatise on the most important of subjects. The writer having, a few years ago, published a small work, entitled ‘A Hidden Gospel the Cause of the Loss of Souls,’ in which he endeavours to set forth the unlimited extent of the atonement, was served with a libel by the Presbytery of London, C.W., to which he belonged, and cited to appear before the Synod, which met in Toronto in June, 1850. Having, after long and prayerful investigation, seen no reason to change his views, which were rather strengthened than otherwise by additional light, he was suspended from the ministry of that church, and the Presbytery were empowered to depose him if he should still persist in the promulgation of his views. The writer has, therefore, thought it necessary to issue this treatise, not so much for his own vindication, as in defence of what he firmly believes to be Christ’s truth. And though, for doing so, he can already hear the voice of ecclesiastical authority addressing him in the tone of the High Priest to the Apostles, ‘Did we not straitly command you that ye should not teach in this name?’ he desires, notwithstanding, to answer with Peter and the other Apostles, ‘We ought to obey God rather than men.’ (Acts v. 28, 29.) That God may own this little work in leading some who may be groping in obscurity to him who is ‘the door,’ by which, if any man enter in he shall be saved, is the fervent prayer of the writer. His desire is to keep the mind of the reader, as well as his own, in relation to divine truth, in the position of the three Marys—that of nearness to the Cross. (John xix. 25.)”

Mr. Peden, after his separation from the Free Church, still continued to preach in Amherstburgh; the majority of his people manifested strong attachment to him personally, and also to the evangelical doctrines for which he contended. He not only continued to preach a free gospel, but he felt it to be his duty to commence the publication of a monthly magazine, through the pages of which he could, without let or hindrance, expound and extend throughout the Province those grand universalities—God’s love to all, Christ’s death for all, and the strivings of the Holy Spirit with all, which have been the

prominent principles of the Evangelical Union from the formation of that denomination. Being now free from ecclesiastical bondage of the so-called Free Church of Canada, he commenced the publication of this monthly with no other end in view than to make known the unsearchable riches of Christ, and promote the glory of God in the salvation of his fellow-men. The first number appeared on the 1st of January, 1851, and was called, as is well known to many thousands all over the Dominion, as well as to not a few in other lands, "The Canada Evangelist, a monthly magazine devoted to the exhibition of the gospel in its fulness, freeness, and fitness to all."

We cannot do better here than give a few extracts from the first article in the first number, as the ends contemplated by him are clearly expressed, and which we can truly say he never lost sight of till he laid his feeble, weak, and weary body down to die. The ends which he had in view, as expressed by himself, are—

"1st. To direct attention to the great central truths of the gospel.—In prosecuting this department, it is our design to keep prominently in view three leading features of the scheme of grace, namely, the universal aspect of the love of the Father, 'God so loved *the world*'—the universal aspect of the work of the Son, 'He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but *also for the sins of the whole world*'—and the universal aspect of the work of the Spirit, 'Unto you, O men, I call'; 'Ho, every one that thirsteth'; 'The Spirit and the Bride say Come; and let him that is athirst come; and *whosoever will*, let him come, and take of the water of life freely.' In developing these great features, it would appear that on the part of the Godhead there is no barrier, or obstacle, to a full and free salvation to every sinner to whom the gospel comes, and that if he perish it will not be from want of atonement on the part of the Son, or want of influence on the part of the Spirit, but because he rejected the former and resisted the latter. It will be our desire, also, to take notice of the great variety of doubts and difficulties that often beset the path of inquirers, by which they frequently grope in obscurity and darkness.

"2nd. Another will be, to watch the progress of such move-

ments as bear directly and strongly on the prominent development of the great central truths of the gospel. The important evangelical movement at present going forward in Scotland will be regarded by us with particular interest. Whatever, also, may tend to affect this great object in our province will be very carefully noticed.

“3rd. Another object will be, to further whatever may tend to unite Christians on the great essentials of religion, leaving minor points as matters of forbearance. We believe that the union among many bodies is too much merely external. It is too frequently *ecclesiastical* rather than *evangelical*—it is connection with a church rather than with Christ Jesus. Our object, then, is not *sectarian*, it is not *denominational*, it is thoroughly catholic. It is not to promote so much an *Episcopalian* union, or a *Presbyterian* union, or a *Congregational* union, as an *Evangelical union*—a union of which the gospel is the basis, of which a great feature will be peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; in a word, UNION AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.”

About this time Mr. Peden received letters from many quarters, which helped to cheer him on in his work of faith and labour of love. And none of the communications and congratulations which reached him were more welcome than those which came from his native land. We cannot refrain from giving here the first paragraph of a long letter which Mr. Peden received, and which was published in full in the very first number of the *Evangelist*. It was drafted by Dr. John Guthrie, and sent in name of the Conference which met in Glasgow in October, 1850.

“Beloved Brother,—We, ministers and delegates composing the Seventh Annual Conference of the Evangelical Union, beg to express to you the deep interest with which we have heard from time to time of your important evangelical movement in Canada; the unfeigned esteem we entertain for you as a devoted brother and fellow-labourer in the cause of a free and unfettered gospel; the high estimate we have formed of the sanctified holiness and intrepidity with which you have been enabled, against such odds, and such influence, to maintain your stand, single-handed; our deep sympathy with you in

your sufferings in the gospel, and in the unscrupulous and sometimes undignified persecution to which you have been exposed; and the assurance of our hope and prayer that you may be still enabled and long spared to fight the battles of our common Lord, and uphold a banner because of the truth."

Mr. Peden remained three years in Amherstburgh preaching, and publishing the *Canada Evangelist*, after his expulsion. He then removed with his family to the city of Hamilton, in order that he might have a more extended sphere for evangelistic labour, and also that his magazine might be increased in circulation. His expectations in these respects were not disappointed, but, on the contrary, they were fully realised. He was always at work preaching either in Dundas, Ayr, Paris, Galt, or some other town every Lord's-day. Occasionally he went into the Province of Quebec, and twice as far as Nova Scotia, preaching that gospel which he lived and loved. Thousands of names were added to the subscription list of his paper. Throughout all the eight years that he published the *Evangelist*, his own pen was busy supplying articles for its pages, and many hundreds all over the Provinces were blessed with exhibitions of the loving character of God, as revealed in the gospel of Christ, who otherwise might have remained in spiritual darkness.

Considering his physical weakness, Mr. Peden performed a wonderful amount of labour for the Master whom he delighted to serve; indeed, we can say, because we know it to be true, that all through the last years of his life he continued to write, travel, and preach when he should have been resting his weak and worn-out body in his quiet and happy home. On the 5th of October, 1858, after a protracted illness, he fell asleep in the arms of that living, loving Saviour, whom he so earnestly, nobly, and perseveringly laboured to serve whilst life lasted. His dying words were, "Peace, peace, through believing in Christ." He left a widow and three children to mourn his loss. Their first born son died when quite young. Mrs. Peden continued to publish the *Evangelist* for three years after his death. She died suddenly in December, 1861.

The three children, who were quite young when both their parents were taken from them, are all living, and have families

of their own. William, the youngest, is in Detroit. The two daughters are in Windsor. Jessie, the eldest of the three, who was with her father when he visited Scotland in the summer of 1853, is the wife of Mr. William Mc'Gregor, who was repeatedly returned to the Dominion Parliament for Essex County.

As a sketch of Mr. Peden was published in the *Evangelist* at the time of his death, in the November number for 1858, we feel that we cannot do better than give here the closing paragraphs. The writer says respecting our departed friend—

“Earnestly and arduously did he strive for the salvation of souls. Though he might not seem excited in the pulpit, it was evident that he felt deeply for sinners. His firm and fearless exposure of error was always chastened with a modest, almost timid, reserve in his manner, and in the use of expressions which, while they might give additional force and emphasis to both his preaching and writing, might nevertheless be calculated to give offence; those he always avoided. He had very clear and comprehensive views of God's moral government. On the atonement, in its bearings and adaptation to human wants, his ideas and illustrations were truly felicitous—sometimes rising to the sublime. He was much beloved among those to whom he was in the habit of preaching,—for his truly amiable disposition, catholic spirit, and consistent deportment gained him friends wherever he went. The cause of Christ in this Province will feel his loss for some time to come. May the Lord raise up another labourer to supply his place. Throughout his protracted illness, and at times acute suffering, his mind—especially his memory—retained its usual freshness and activity, although, from the intimate relation of the organs of speech to the seat of the affection, he was not able to speak much.

“His death was marked with the same traits of character that distinguished his life. He died as he lived—a humble devoted believer in Jesus. The utmost tranquillity and comfort possessed his mind. He underwent all his sufferings with Christian fortitude and resignation. He was patient and hopeful. His faith retained a firm and resolute hold of Christ as the Divine Redeemer. He was reconciled, and sweetly at

peace with God. Death to him was completely divested of fear, and in view of his near dissolution he could say, 'O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?'

"Just before the last throb of mortal life was given a change came over his countenance. The drooping energies of the frail body were summoned, with all the remaining vigour they possessed, to this their final demonstration. Full of heavenly bliss, and already pluming its wings for its lofty flight to the home of God, the spirit seemed to impress the outward features with an unusually intelligent and happy expression. Then fixing the steady gaze of its mortal vision upon the object of its tenderest earthly affection and solicitude, with a half-suppressed smile faintly playing over its own inflexible features, and an apparent effort at utterance, it seemed to say, 'Adieu, my beloved, for the present!' It was a look of tenderest sympathy—beautifully becoming a sanctified spirit just crossing the portals of eternal felicity. Such was the closing scene in the life of this truly humble and God-fearing man.

"We mourn not for him, but for ourselves. He gained the victory over death through the blood of the Lamb of God, and now wears a crown of glory, while we are left to revere his memory and mourn our great loss in his death. But many and precious are the promises of God to the bereaved who trust in his grace. They are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus.

'Overwhelmed by waves of sorrow,
Place your trust in Zion's King;
Thence fresh comfort ye shall borrow,
Thence memorial stones shall bring.'

His funeral was attended by a large and respectable company of our citizens and friends from other places. Most of the ministers of the city were present. The Revs. W. Ormiston, D.D., and T. Pullar performed the obsequies, offering up very appropriate and impressive prayers."

In this brief and very imperfect sketch of the life and labours of Mr. Peden there are many things which we have passed over in silence for want of space, which it might have

been interesting to notice. We wish, however, in closing, to say that in his early years, and all through life, he was fond of poetry. We find, for example, in 1837, when a public soiree was held in honour of Dr. R. Kalley, who was about to leave Kilmarnock as a missionary to China, he composed a poem for the occasion, and read it at the meeting. It appeared in the *Kilmarnock Journal* the November following. Another from his pen called "The Childless Widow's Lament" appeared in the *Ayr Adviser* in November, 1839. Poetry seems to have been his native element, and long after he settled in Canada a number of his poems were published in the land of his adoption, as well as in the United States.

Perhaps one of the best and most popular which came from his pen was written in 1846. It was occasioned by the death of his first born. We desire to insert it here, not only because of its intrinsic merit, not only because a greater part of it was published in *The Christian* for 1st July, 1880, as written by a person who gives it as the production of her pen, but also, and chiefly, because it shows so clearly Mr. Peden's firm and child-like faith in that God whom he served, honoured, and glorified all through life, till its very close.

HENRY MELVILLE.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD.

"They shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born."
(Zech. xii. 10.)

THERE are times when the soul, like a ship at sea,
Is toss'd in life's tempest fearfully;
And others look on, like those on shore,
At the lashing surge and the breaker's roar,
And *wish* to relieve, but can *do* no more.

There are times when the billows of trouble roll
So high and so strong, that no human aid
Dare launch itself out to reach the soul
Thus struggling on through storm and shade.
Mere human sympathy and power
Can never chase the clouds that low'r—

Can never bid the tempest cease,
Or bring us to a haven of peace.
He whom winds and seas obey,
He, alone, has power to say—
“Peace, be still!” and when faith hears
The sound, above our griefs and fears,
She knows the voice—it is the Lord;
And all is calmness at his word.

My darling son, mine only child,
So happy, amiable, mild;
Ah! whither art thou gone?
Ah! little know'st thou that to part
With thee has made thy father's heart
Sad, desolate, and lone.
When thou wert with me, wealth untold
Could ne'er have brib'd to part with thee;
And mightiest fame and crowns of gold
Without thee were as nought to me.
I'd rather live in lowliest cot,
With poverty and thee, my boy,
Than have a palace, but thee not,
And, wanting thee, all other joy.

Thy mother's arms, that round thee twin'd
With fond caress and tend'rest care
Are vacant now; no more confin'd
Within their foldings art thou there.
No more, awaking, will thy cheek
Or brow display the rosy streak
It caught reposing on her breast,
That told the love to which it prest.
Ah! no, within her bosom's core
An aching void, a dreary spot
Is found, she never found before,
Where thou once wert, but now art not.

When thou didst gambol here, this room
Look'd pleasant; now, how full of gloom!
Sad emptiness! Yet full of things
To which fond mem'ry strongly clings.
Dear relics!—once my little boy's:
That picture book, that box of toys,
This little waggon, cart, and chair,
That hat and dress suspended there;

Ah! sadly do they mock the eye,
They speak a void they can't supply.
And here thy cradle; ah! how oft
Thy head hath prest its pillow soft
When rock'd and hush'd to rest.
But ah! mine eyes suffused with tears,—
How lone, deserted, it appears,
Unrock'd and dispossess'd.
For now thy slumber is too deep,
Thou need'st no rocking for thy sleep.

Ah! whither art thou gone, my boy?
Thy mother's love, thy father's joy!
We sadly miss thee all the while,
Thy gentle look, thy laugh, thy smile,
Thy playful gestures, graceful, free,
Thy artless tones so full of glee;
Thy gentle kiss, thy outstretched arms;
And countless other infant charms.

We weep; 'tis *nature* weeps, but *faith*
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And, in the world of bliss and joy,
Looks up and sees our infant boy.
We miss thee here, yet *faith* would rather
See thee with thy heavenly Father.
Nature sees the *body dead*;
Faith beholds the *spirit fled*;
Nature stops at Jordan's side;
Faith can see the other side;
That but hears farewells and sighs,
This, thy welcome in the skies;
Nature mourns a *cruel* blow,
Faith assures it is not so;
Nature never sees thee more,
Faith but sees thee gone before;
Nature reads a dismal story,
Faith has visions full of glory;
Nature views the change with sadness,
Faith contemplates it with gladness;
Nature murmurs; *faith* gives meekness;
"Strength is perfected in weakness;"
Nature writhes and hates the rod,
Faith looks up and blesses God;
That looks downwards, *this* above,
That sees harshness, *this* sees love;

O! let *faith* triumphant be;
My son shall live eternally!

Gone, gone, dead and gone!
Shall I ask thee back, my son?
Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness?
Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness?
Back—and leave thy angel mould?
Back—and leave those streets of gold?
Back—and leave the Lamb that feeds thee?
Back—from founts to which he leads thee?
Back—and leave thy heavenly Father?
Back—to earth and sin; nay, rather,
Will I live in solitude;
I *would* not ask thee, if I *could*;
But patient wait Heaven's high decree,
That sends my spirit home to thee.*

September 16, 1846.

* 2 Samuel xii. 23.



REV^d PETER MATHER.

THE REV. WILLIAM ROSS.



THE subject of this sketch was born on the 11th of January, 1834, in a humble cottage on the southern outskirts of Lossiemouth, Morayshire. His father was a blacksmith, and by his industry, attained, in course of time, to circumstances of considerable comfort; but in the earlier years of married life the numerous demands of a family of seven made it impossible for him to give his children more than the ordinary education of the working-class children of the period. William's early school training was of a somewhat desultory character. In the summer months, like many others who have served in the ranks of our Scottish clergy, he was sent to herding in the country, and in the winter he had to overtake, as best he could, the ground which he had lost in doing his little share to lessen the pressure which was felt at home.

At length the time drew near when the boy must choose some permanent occupation, and in preparation for the same he was sent to the parish school of Drainie. Here his whole time and attention were directed to his lessons; and under the excellent tuition of his master he acquired such an English education as no youth of his years or station had any reason to be ashamed of.

It is the boy that makes the man; but unhappily we have not been able to glean anything of interest in the childhood of our subject. The time at which we write is, alas for us, his fellow-students, now far distant from the years of his youth. Both the parents are now dead; and all the other members of the family, except one sister, who occupies the old home at Lossiemouth, are either deceased or resident in distant lands. She was not much at home in William's youth; but the tradition survives through her that he was always a quiet, studious boy, and that from his youth he loved his Bible, and was touched by religious feelings deeper than is common to his years.

In 1850, young Ross was sent to Elgin to begin his apprenticeship as a draper. Here it was that there was planted in his mind the seeds of those theological convictions which made him afterwards a minister of the Evangelical Union. The capital of Morayshire is celebrated for three things—its salubrious climate, the number of retired old Indians who have made it their abode, and its great assumptions of gentility. It is not the place where an E.U. church can be planted with any prospect of success; and an effort which was at one time made to raise the banner was fore-doomed to failure. Unrepresented as E.U. doctrine was by any public body in the time of Ross's apprenticeship, it happened that one of his shopmates was a native of the neighbouring town of Forres, and a member of the church then under the care of the late Rev. Dr. Bathgate. In those days when our views were being constantly attacked in the pulpit and the press, and not infrequently discussed on public platforms and at the corners of the streets, every capable young man in our communion was familiar with the difference between the E.U. and Calvinistic creeds, and when the occasion came, was eager to expound or to defend the doctrines of his party. This young man exercised no little influence upon the reverent and thoughtful, though raw and unformed mind, of the young apprentice; and while Ross continued ostensibly to be an adherent of the U.P. church, he made occasional pilgrimages on the Sabbath, in the company of his mentor, to the attractive ministry of the Forres Independent Church. These visits grew more frequent as time passed on; and at length he became convinced that his "new views" were thoroughly in accord with Scripture, and his "old views" in proportion wrong. The enthusiasm and interest of those days are well measured by the distance of this voluntary Sabbath-day's journey. Twenty-four miles on foot to hear a sermon is no trivial testimony to the zest for heavenly things which had been awakened in the hearts of those young men, and no mean tribute to the excellence of the ministry that drew them such a distance in the face of unpopularity and reproach.

Soon after the completion of his apprenticeship, Ross turned his steps to Glasgow, in the belief that in so large a city there

was certainly a place for him. Nor was he disappointed. Our acquaintanceship began while he was still a servant in one of the largest drapery warehouses in the city, and his career was such as to promise good emoluments and a superior position at no distant date. His heart, however, ceased to find its mission in ten hours' work a day behind the counter. It was not, as it has been with many empty-headed youths who have forsaken their province behind the counter to figure in a "higher sphere," because he thought himself too talented to handle a yard-stick. His nature was too strong and solid to be victimised by such senseless fancies; and if he turned aside from what he had once chosen to be the business of his life, it was because his mind had become engrossed with the problems of human life and destiny, and his heart stirred with hallowed longings to show his fellow-men that there is a full solution of them only in the person and the work of Jesus Christ.

Various influences contributed to this result. A mind so solid and withal so subtle, was unable to feel at home in any occupation that did not fully tax its higher faculties; and his favourite recreation after business hours was to pursue his studies in psychology, morals, and theology. With a nature thus disposed, Ross's soul was deeply stirred by the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Morison, who was, at that particular period, in the full possession of his most unusual powers, and whose teaching was peculiarly fitted to instruct and stimulate the many young and ardent minds that waited on his ministry. Nor must we fail to put upon record that Mr. Ross's interest in the "queen of sciences" was also greatly promoted by his attendance at a "Class for the study of Biblical Subjects," which was formed in 1855, in connection with North Dundas Street E.U. Church. The early records of that Society show that he was not afraid to grapple with the profoundest subjects, for in the winter session 1856-7 he read a paper on "The Bases of Morality," and in the following winter on "The Existence of God." These essays were necessarily marred by immaturities of thought; but in consideration of his age and opportunities, they revealed a power and culture which delighted and surprised his auditors. Happily we have on hand the means of testing, in the light of our maturer judgment, the favourable

verdict which his early contemporaries pronounced concerning him. The *Evangelical Repository* for March, 1857, contains an article from his pen on the "The Origin of Sin," and it certainly bears tokens of hard thinking and facile expression far beyond what might be expected from a youth of twenty-three, whose steps had never crossed the awful threshold of a college, and whose chief energies had hitherto been absorbed by the over-counter problems of the soft goods line of business.

At length the purpose to devote himself to the ministry of the Evangelical Union began to take definite shape; and in view of what was coming, the winter of 1856-7 was one of unremitting study. In those days intending students had not to pass through the agony of an entrance examination. The Committee then in power were, nevertheless, very careful in their inquiries as to the candidate's capabilities in the Latin and Greek languages, and in consequence the spare hours of this winter were largely devoted to Cæsar's *Commentaries* and the Greek Grammar and New Testament. Amid the press of such engagements, and at the instigation of an agent of our Home Mission, who was desirous to have lay help when the supply of preaching students failed, he made his first attempt to compose and then to preach a sermon. A little knot of E.U. friends in the village of Milngavie, some seven miles from Glasgow, met occasionally in a hall to be refreshed with a genuine E.U. Gospel sermon. Upon these good people, Mr. Ross and one or two others of us of a theological turn of mind, were allowed to try our 'prentice hand as preachers. We remember well how timidly we each went forth on our trial day, and how eagerly we canvassed, and were canvassed, as to how the day's work had succeeded. Ross had no need to fear the ability or acceptability of his sermons; but the week before his appearance was filled with grave anxieties as to how his memory would behave in the delivery of his sermon, and especially how in his inexperience he was to get through the ordeal of extemporary prayer. Business necessities required that the preacher should return to the city on the Sunday night; and it was arranged that we should meet him half-way on his return and hear at the earliest moment what success had crowned his effort. We can still recall the anxiety with

which we peered ahead into the darkness of that country road to catch the first approach of a tall man with his shoulders wrapped in a shepherd-tartan plaid, and the interest with which we listened to his grateful narrative. He had succeeded beyond his thoughts, because unwonted help had been vouchsafed him; and encouraged by such experiences, he chose the ministry as a vocation, and entered the Theological Hall in August, 1857.

Up to the Spring of 1857 he had not been a member of the church. In conversation with his pastor, on the occasion of his application for membership, he revealed his intention of entering on the office of the ministry. I was sharing his lodgings with him at this time, and aware of his intention to see his minister, waited with some anxiety for his return. His countenance puzzled me as he came into the room. There was the pleasing smile which it wore so often, and yet there was a disappointed and perplexed expression flitting through the smile, and breaking up the reposeful look that was natural to him when all was peace within. Dr. Morison, he said, had spoken to him somewhat enigmatically; and above all, had hinted at a certain disagreeable artificiality which almost necessarily besets a cleric's life, and had uttered ominous warnings as to the care that he must continually exercise upon his health if he was determined to enter upon the severe though not protracted course of study needful to his preparation for the sacred office. Time and experience are great interpreters, and reveal what no prophet can make plain before the time. Both of us were somewhat at a loss to see the relevancy of these rather ominous utterances, for neither of us then dreamt of the most distant danger. But doubtless there were present even then the latent seeds of that disease which finally cut him off, though only an experienced eye was able to detect them. Would it not have been well for many an over-ardent youth if his opening confidences had been met by the same careful estimate of his physical endurance, and the same frank warning of looming danger?

A student of the Evangelical Union is subjected to a physical and mental strain from which most divinity students are exempted. His University curriculum is sandwiched by his

theological studies at the Hall, and any little holiday that he can snatch from his work is of the briefest endurance. Then besides, he has usually to maintain himself by supplying the vacant pulpits round about the district where his University studies are carried on; and although every care is taken to distribute his ministrations over as varied a field as possible, he has often to write fresh sermons in the middle of a session which already taxes all his powers. These multifarious labours have sometimes to be undergone upon a dietary insufficient to maintain the physical system at its normal working strength. The earnest student is unconscious of any hardship in the case. He may lament that the *res angusta domi* prevent him from gratifying an endless appetite for books, but he counts it of little moment that he has sometimes to live upon the barest and most monotonous fare. It is one of the most relished proofs of the superiority of spirit over matter that the landlady's bill diminishes from week to week, and the pile of books upon the side-table swells more and more. There is, however, a limit to human endurance, and as a consequence enfeebled health ensues, to end its course too frequently in premature death. It was my privilege to be Mr. Ross's bed-fellow for the first eighteen months of his student life. Looking back upon those days, I can remember what careful economies were practised, and how near we were often sailing to the wind; but it never occurred to either of us that there was any danger in our abstemiousness. Heedless as we were, there were symptoms in my partner's case in the winter of 1858-9 which began to arouse suspicion. A hollow ring in the cough which came at certain times arrested my attention; and while lying in bed at night in the silent pauses that came before we slept, I remarked that he breathed much faster than I did, and wondered whether it was his breathing or my own that was abnormal in its rate of speed. During all those months he was an ardent student, yet not indisposed to spend an occasional night in parlour recreation by way of relief to the severity of his studies. He erred, however, as many students do, in yielding to a disposition to sit late at night poring over his lessons for next morning, or reading some weighty tome in philosophy or theology upon the questions

which happened to interest him. Though often sinning in his company, my recollection is that he was the greater culprit; and I have no doubt that his constant habit of sitting up till the small hours of the morning contributed not a little to induce the malady which finally cut him off.

In the early summer of 1859 Mr. Ross was sent to supply Reform Street E.U. Church, Dundee. His ministrations there were so acceptable that he was pressed by the church to study at St. Andrews instead of St. Mungo's during the following winter session, and to supply the church from day to day. Unfortunately, he consented, and the necessary authority was granted him from his ecclesiastical superiors. Doubtless it seemed to him highly advantageous to escape the commonplace prelections of the moral philosophy professor in Glasgow, and to sit under the teaching of the brilliant Ferrier. This professor had recently made himself notorious by the publication of his *Institutes of Metaphysics*, in which he assailed the prevalent common sense philosophy of Reid, and imported more German idealism into metaphysics than any Scotch professor before his time. Besides the freshness of his teaching, he was immensely popular with his students; and it was with a sense of triumph that our friend shook the dust of Glasgow from his feet, and betook himself to the quieter academic shades of quaint St. Andrews. The hard mental work of college classes and a pastorate combined, with the exposure of weekly travelling between the University and Juteopolis, was too much for him, and his strength began visibly to decline. There was, however, no slackening of his energies, and no falling off in the power of his pulpit eloquence; and in the summer he received a unanimous call to become the pastor of the church.

It was not in order that he should take that office upon himself until he had completed another session at the Theological Hall. Accordingly, August saw him once more in Glasgow. He now wore an enfeebled aspect, and two months' study in the heart of this smoky city seemed to suck up his remaining strength and leave him like a bleached and withered root which no moisture could restore to its old vitality. Nevertheless, he was not without his hopes of reviving strength, and he went forward to his ordination. The Rev. W. Bathgate, of

Kilmarnock, introduced him to his charge on the first Sabbath of October, 1860. In the afternoon he preached with considerable power, but with such tokens of exhaustion at the close that "forebodings of a brief career" were entertained by the more observant of his people. The following Sabbath he preached twice; but it was more than his strength could bear, and he was laid up. One other Sabbath afternoon he assayed to preach, and with sadly broken powers the duty was performed—never to be performed again. His text upon that occasion was peculiarly suitable for a closing ministry, though its suitability was doubtless not of his ordination. Visitors to the church sometime after might have seen upon the wall behind the pulpit the familiar apocalyptic words, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." They were placed in that prominent position because they were the last message which God gave to his servant William Ross, to deliver to his beloved people.

A skilful physician was consulted as to the bodily state of the now prostrate pastor. The verdict was fatal to all hope. All that could be done was to strengthen the afflicted man sufficiently to undertake a railway journey home, as he hoped that his mother's nursing and his native air would work miracles for his restoration. The brethren did their best to cheer and prepare him for the journey, not because they had any faith in the likelihood of his restoration, but simply to gratify the wish that was certain to arise within the dear one's heart, as it does with all, to die at home. At length he was recruited for the journey, and in a special invalid carriage, the patient proceeded homewards under the careful nursing of two tender-hearted office-bearers of the church. In a garden in Dundee there still grows a clump of lilies brought as a memorial of this last sad ministration from the father's garden in Lossiemouth; but, indeed, no visible memorial was needed to keep it engraven on those hearts. Ross is still remembered and still loved by his Dundee flock though 20 years have passed away; and we have no doubt that all who knew him in the intimate relation of a friend or pastor will carry his memory with them to their graves. For a time, Ross's own anticipations seemed likely to be realized. His energies revived under the comfort of a mother's nursing, but his vitality was fatally

undermined. He sank by slow degrees until he finally passed away on March 22nd, 1861. His last words were, "There is being ministered unto me an abundant entrance into the kingdom of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Peter, 1:11). It is scarcely needful to add that the disease which robbed the church of this promising life was pulmonary consumption, the scourge of our British youth, and the fell destroyer of the great majority of the younger ministers and students who have crossed the flood.

Mr. Ross stood above the average height, and carried considerable breadth of body; but he was softly and loosely formed. His temperament was a cross of the melancholic and phlegmatic; his complexion of a swarthy cast; and his *personnel* cannot be better described in similar compass than in the following extract from an obituary notice by Dr. Morison in the *Evangelical Repository* of June, 1861:—"There was a peculiar native dignity in his manners, the expression of his countenance alternating between intellectual abstraction and a most pleasing smile."

In the same brief sketch we have an accurate estimate of Mr. Ross's mental stature. "He rose in mental power above the great majority of his peers. He spurned intellectual frivolities, and grappled eagerly with problems which strike their roots into the depths of moral being. Had he lived, he would undoubtedly have distinguished himself as a philosophic thinker, and done high service to the cause of that gospel, to the promulgation of which he had consecrated his life." Those who wish to judge for themselves the promise of future greatness that was in him, may refer to the *Repository* article already mentioned. Nothing besides this was ever committed by his own hand to the press; but in the volumes of *Forward* there lie scattered two or three sermons which, though in all probability written in hot haste, and without any thought of their ever being scanned in print, are yet fair specimens of his style and powers of reasoning. (These will be found in Vols. I., p. 259; III., 164 and 197; and Vol. II. 2nd series, p. 100.)

Mr. Ross had a high conception of the work of the Christian ministry, and did his best to equip himself worthily for it. He anticipated, with the clearest vision, the controversies with

science, philosophy, and historical research, in which the Church is now involved, and intended to do his best to be worthy of a place in the hottest of the strife when the conflict came. And we have no doubt that he would have proved a most serviceable champion of the faith. He was no blind worshipper of antique opinions, but an earnest seeker after truth, and capable of resting only in convictions which he had reasoned to their depth and found worthy of his acceptance. Bold but slow of thought, he was progressive, but ever with unfailing caution. He had an intellectual catholicity that enabled him to enjoy the writings of authors of the most diverse types; and we have seen him equally engrossed in Maurice and Bishop Butler, in Carlyle and Spinoza, in Elizabeth Barrett Browning and in Kant. While we had occasion to observe his habits, he was an omnivorous and incessant reader. This habit detracted in some measure from his appearances in the class-rooms of the university. He was not a man to be measured by the place he took upon the prize list, for he had no ambition for such honours. His class-work was done carefully and steadily; but his mind was largely pre-occupied by questions that lay far outside the region of routine in which the ordinary college student works. Only those of us to whom his mind was opened up in daily confidences knew what powers of thought and scholarly acquirement were stored up in him. The hopeful anticipations which we cherished in those early days have been disappointed by his fall; and the loss to us who were his comrades in arms is certainly greater than we can measure. But that fall could have been no loss to him. His early death is another witness to the record that

“The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.”

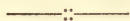
His soul was pure, and his heart was fixed—trusting in his Lord. Christ was to him the centre of all attractions; and as his ransomed spirit ascended up it carried no passion with it but to see and glorify that Saviour whom it had loved and served on earth.

ALEXANDER BROWN.



REV^d PETER MATHER.

THE REV PETER MATHER.



THE subject of this brief memoir was born at Whitekirk, a small parish in Haddingtonshire, on 27th April, 1792. He passed the first twelve years of his life in this quiet country district in a very humble dwelling, remote from the bustle of city life. Here he not only received an elementary education, but laid the foundation of that strong physical frame which he possessed, and enabled him to do so much hard work and endure such an amount of fatigue. His father was a peasant, employed in agricultural labour, but wages being very small in the country, he made up his mind to leave Whitekirk, and remove, with his family of four children, to the neighbouring town of Dunbar. Peter, his third son, was then thirteen years of age. Like Zacharias and Elizabeth of old, the parents were both righteous before God—set before their children a good example—and brought them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Their efforts were not lost. Peter early produced the blossoms of promise, which ripened in due time into spiritual fruit. What a blessing it is to be the child of truly pious parents, and to become a partaker of the Divine nature in youth! At a very early period of his life he had a desire to be a minister of the gospel. He was not permitted for some considerable time to gratify his earnest, pious aspiration. He was apprenticed to a joiner in the town, and served out his time honourably. He worked in several places at his trade. It was of use to him in after life, and gave him a knowledge of men and manners, which he turned to good practical account. Tradition has it that Jesus himself wrought as a carpenter at Nazareth along with Joseph, his reputed father, and has thus dignified manual labour by his example.

The wish, however, to attain to the office of the holy ministry, though restrained for a season by untoward circumstances, was never extinguished. It burned within his

breast, and increased with his years. Hearing that a school was vacant in Roslin, and that a teacher was wanted, he made application, and was successful in obtaining it. Several years rolled away, and in the providence of God he rose to be the teacher of a much better school in Edinburgh. Here too he had the opportunity of attending the classes in the University requisite before entering the Divinity Hall. He completed the prescribed curriculum. From Dr. William M'Kelvie's elaborate work, "The Annals and Statistics of the United Presbyterian Church," we find that Mr. Mather was one of sixteen students that entered the Theological Hall of the Burgher Church in the session of 1819. The venerable and excellent Dr. Lawson of Selkirk being the Professor. In 1820 the union of the two branches of the Burgher and Antiburgher Churches was formed, which then became the United Secession Church, which has since exerted a great influence in Scotland, and done much to spread the knowledge of Christ both at home and abroad. Since the union with the Relief Church it is now the United Presbyterian. In that same year, 1820, the good and revered Dr. Lawson passed away, "and was gathered to his fathers an old man and full of years," having left behind the legacy of an excellent and beautiful example to all who knew him or should read his productions. Thereafter the Rev. John Dick, Minister of Greyfriars Church, Glasgow, was unanimously appointed Professor of Theology by the United Associate Synod. Thus, in the providence of God, Mr. Mather enjoyed the rare and inestimable privilege of listening to the wise and learned predilections of two professors who were very highly and deservedly esteemed in their day, being with Dr. Lawson during his first session, and Dr. Dick during the remainder of his curriculum. We have good reason to believe that he profited greatly under the superior privileges which he possessed, as he became afterwards an able minister of the gospel—"a scribe instructed into the mysteries of the kingdom who brought out of his treasures things new and old."

We have frequently wished to know more both of Mr. Mather's inner and outer life during his University and Theological Hall career. But this has been denied us. That he was a most loving and loveable young man, held in high

respect and esteem by all who knew him, we firmly believe; pure-minded and large-hearted in a high degree,—utterly incapable of anything mean either in thought, word, or deed. If not a brilliant genius—which he never claimed to be—he would be a most diligent, devoted, hard-working student, who would prepare his exercises most conscientiously. At what particular period in his early life he first felt the operations of the Spirit of God in his heart, convincing him of sin and of his need of a Saviour, or when he found true peace in believing, we cannot tell. So far as we know he has left behind him no written record of these. But he must have been born again at a comparatively early period of his life before even he commenced his studies for the ministry. It was pure, ardent love to Christ and to souls that impelled him to study and to toil, and to conquer many an obstacle that lay between him and the high object which he had in view. Even in his student life his path was not strewn with flowers. As a good soldier of Jesus Christ, constrained by love to Him, he endured hardships and conquered difficulties which would have overwhelmed many a young man less courageous than he. To a large extent Mr. Mather was a self-made man. Having completed the long course of study prescribed in those days with credit to himself and satisfaction to all his professors, Mr. Mather obtained the presbyterial license to be a preacher in connection with the United Secession Church. For two years he preached as a probationer, and was acceptable as a preacher wherever he went. In the year 1828 he was appointed to preach in the quiet rural village of West Kilbride, which lies between Largs and Ardrossan. A Secession Church had been formed here in 1820, but no minister had as yet been settled over the church. During seven years they had been supplied chiefly by probationers. From this young church Mr. Mather received a most unanimous and cordial call, which he accepted, and was ordained on the 16th of July of the same year. The ordination took place in the workshop of Mr. Robert Wilson, wright, where the congregation had worshipped since it was formed. A church, however, was in the course of erection, and was opened a few months afterwards, capable of containing 500 persons.

I have heard it reported that it was the custom then when the probationers came to preach, to put a Bible and a quantity of spirits down on the table in their room. As the good people with whom they lodged could not keep their eyes shut entirely, they observed that Mr. Mather, of all the preachers which they had heard, used the Bible most and the bottle least. This report was circulated through the village at the time, and produced a very favourable impression upon the members of the church, and made them more attached to him than before. Happily the preachers of the Evangelical Union are not now, nor have they ever been, presented with the bottle in their lodgings. We should be thankful that we are all so completely free from this temptation by which many promising young ministers have been seduced to their ruin.

Being settled in his new sphere, the young minister threw all his sanctified energies into his ministerial and pastoral duties. He was an able preacher and expounder of God's Word, and very soon gathered around him a numerous and deeply attached congregation. Being "instant in season and out of season," the church was speedily filled. His kindly and affectionate disposition gathered around him a very considerable number of young people, and he formed them into Bible classes, which were not common then in that district. His labours among the young were richly blessed. Not a few have told me that their first religious impressions were made in these classes. Seeing the sad and saddening effects of strong drink in the village and in the surrounding country, Mr. Mather joined the early Temperance society, and used his influence with his people, some of whom followed his example. Having occasion one forenoon to call upon his neighbour and co-presbyter, the late Rev. James Ellis, Saltcoats, he was received with great cordiality. "Now, Mr. Mather," said Mr. Ellis, "you will take a glass of good spirits to refresh you after your long walk." "No, thank you," was the frank reply. "Then you must take a glass of wine." "I am much obliged, but I never take wine." "Then you will wait and have dinner—we have hare-soup to-day, and it is nearly ready." "I am sorry that I cannot do that either," said Mr. M., "because we are commanded to 'abstain from things strangled and from blood.'"

The persuasive powers of the Saltcoats presbyter were of no mean order, but they were all thrown away upon his still more stalwarth brother, who, although a most genial man and warm friend, was quite invulnerable when his mind was fully made up. He was the stuff that martyrs are made of.

Shortly after his settlement he married a very excellent lady, who proved a valuable companion and helpmeet to him all through life. They had an only daughter who died in infancy, which was a great grief to the parents. Increasing in influence and usefulness every year, and greatly respected by all his brethren in the Kilmarnock Presbytery for his gifts and uniform decorum of manners, he might have lived and died among his first flock, who loved him dearly, but a change in his views concerning the form of church government led him to resign his charge in 1836.

After a long, close, and careful study of the Scriptures, he arrived at the settled conviction that Congregationalism and not Presbyterianism was the Apostolic form of church government. He deplored, too, the loose and indiscriminate way in which members were received into the church, conversion or peace with God not being the term of communion. The laxity of discipline which prevailed grieved him also. Although it was a great sacrifice for him to give up his church in West Kilbride, and leave the denomination in which he had been brought up and educated, he nevertheless did so. After demitting his charge, and before leaving his people he preached to them a very loving discourse from 2 Cor. xiii. 11—"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you." The large congregation were deeply moved—many even to tears. The concluding Psalm, too, was most appropriate—Psalm cxxii. :—

"Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity,
Let them that love thee and thy peace,
Have still prosperity.

"Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may her palaces
Prosperity retain."

Having made application, he was most cordially received into the Congregational Union of Scotland, by Dr. Wardlaw, Rev. Greville Ewing and others giving him the right hand of fellowship. Very soon after he received an invitation to become the pastor of a small Congregational Church. The following account of his settlement, which is taken from the *Congregational Magazine*, will we trust be interesting to our readers :—

“On Wednesday the 26th October, 1836, the Rev. P. Mather, late of the Secession Church, West Kilbride, Ayrshire, was ordained to the pastorate charge of the Independent Church assembling in Brown Street, Glasgow, formerly under the ministry of the Rev. Edward Campbell. Mr. Mather having lately embraced Congregational views of church government, resigned his charge at West Kilbride, as well as his connection with the United Secession Church, and laid before the ministers of the Congregational Union, when assembled at Edinburgh in May last, testimonials as to his ministerial character and usefulness, together with attestations expressive of high esteem for his private personal worth.

“The brethren in Brown Street after hearing Mr. Mather for some time during the Spring, sent to him at Orkney (whither he went on leaving them) a call to become their Pastor, which, on his return from the North, and after continuing to minister to them for two months longer, he felt it his duty to accept. The services were commenced by the Rev. Mr. Pullar, of North Albion Street Church, Glasgow, with praise and prayer, and he afterwards preached to the congregation assembled from Prov. xi. 30—“He that winneth souls is wise.” The Rev. Mr. M'Lachlane, of Paisley, proposed the customary questions, which were replied to by Mr. Mather with great perspicuity, conciseness, and feeling. Mr. M'L. then offered up the ordination prayer, accompanied by imposition of hands. The Rev. Greville Ewing gave the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw addressed the church on the duties they owed to him whom they had thus chosen to minister to them in the Lord.

“The services commenced at 6 o'clock in the evening, and continued for four hours. The chapel was crowded to excess

by an attentive and deeply interested audience. The whole services were unusually interesting, and Mr. Mather's account of his own Christian experience, his views of the nature of a Christian church, together with the duties of a Christian minister, were given with great modesty and decision.

"The period which has elapsed since the death of the late pastor, and the consequent diminution of the congregation, renders it the more imperative that the brethren of the various churches in Glasgow should by every means strengthen the hands of the brethren in Brown Street, and encourage the pastor in the duties on which he entered. We have no doubt that they will feel it to be at once their duty and their privilege to lend the assistance of their counsels, contributions, and efforts to strengthen the infant cause, as well as by their occasional presence with them in the services of the Lord's day and at other times. May the Divine Head of the Church bless the union thus formed betwixt pastor and people, giving efficacy to the word preached among them, and making his own gospel the savour of life unto life to many who may be led to attend public ordinances there, and who are yet dead in trespasses and sins."

To the Rev. David Russell, Congregational minister, Glasgow, we are indebted for the following information respecting Brown Street Church, and Mr. Mather's labours there:—

When he assumed the pastoral charge there were 32 members in communion; from that period to the 26th October, 1838, there were admitted 43 members, partly from sister churches and partly from the world. At that time (26th October, 1838), there were 54 remaining in communion, 11 having withdrawn to join sister churches, principally in the country, 3 having left the city to settle at places where there were no churches of the Congregational order, 5 having been excluded, and 2 having become Baptists.

In September, 1838, shortly before Mr. Mather had completed the second year of his pastoral superintendence he felt it to be his duty to intimate to the deacons and to the church his intention of resigning his connection with the church in Brown Street when the second year was expired. The members of the church were invited by the pastor to express fully and

freely their sentiments in regard to his communication. These sentiments were expressive of unmingled esteem and affection for him as their pastor, as well as their deep regret that they could not present a more cheering view of their existing prospects than what had occurred to his own mind.

The following is a portion of the address which was presented by the church, and signed by the deacons in their name. It is dated "Glasgow, 27th October, 1838."

"Dear and respected Pastor,—We cannot allow you to terminate the relation which has now for a period of two years subsisted betwixt us, without an expression of our feelings more permanent than the mere passing words of the moment, which will speedily be forgotten, and would therefore take the present mode, on the dissolution of that union.

"We cannot but give utterance to the strong feelings of affection which we cherish toward you. Your going out and in amongst us has been so eminently marked by the meekness and gentleness, by the kindness and affection which the gospel of our Saviour dictates, that we believe every one of our little number will retain through life a pleasing remembrance of that intercourse we have enjoyed, that pastoral superintendence you have so faithfully afforded. You have united all the members of the church in cordial attachment to yourself, and you are leaving us, we believe, at peace and harmony amongst ourselves. This inestimable blessing we owe in a great measure under God to the example you have set before us, and to those conciliatory and winning manners by which you have bound us in one. Sincerely do we pray that the great Head of the Church may be henceforward the breaker-up of your way; that he may conduct your feet into a field where you will have much to strengthen your hands, and to encourage your heart, where you will long be permitted to serve our highest Lord with honour, usefulness, and joy; and that a blessed and glorious entrance may be given to you at last, with the cordial welcome—'Well done, good and faithful servant,' when our gracious Redeemer shall receive you to himself.

"Deeply do we regret that the smallness of our numbers and the limited amount of our means prevent us from giving

such an expression of our attachment as our feelings would dictate. We beg, however, that you will accept of the trifling sum which accompanies this; in value it is small, but it comes from willing and grateful hearts.

“We close this brief address with our united and cordial salutations. We deplore the loss which we shall sustain in the absence of your kind and almost paternal superintendence, and trust that whilst you may be graciously directed and cared for by our blessed Redeemer, he may also smile upon us and bless us. We commend you, our dear and respected pastor, with the affectionate partner of your sorrows and joys, to ‘God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.’ Wherever you go our hearts will follow you, and we trust our prayers also, for your health, happiness, and usefulness in whatever quarter the Lord of the vineyard may cast your future lot.”

Nothing surely could exceed the fine Christian spirit breathed in the above excerpt taken from the minute-book of Brown Street Church. It is most creditable alike to pastor and people, and affords a beautiful example for all to imitate. “Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” Is it not one of the sweetest foretastes of heaven that we can ever enjoy on earth?

It was about the time of Mr. Mather’s settlement that a wave of spiritual life arose and passed over many parts of Scotland. The Congregationalists felt it as much as any, and took advantage of the same. Revived themselves, they endeavoured to quicken others, and to form new churches where it was thought they were needed, especially in the West of Scotland. To facilitate this object, a meeting was convened on the 20th June, 1836, at 12 o’clock noon, in the Academy Room, George Street, Glasgow. The ministers present were the Revs. Mr. Ewing, Dr. Wardlaw, and Mr. Pullar, Glasgow; Mr. Ward, Kilmarnock; Mr. Lang, Ayr; Mr. Moir, Hamilton; Mr. Low, Auldkirk; Mr. Campbell, Greenock; Mr. Arthur, Helensburgh; and Mr. M’Lachlane, Paisley. At that meeting it was deemed desirable that an association of churches should be formed in the West of Scotland connected with the Con-

gregational Union, for the purpose of Christian intercourse and *Home Mission operations*. It was also agreed that a scheme be drawn up and transmitted to the various churches for their approval. Should the plan be adopted, the first meeting will be held in Nile Street Chapel, Glasgow, on the 20th October, Mr. M'Lachlane, Paisley, to preach at 11 o'clock forenoon, and the meeting for business to be held after public worship.

The churches having responded favourably to the proposed scheme, "the Western Association of Churches in connection with the Congregational Union of Scotland" held their first meeting in Nile Street Chapel (the Rev. Mr. Ewing's), Glasgow, on the 20th October, 1836, when the Rev. Mr. M'Lachlane preached from Genesis xii. 20. The service being concluded, the Rev. Greville Ewing was called to the chair. After prayer and conversation it was agreed that the preaching station at New Lanark should be taken under the care of the Association, that winter supply be promised from the Academy to Kirkintilloch, and that a *station be opened at Ardrossan*. Committees were appointed to these matters. It was further agreed that the next meeting of the Association should be held at Paisley in March, 1837, the Rev. Mr. Mather to preach on that occasion. The business was closed with prayer.

The second meeting of the Association, according to arrangement, took place at Paisley on the 10th March, 1837, when Mr. Mather preached the opening sermon from Matthew v. 13. After a report had been read of the first meeting, and various suggestions had been thrown out, a committee was appointed to prepare a scheme of itinerancies for the summer, which shall engage as many pastors as possible to take part in preaching the gospel in towns and villages which may be fixed upon. A committee was further appointed to ascertain what denominational tracts are in print, what of them may with propriety be republished for circulation, and add new tracts if they shall see cause. The public meeting was held in the evening at six o'clock, and was addressed on various important subjects by the Revs. Messrs. Arthur, Mair, Pullar, and Campbell, and by Messrs. Kirk and Munroe, students, and Mr. W. Wardlaw, Glasgow. It was agreed that the next

meeting of the Association should be held in Greenock in the month of August, the Rev. Mr. Mair to preach. The Rev. Mr. Mather closed the meeting with prayer.

The third meeting of the Association was held in Greenock on 24th August, 1837. Pastors and messengers from the churches met on the evening of the 23rd for business, and, as Mr. Lang had left Scotland, Mr. Mather was appointed to be co-secretary with Mr. Pullar. The meeting approved of the proceedings of the different committees, and re-appointed them. The brethren met for prayer at seven o'clock on Thursday morning in the chapel, while Mr. Ward preached in the open air. At eleven o'clock Mr. Mair preached the sermon in the chapel from Matthew vi. 10. The public meeting was held in the evening at six o'clock, and was opened with praise and prayer—Mr. Campbell in the chair. The report was read by Mr. Pullar. The meeting was afterwards addressed by him and by the Revs. Messrs. Arthur, Mather, Love, Mackay, Ward, Mair, Letham, and Stevenson. Next meeting to be held in George Street Chapel, Glasgow, in January, 1838, Mr. Campbell to preach. The service was closed with prayer and the benediction.

The fourth meeting was held according to appointment in George Street Chapel (Rev. Dr. Wardlaw's), Glasgow, on the evenings of the 17th and 18th January, 1838. On Wednesday evening at seven o'clock the Rev. Mr. Campbell, Greenock, preached from 2 Corinthians viii. 23, 24; thereafter the pastors and messengers met in the vestry, when the report of the Association from its commencement was submitted, approved of, and ordered to be published and circulated.

We have introduced these interesting historical facts at very considerable length, partly to show the deep interest which our esteemed brethren of the Congregational Union took in the spread of the gospel throughout the West of Scotland, and partly to show the manner in which they transacted their business, having a sermon at all their meetings and devotional exercises; also to exhibit the high esteem in which our beloved brother Mr. Mather was held by his ministerial brethren with whom he was associated. The report, which was submitted and ordered to be circulated, lies

before us, and we beg to lay before our readers a few extracts. It bears internal evidence of having been produced by the comprehensive mind and willing hand of him who had been appointed joint secretary with Mr. Pullar, the well-known pastor of the Independent Church, North Albion Street, Glasgow.

“In presenting a report of the origin and progress of the *Western Association of Congregational Churches*, it may be expedient to advert briefly to the principles on which it is founded, and the objects which it contemplates. This Association was formed on an explicit and distinct recognition of the principle—‘That a church is a society of faithful persons, statedly assembling to observe the ordinances of Christ, and possessing within itself the power of administering all its own affairs, and exercising its own discipline without responsibility to any tribunal under heaven.’ This we regard as characteristic of the apostolic churches; but it was not the only feature in their character. While they were distinct and independent in their government and discipline, they did not exist in a state of isolation. They were not only united in the faith and fellowship of the gospel, but their union was visible and effective. It was displayed in the fellowship of giving and receiving—the strong helping the weak. The poor saints at Jerusalem were aided by their more prosperous brethren in other regions. Brethren were sent from one church to another charged with messages of love to inquire after the prosperity of those they visited, and to communicate tidings of the triumphs of the gospel in the places whence they came. Fraternal salutations were conveyed in the communications that passed from church to church, and brethren removing from one place to another were dismissed with commendatory letters, which procured them a cordial welcome into any church of the saints wherein they might sojourn for a season or permanently reside. The apostles, evangelists, and other labourers in the work of the ministry were not supported by any church exclusively; they were brought on their way after a godly sort by the brethren in the various places where they were called to labour; and when far hence among the Gentiles proclaiming the gospel of Christ, they were supplied by the

liberality of the faithful from many churches. If these things are so, we who profess subjection to no authority in religion but that of Christ and his apostles are bound to conform to the model of church order they have exhibited, not only in its *independency*, but also in its *beautiful and effective unity*.

“The objects contemplated by this Association have been already hinted at; they are fraternal intercourse and united efforts in diffusing the gospel. The importance of the former will be apparent at a glance to any Christian mind. When brethren are convened from various places to communicate intelligence of the progress of divine truth in their respective localities, or to state the hindrances to its course, and to mingle their sympathies and prayers at the throne of the heavenly grace, it tends powerfully to fan the flame of Christian zeal, to revive their courage and to stimulate the bonds of brotherly affection. From such conventions pastors will return to prosecute their ministry with fresh energy and unction, and the messengers of the churches returning to mingle with the brethren from whom they came, and declaring what they have seen and heard of the advancement of the Saviour’s cause in sister churches, and testifying the affectionate interest felt by kindred communities in the welfare of their own, will rejoice the hearts of the brethren, enkindle their zeal, extend the range of their prayerful sympathies, and cause them to thank God and take courage.

“Co-operation in extending the gospel is the other great end contemplated by this Association. It is the imperative duty of every church to make the word of the Lord sound out to all the regions round about. While this is done by each church in its own vicinity there are vast fields white to the harvest which cannot be cultivated without united effort on the part of many churches. It is so in the West of Scotland and in many other districts of our native land. Our purpose is to enter, and, to the utmost limits of our power and opportunity, cultivate those surrounding wastes. Itinerant preaching, the circulation of tracts, the erection of preaching stations, and the formation of new churches are the means by which we hope, by the divine blessing, to attain this momentous object. It is our design to concentrate our efforts on those

places where there is the greatest probability of our being able to gather churches. These will be centres where the light of truth will radiate all around. General itinerancies will no doubt be productive of good ; but it is only by the planting of churches that the results of our labour can be secured and rendered permanent. We announce our determination to propagate our peculiar sentiments as Congregationalists. This is not, however, our primary object, it is 'to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.' When our labours have been blessed in any place to the conversion of sinners, or when persons under the influence of the gospel are led to inquire into the nature of church polity, we shall with all gladness and zeal proceed to communicate what we have learned from the apostolic records concerning the kingdom of Christ. Pecuniary aid to weak churches forms at present no part of our plan. The Congregational Union, comprehending all the churches of our order in North Britain, was formed originally for this very purpose, and it continues to pursue this good work in connection with extensive Home Missionary operations. In this latter department of service we occupy a very important relative position to the Congregational Union. We are prosecuting in our own district of the country the same grand objects ; and the Union cannot have a better medium of conveying to a perishing world a portion of its bounty.

"In the Missionary department, the attention of the Association has been chiefly directed to the following stations :—New Lanark, Kirkintilloch, and *Ardrossan*. The Committee appointed at the first meeting of the Association to form a preaching station at *Ardrossan*, if found practicable, and which reported their proceedings at the meetings in Paisley and Greenock, have now to state that a church was formed there a few weeks ago, and that the preaching of the gospel is regularly maintained. The station was opened in December, 1836, and immediately thereafter supplied from the Academy ; and the brethren resident in that quarter being in correspondence with the Committee of the Union, the station was regularly supplied through last summer, and up to the time of the formation of the church, in the usual way—occasionally

visited, however, by some of the ministers of neighbouring churches. But as the station was early recognised and assisted by the Committee of the Union, this Association have had little occasion to direct their attention to it, otherwise than to seek its good by their prayers, and to rejoice in its progress. From the increasing trade of the port, the progressive increase of the population, the influx of strangers during the summer months, its convenience as a place of meeting for our brethren resident in those parts, the great population in the neighbourhood, and the fact that there was no place of worship in the town, it was regarded from the first as a station of very great importance; and, after much advice and consultation, a few brethren residing in Stevenston, Saltcoats, West Kilbride, and Ardrossan, previously belonging to different churches in our connexion, assisted by Mr. M'Robert (minister of the Independent Church, Cambuslang), were formed into a church some weeks ago. There are still a few brethren in the neighbourhood who have not as yet joined in fellowship, and there are working with them hopeful inquirers; and we are encouraged to cherish the delightful expectation that the church will increase and prosper, and that from here the gospel will continue to radiate forth on the numerous population around, to the glory of God and the salvation of many souls."

It may not be out of place here to observe that the hopes then entertained of the prosperity of the church have not been wholly unrealised. It still exists, and occupies a very favourable position in the town. Other three churches connected with other denominations have been formed—a *quoad sacra*, a Free Church, and United Presbyterian. When a census of church attendance was taken and published in 1876, and repeated in January, 1882, while the greatest number attended the *quoad sacra*, the Independent Church was next. "To God's name be all the glory: not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

For a number of months the church was well supplied by ministers belonging to the denomination, and students from the Academy, and made very satisfactory progress. Mr. Mather, being very well known in the district and highly respected, received and accepted a unanimous call to become

the pastor, and shortly after was inducted into his new charge. He laboured with unwearied assiduity both on the Sabbath and during the week, and numbers through his labours were converted to Christ, and added to the church. An obscure, dingy hall, situated behind a public-house, was their place of meeting, and was most inconvenient and uncomfortable. It was not easy to find another place. A new two-storey house, however, was in the course of erection about the middle of Glasgow Street, and the church agreed to rent the upper flat, and fit it up for a place of worship—the minister himself assisting very largely both to gather funds, and fit up the seats, and make the pulpit. For the space of twenty years the church worshipped here, and it was recognised as the Independent Chapel. Besides preaching three times every Sabbath, Mr. Mather held weekly meetings in West Kilbride, Saltcoats, and Stevenston. He was, besides, a faithful pastor, and visited the sick whether belonging to his own congregation or not. He took an active part and a large share in revival meetings, which were at that time held over the country. Had he not been a remarkably strong man, both in body and mind, he never could have endured the strain that was put upon his energies. If ever man was in earnest for the glory of God in the salvation of souls it was he. Wherever he went he carried with him a savour of Christ.

He was greatly interested, also, in the stirring events which took place in his own old Presbytery, in connection with the case of the Rev. James Morison, Kilmarnock. His whole doctrinal views and sympathies were with the young, earnest, able, and popular minister of Clerk's Lane Church for whom he had a profound admiration. He followed the whole case through all its tortuous course, and was present at the Synod held in Gordon Street Church, Glasgow, in June, 1841, which excited so much interest, and at which Mr. Morison was expelled. He always thought that Mr. Morison was cruelly treated; and although separated from his own brethren by an act of deposition, Mr. Mather welcomed him as a brother beloved, and invited him to Ardrossan to take part along with him in a series of revival services, which were owned of God, and were blessed to not a few. There was one very remark-

able case of conversion which is worthy of being recorded. A fast-living young man, residing in Glasgow, named Mathew Maxwell, being wearied of life and unprepared for death, and disowned by his friends, not knowing well what to do, went to the Bridge Street Station one day and asked a ticket for Ardrossan. He had heard that there was such a place in Ayrshire, but really knew nothing about it. He longed, however, to get away from his loose associates and his evil habits. Being an entire stranger, nobody knew him, and he knew no one. He took lodgings, however, in a dangerous place—a public-house in Princes Street. Being possessed of considerable means, and of a generous disposition, he soon, alas, got new and evil associates, and continued his drinking habits. Revival meetings were being held in the Independent Chapel which were creating some excitement in the town. His companions ridiculed the meetings and those who attended them. Strange to say, this led Mr. Maxwell to make up his mind to go and hear for himself. The first night he heard nothing that he could find fault with. The second night Mr. Morison was the preacher, and his text was John ix. 35—"Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" The Spirit of God operated on his mind very deeply during the sermon, and he left the meeting in great anxiety of soul. Night after night he was present and attracted the attention of several members of the church, but no one knew nor ventured to speak to him because he was a gentleman. In course of time he was conversed with; was brought to a knowledge of the truth; abandoned his old companions; joined the church; was elected in course of time to the office of deacon; purchased gospel tracts and distributed them in great abundance; took a decided interest in the "new views" as they were called; accompanied Mr. Mather and myself to all the weekly meetings. He became deeply desirous for the salvation of his friends in Lanarkshire—wrote them long and earnest letters urging them to embrace that Saviour who was so precious to his own soul. The change in his case was most marked, and produced quite a sensation among all who knew him. I was very intimately acquainted with him for years—saw him almost daily through the course of a long illness with which he was afflicted, and

which he bore with exemplary Christian resignation. He has long since gone up into the immediate presence of that dear Saviour whom, after his conversion, he loved so much and served so well. And are we not justified in thinking that our good brother, Mr. Mather, and he have cordially embraced each other where "adieux and farewells are a sound unknown"? They were lovely in their lives, and are not now after death divided. How delightful the fellowship of saints both on earth and in heaven! Alas! for the unseemly divisions which still exist to such a wide extent, and which have proved a barrier to the progress of the gospel of peace, and wounded so deeply the hearts of many of the children of God.

We certainly have no inclination to perpetuate divisions among Christians, or to revive old controversies which may be now forgotten—many of which, we think, should never have arisen. Nevertheless, this sketch would be most incomplete did we not make an allusion to the unhappy controversy on the "Work of the Holy Spirit," in 1844, between the four Congregational churches in Glasgow, and the five following churches—viz., Hamilton, Bellshill, Bridgeton, Cambuslang, and Ardrossan. This controversy caused much excitement at the time, and led not a few to inquire whose minds had previously been dormant. All the letters which passed between the churches are to be found in a very considerable volume, entitled, *Entire Correspondence*. Dr. Fergus Ferguson, in his recent popular and excellent history of the *Origin and Formation of the Evangelical Union*, has done ample justice to this subject and left nothing for me to add. We entirely agree with all that he has so graphically written on this point. He gives expression to our own sentiments when he writes—"We do not hesitate to say that while all the letters written by the other churches were clear and convincing and did credit to the writers, those written by Mr. Mather for his church in Ardrossan carry off the palm for logical power and eloquence, and what we may call the withering satire of a holy indignation. The soul of the meek and blameless man was stirred by the terrible deficiency which he saw in that lame and unequal Gospel which represented a provision in Christ for all, but irresistible grace for some, and also at the attempt which was

made to impose so deficient a system on the churches as the *sine qua non* of orthodoxy, and the touchstone of retention in fellowship. He was jealous with a holy jealousy for the cause and the character of God. For himself, he was wholly unselfish. 'Silver and gold had he none,' and he cast himself on the providence of the Lord,—glad because he had enjoyed the opportunity of testifying to the truth and the benevolence of his heavenly Father." This testimony is true.

After the four churches in Glasgow had declared that the five mentioned already were no longer in their fellowship, on account of the views which they held, Mr. Mather, nothing daunted, wrote a "Sequel to the Entire Correspondence" between the four Congregational churches in Glasgow and the Congregational churches at Hamilton, Bellshill, Bridgeton, Cambuslang, and Ardrossan, on the doctrines of election and the influence of the Holy Spirit in conversion, being the last letter of the church in Ardrossan to the four churches in Glasgow under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, Messrs. Russell, Thomson, and Ingram. It is dated 21st January, 1845, and we are sure our readers will thank us for the first and last sections.

"Dear Brethren,—We have received what appears to be your final communication to us dated 3rd instant. That any reply was expected of us does not appear, nevertheless, as you began the correspondence, and our position may be seriously affected by your decision, you will not refuse us the sad privilege not readily denied in such cases of giving to your last letter a very brief reply. You are perfectly aware that though in the correspondence between you and us there has been much said on the work of the Spirit, it has been rather a statement of our respective opinions than a *direct endeavour* on either side to elicit the doctrine of Scripture on that subject; this fact being within the range of your own vision, we think the closing words in your first paragraph, in which you say, 'We are therefore constrained to consider you as having disavowed the great doctrine of the work of the Spirit of God in conversion,' assuming and ill-judged, especially after our repeated declarations to the contrary; and for the foregoing reason, without stooping from your dignity, you might have

added to your words, 'the work of the Spirit of God in conversion,' *according to our views.*"

"On your concluding *remonstrances* we have to observe that it sounds well in the public ear to characterise the pervading air of our last communication as that 'of ridicule, sarcasm, and contempt,' when you either choose not to listen to argument or to leave it unanswered. We spoke strongly because we thought that *becoming* in an important controversy, while you think otherwise; but if those weapons have in *any instance* been employed by us, there certainly appeared to be a cause. Yet we thank you for your counsel; we will chasten our spirit in this matter whenever we can discover that it is in danger of leading us beyond the bounds of Christian prudence. But you say, 'The tone of many of your remarks is arrogant and quite opposed to that of the humble disciple.' Now we thought that we were just corresponding with *fellow-disciples*, and never conceived that we would be charged with arrogance because we wrote freely *to you*, fearlessly vindicating what we conceived to be the truth of God, and as fearlessly condemning what we conceived to be error; and we must say that such remarks came rather with a bad grace, especially when coupled by the following—'Your writing to us in such a strain, and yet clinging to our fellowship to the very last, are singularly unaccountable.' Really there seems to be here an assumed superiority which it would be well for the churches of the Union, and especially the small churches, to understand that they may know how to demean themselves in proper spirit when you choose to inquire into their views on any matter of rumour. And 'clinging to your fellowship'! Did you expect that we would shrink from the correspondence which you began by withdrawing from your fellowship, and so preventing the churches of the Union from arriving at the full knowledge of the case? Such an idea never once crossed our minds; we see how readily for such a deed the public would have branded us as a church ashamed of our views who durst neither risk investigation nor stand forth in our own defence; and those now blaming us for clinging to their fellowship to the very last would have been among the first to hold us up to the Christian world as conscience-stricken

delinquents. But we have done. As you have declared us to be no longer in your fellowship, we say *Farewell*—we appeal to the churches of the Union—we appeal to the Word of God—we appeal to the throne of judgment—we pray you to cast the mantle of charity over anything that appears to be discourteous—we shall do the same. Brethren, *Farewell.*”

We present the following as a specimen of his pulpit ministrations. It is taken from a sermon from John xvii. 38, “Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?” After showing the relation which truth bears to God himself, and the great importance of embracing it, he next proceeds to show the relation which it bears to us, and he says:—

“Christ is the light of the world; he sent forth messengers with the truth in ancient days; in the fulness of time he came himself to ‘bear witness unto the truth.’ When he had again ascended into the highest heavens he despatched messengers to proclaim the truth to the ends of the earth, and to record it for the salvation of sinners. *The truth* is for men and women, the children of Adam who dwell in darkness and in the region and shadow of death. Its rays have diverged and passed from the Sun of Righteousness for the inhabitants of every land; they have been intercepted in many quarters by the elevation of huge canopies, and by the absence of charity on the part of the Church to tear them down. But this is our present concern, the rays of truth have penetrated *into our dwellings*, and between us and the truth as it is in Christ Jesus an irreparable relation has been formed and established. *The truth* has emanated from the eternal ‘Brightness’ to us, and for our advantage; hence we are bound every one, as we shall answer to God, to receive and walk in its light. We may hate the natural sun, we may close our eyes to his light, we may seek our dwelling-place in some deep dell into which his rays can scarcely penetrate, and from which we shall never behold his luminous disc; or we may court the covert of a dungeon into which his beams cannot enter. What then? Why, we should dwell in darkness like noxious reptiles that crawl not from their dens save under the shroud of night, hateful in ourselves and malign to the God of light and love.

And so men may hate the light of Divine truth; the consequence must be, they shall dwell in darkness and lie down in sorrow—for we are God's property; he is infinitely wise and good; he knows what we need, and having provided for us 'the way, *the truth*, and the life,' if we refuse to receive it, and to walk in it, the charge of ingratitude and rebellion is clearly established to our condemnation, and from this charge we cannot escape. It will prove nothing in our favour to say, We desired not the light, we sought not the gospel. It is God's prerogative to choose for us, to confer his gifts, and to demand our acceptance of them, that we, having dishonoured him, may henceforth occupy a position in which we shall glorify his great name. Enemies to God we are dark and impure—we cannot dwell with him. To this our own consciences testify; hence if unreconciled to God through the rejection of the *truth* we must be thrust out from his presence, oppressed with the mountainous guilt of despising his 'unspeakable gift.'

“Seeing, then, that there is a relation established between mankind and the *truth* of God by his own eternal and unchangeable decree, which will never be repealed: it is firmer than the foundations of the earth and more durable than the everlasting mountains. No other system comes from God for salvation; no other rule for the final judgment; and no other revelation of the future state of rewards and punishments. Are you not therefore shut up to the absolute necessity of receiving the truth as it is in Jesus? But this is a necessity which you may disregard. Pilate did it, multitudes have done it, and you may do it. Prepare then, O sinners, to meet the Almighty God of love, who will take vengeance on all them who refuse to be reconciled to him through the death of his Son. There comes the judgment, and he who proclaimed *the truth*—he who is all gentleness and love—the Lamb of God, will then clothe himself with vengeance, put on awful terrors, and from the great white throne proclaim his eternal awards to Pilate and Caiaphas and Cæsar, to all the mighty and the wise, to all the great and the small, and, sinners, *to you and me*. Shall it be glory and honour? or shall it be indignation and wrath? O eternal perdition! how dreadful!

yet most equitable reward to men who reject the TRUTH and despise its glorious Author."

It was in the end of 1844 that we first met Mr. Mather and were privileged to make his acquaintance. He had come to Hamilton on a Saturday afternoon to preach for his much-esteemed friend and brother, the Rev. John Kirk. He was staying in the house of Mr. John Naismith, sen., a highly respected deacon of the Hamilton church for very many years, and it was here on the same Saturday afternoon that we were introduced to each other. It was a most agreeable meeting; results flowed from it of which we had then no conception. We greatly admired the man. We really could not help loving him. The conversation turned to the great spiritual topics which were spoken of everywhere at that time. His large and loving heart was full, and he spoke with such fervour that one could not fail to be attracted towards him. We knelt in the room and prayed for each other, and that the great Father of all would bless the preaching of the gospel on the following day, and parted. An intimacy, I might almost say a friendship, was formed between us that day which continued till the day of his death, which I believe still lives, and shall, I trust, be heightened when we meet each other in glory.

In the early part of 1845, having been engaged to preach for two consecutive Sabbaths in Edinburgh, Mr. Mather wrote us asking if we could supply his pulpit during these two days in his absence. We were happily able to comply with his request. It was our first visit to the West. We had the good fortune to travel in company with our long and well-tried friend, Rev. A. Davidson, of Greenock, who was to preach the same Sabbath at Kilwinning; but he kindly travelled with us to Saltcoats. Here we separated, bidding each other good-bye, while he walked back to Kilwinning and I went on to Ardrossan. Mrs. Mather welcomed us most cordially, and entertained us most hospitably. We met other friends and brethren then, with some of whom we have been closely associated for the space of six and thirty years, and who are still dear to our hearts. A goodly number of those we met then have gone upward, and we have attended many of them

during their last hours on earth. A considerable number still survive, and are working for Christ, to whom we owe our all. During the month of April, at the close of our University Session, Mr. Mather kindly asked us to aid him in a series of revival meetings which he was conducting in West Kilbride. We walked every afternoon or evening a distance of five miles along the shore. The meetings were opened at eight o'clock with praise and prayer. We each delivered a gospel address to very attentive and large audiences considering the size of the village. We walked back again to Ardrossan every night after ten o'clock, and this continued for two weeks. Having to leave to fulfil another engagement, our vigorous and sturdy brother Mr. Davidson succeeded us, and preached then as he does yet, with remarkable power and fluency. To this day he will remember the long walk and the fascinating and profitable conversation of the "old man eloquent," and the rather lengthy though earnest addresses which he delivered. His whole soul was set, as it were, on fire, and he longed that all others should be warmed and blessed with a sense of the love of Christ. His one desire was that sinners should be saved by coming to a knowledge of the truth. Good was done; sinners were awakened and converted to Christ, some of whom have been useful ever since.

During the remainder of the year the good man continued to prosecute his work with untiring energy and zeal both at home and assisting other ministers in revival services. His heart was much set on evangelistic work. Nor did he neglect the sick and suffering. On the 6th December he was present when an operation was performed by Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, upon that devoted servant of Christ, Miss Mary Simpson, Kilwinning. He accompanied her father with the morning train, and joined in the worship with her. He writes:—

"I received a message from her requesting me to be present, and, according to her own desire, I was there three hours at least before the medical gentlemen arrived. I went with a view to *fortify her mind*, and to go with her to *the best Friend* for all needful strength and comfort. But her mind was so elevated and her heart so full of sweet peace in Jesus, and her

expressions of hope and confidence in him, *whatever might be the result* of the operation, were so copious that I had very little room to say anything. Had a visible messenger come from God to tell her that in a few hours as a blood-washed spirit she should appear in the presence of the eternal throne, crowned with the crown of righteousness and sceptred with the triumphal palm, I am not sure that she could have given us greater evidence of peace of mind and joy of heart; and yet her views and feelings were not exactly those of a dying person, for she had certainly a hope, though but vaguely defined, that she might survive the operation and recover health, otherwise I believe that she would not have submitted to the torture. The state of her mind therefore, I doubt not, arose from the blessed conviction that the Master, who had come and called for her, would be with her *in any case*; hence her heart was in sweet harmony with the petition, 'Thy will be done.'"

On his entering the room in company with Drs. Simpson and Keith, Miss Simpson whispered to him, "All is well"; and although the difficult operation was most skilfully performed in less than twenty-five minutes, the end had nevertheless arrived. On the evening of the following day, which was Sabbath, she gently fell asleep in Jesus. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

His success as a pastor was not, however, equal to his wish. The members of the church, though very respectable, were neither rich nor numerous. He felt that they had some difficulty, too, in raising his stipend, and with that characteristic self-denial which distinguished him through life, he made up his mind to resign his charge. The church was extremely sorry, for they loved him dearly, and did their very best to retain him by urging him to remain among them. It was in the spring of 1846 that he sent a letter to Glasgow informing us of his resolve, and asking, if the church were agreeable, if we would preach during the summer months. After several interviews together, and prayer for divine direction, we agreed at the request of the church to go. The Lord blessed our labours. The church was encouraged. A goodly number, chiefly young people, were added to the communicants' roll.

We had difficulties of a special kind to encounter, but in the grace and strength of Him who has promised to be with us alway, we were enabled to overcome them. After some months we received a call to become the pastor and accepted it. The ordination was fixed for the 16th November, 1846. It was a remarkably fine day for the season. The solemn services commenced at eleven o'clock. After the sermon was over, Mr. Mather put the usual questions to the minister-elect. On their being answered, he offered up the ordination prayer with fervour, solemnity, and precision. The chapel was quite filled with a most interested audience, and Mr. Mather wept for joy. The sight of such a meeting greatly gladdened his heart. There was a soiree in the evening, when the chapel was again filled to its utmost capacity. He delivered a most happy speech on "Happiness," which charmed all that listened to him.

He was by this time appointed editor of the *Christian News*, which came into existence three months before, and which is still doing good service among the churches. How well he filled the editor's chair, and discharged the onerous duties and responsibilities connected therewith, is patent to all. He had a difficult task, but did it well, and those who knew him best loved him most. We feel deeply conscious of our utter inability to do anything like ample justice to our subject, but beg to introduce now to our readers a very able sketch from the gifted pen of the late Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of Aberdeen, which appeared in the *Christian Times* on 16th January, 1864.

"It may be liable to question, we think, as to whether the world has ever been much or permanently benefited by men of genius. These appear only at rare intervals, and, like meteors in the sky, they soon pass away; and besides, persons who belong to this class have often something about them that hinders the forth-putting or counter-works the effect of superior ability. The industrious plodder, the experienced worker, and the high-toned moralist are the persons that serve their day and generation best. Men of genius may dazzle and confound you, but the other class named instruct, comfort, and benefit mankind. The discoveries that have

benefited the world most have been made by men of practical experience without previous celebrity. Upon the whole, then, we have come to the conclusion that those persons who discharge their duties with the greatest fidelity, who in all circumstances are reliable—men of high-toned principles whose piety is clearly apparent in the duties of every-day life; men whose love to God is supreme, and who own their obligation to do good to all men as opportunities of usefulness turn up—are the true benefactors of their country, the real friends of their species, and who to some extent leave the world better than they found it. There is an immense amount of evil in the world which but for the good that is in it would soon bring about a collapse. The life of every honest worker, who has been moved throughout by elevated moral principle, tends to increase the good and lessen the evil that exists among men.

“Mr. Mather belonged to the class of the useful rather than the brilliant. There never was anything about him, even in his best days, in the shape of flash, but he never lacked substantiality. If he was not popular in the modern sense of the word, he was always acceptable. None disliked him, and not a few would have gone far to hear him. All hearers respected him, many were edified by him, and not a few loved him. He was a reliable friend and a wise counsellor. No one who knew him thoroughly was afraid to trust him with a secret that caused pain, or to unfold before him the deepest depths of an oppressed heart; and never one, perhaps, ever discovered the slightest approach to the betrayal of confidence reposed in him.”

After describing the changes through which Mr. Mather passed, and the controversy on “Election” and “the work of Spirit” already referred to, he adds:—

“When the *Christian News*, a weekly paper now well known and by an increasing number of people much prized, was projected, Mr. Mather was at once fixed upon as editor; and under his able management in his editorial capacity the paper steadily rose in public estimation, and still lives, doing good service to the cause of truth. His editorials were well written, racy, and telling, and he managed his various contributors and

correspondents with tact and fairness, and continued to the last to enjoy their confidence and respect.

“Mr. Mather, now advancing in years, finding his duties in connection with the paper somewhat severe upon him, accepted the pastorate of the church at Blennerhasset, a small country village in the North of England, but had not been long there when a shock of paralysis laid him hopelessly aside. From Blennerhasset he removed to Barrhead, thence to Glasgow, where he still lives in the enjoyment of an annual allowance kindly settled upon him by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart. Our beloved brother is now a complete mental and physical wreck, and seventy-two years of age. Mrs. Mather died quite recently, but the subject of our sketch seems quite unaware of the great loss he has sustained in her removal, or in fact as to whether she is removed at all. It is consoling to know, however, that he is well cared for, and when the best time comes our Divine Father will elevate the ransomed spirit of his harassed servant from conflict to triumph, from solitude to genial society, and from tribulation to rest.”

Very soon after these beautiful lines were written, before even they appeared in the columns of the *Christian Times*, the elevation had taken place, which to one in his condition was a blessed relief, a most desirable and happy change. Up till the 10th January, 1864, there was no marked or visible change in his appearance. On the morning of the 11th, about seven o'clock, he was seized with a severe shock, from which he never recovered. At half-past ten he gently breathed his last, “and he was not, for God took him.” “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.” Devout men accompanied his remains to the Southern Necropolis, Glasgow, where his body now lies waiting the descent of the Judge of quick and dead, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

“Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.”

Mr. H. Nisbet, in a note to the editor of the *Christian Times*, writes, "He was the most Christ-like man I ever knew, and I had daily intercourse with him for fourteen years. Peace be to his memory."

It gives us much pleasure to add the following eloquent and pathetic tribute to his memory paid by the Rev. Dr. Morison, which appeared in the *Evangelical Repository* for March, 1864:—

"All through his illness he was carefully nursed by his wife—the faithful partner of his toils and cares and joys—till her own energies succumbed, and she sank a few months before him, a sacrifice to her untiring devotion to her husband. By secret links she seemed to continue to draw him to herself, and he seemed to be drawn. And now they are again one forever, one within the nearer and dearer unity that makes them one with Jesus and with God."

Mr. Mather was "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith" (Acts xi. 24). The words might have been prophetically penned by the Divine Spirit to serve for his spiritual photograph; they so accurately portrayed him as he really was. He was good and Godly. He was eminently sincere. He was also a genuine Christian gentleman. He was utterly incapable of anything approximating incivility. He was pre-eminently conscientious; and was prepared, we believe, to sacrifice everything on earth—worldly means, reputation, position, health, and life itself—for conscience' sake. He was of the very stuff of which martyrs of old were made; and had he been called to a literally "fiery" trial, he would, we doubt not, have burned at the stake, not only without pronouncing curses on his murderers, but even so much as uttering a single cry of excruciated nature—a single agonising ejaculation.

He was greater morally than intellectually, though in intellect he was far from being behind the bulk of his compeers. He was firm in his convictions, massive in the exposition of his conceptions, and fertile in the adduction of reasons for his opinions and beliefs. He was ever stately withal; and the fine moral element, his unfailing sincerity and courtesy, gave a condiment to all that he spoke and wrote.

During the years of his paralytic feebleness we had frequent opportunities of seeing him, and we found him stately in a sort to the last. He always recognised us in an instant; and his strong friendly feelings invariably overflowed in the language that comes readier from the eyes than do words from the stricken tongue, but is none the less eloquent—copious tears. Though the fountain of his speech was comparatively sealed, the fountain of his heart was ever welling up and running over. Often, often did we ask him *if he knew Jesus*. “Yes,” he invariably answered, “I know Jesus.” Often, often did we ask him, “Do you love Jesus?” “Yes,”^e was the unvarying reply, “I love Jesus.” And when we rejoined that *Jesus loved him*, he always wept for joy.

He has rather *broken up* than *broken down*. His body indeed has descended, but his spirit has ascended. Existence has been with him *up, upward* to the last; but instead of the dim whisper in his soul “come up higher,” it was at the end a sweet cherubic summons that thrilled from above into his heart and said, “Come up, *brother*.” He was ready to reply, “I come.” Who next? and next? and next? Reader, be *thou also* ready.

ALEXANDER CROSS.



REV. JAMES CRON

THE REV. JAMES CRON.



JAMES CRON was born at Durrissdeer Mill, Dumfriesshire, on the 14th April, 1842, and died on the 18th July, 1865. He had thus little more than completed his twenty-third year. The second of two sons, James bore a strong resemblance to his mother; while George, the eldest (Rev. George Cron), so well and honourably known in the Evangelical Union, is more of his father's type and build. "The Mill" is well known, especially to ministers of the E.U., the hospitable home, the massive hills around, with narrow valleys and abounding watercourses, affording delightful rest and recreation to those in need of that change of scene so fitted to recruit exhausted energy. Receiving the rudiments of his education at the Parish School, it was when he came under the tutorship of a cousin at Minnick that the state of "healthy hunger," which lies at the root of all mental greatness, first came to be experienced. A passion for study and a facility for acquiring knowledge became still more marked when he went to Wallace-hall Academy, Closeburn, in the records of which institution his brother George has such distinction.

It was while he was yet at school that he received those impressions which determined his future career. In January, 1856, a series of meetings was held in Thornhill in connection with the E.U. Church, then under the pastorate of the Rev. Wm. Pearson, and it was in conversation with the Rev. (now Dr.) John Kirk that the soul of our young brother "passed" from death unto life. From this time a new and imperial impulse fired his brain, warmed his blood, and bent every energy of his being into Christ's own service. Before, he lived and learned; but now he had an aim for which to live and learn. It was towards the close of that year (Saturday, 9th November, 1856), at the age of fourteen, that he was admitted into the fellowship of the church at Thornhill.

Two years after this—throughout which he gave many clear prophecies of future excellence and usefulness—he matriculated in Glasgow University, session 1858-9. His entrance on his collegiate course was a season of great solemnity to himself, as we may judge from a series of resolutions, some twenty in number, and signed under date “the 2nd night of November, 1858.” The opening sentence thus reads—“After long, serious, solemn, and prayerful consideration, I have formed the following resolutions.” We give the last—“Resolved: with all my power to train my intellect, and strive to make all the imitable perfections of Jesus mine, in order that I may glorify God among men; promote the best interests of Christ’s kingdom in the world, by bringing many poor sinners to the Cross of my Redeemer, in whom I believe, and have peace, in order that I may gain the favour of my Father in Heaven.”

The name of James Cron was placed on the roll of the E.U. Hall in August, 1859. As a student he was thoughtful, diligent, painstaking, and acquitted himself always with the highest credit. He prepared his work for his classes with neatness, order, and precision. Being naturally gifted, he seemed to do all with remarkable ease. He did not confine himself to the mere routine of class work, but found leisure for a considerable amount of reading in various directions. Theology and theological questions of the day awakened within him the deepest interest. He could not have been an E.U. student had he not found a congenial atmosphere in argumentative discussion. It was quite impossible for students to be long together without a friendly, though earnest, “set to” on points of theology, philosophy, morals, politics, or science, as circumstances might supply grist for the mill of discussion. James Cron, while not uncommonly leading the way in argument, was seen to be not less keen in intellectual fence than rich in the wealth of information, which he held at command. He always urged his views with good temper and perfect self-restraint, a vein of quiet humour giving flow to ready utterance, and attractive conversational power, fascinating in no ordinary degree.

While yet at college Mr. Cron had many opportunities of

exercising his gifts as a preacher. On his preparation for this work he bestowed the greatest care, writing out his discourses, and committing them to memory. His mental grasp enabled him to take hold of a subject and present it with clearness and force, sweetness and light, rendering him, as a preacher, acceptable, and he soon became popular as a "supply." He was the first the Committee sent to Eyemouth.

Not a few details must be omitted from this necessarily brief sketch, in order to find space for a few glimpses of the inner life, of which all who loved him most wish to know. In a letter dated 3rd March, 1861, he writes:—

"I am afraid that I have not been preaching for a long time past in a proper spiritual state. My great desire has been to please; and this seems to me exceedingly mean. I was much struck with this about three weeks ago. I have only preached two Sabbaths since, and I do hope there was a change in my motives and desires. I had four inquirers on the Sabbath before last at G——. I never did preach or pray so earnestly, under such a sense of the Divine Spirit's influence, as I did that night. When I had done with the first prayer I was completely exhausted; I was so excited in spirit. Earnestness is the great power, at least human power, in preaching. The great thing, in my opinion, is to lose all consciousness of self in the pulpit, and to be entirely lost in the gospel realities."

In the spring of the same year he writes:—

"My spiritual experience this winter has been very strange; for a month or two at the beginning of the session I had many severe inward struggles. I was often bordering on absolute infidelity. I wanted light; I cried for light, but found none. I could not come to a determination regarding one fundamental truth. I was like a rudderless ship at the mercy of the angry waves. I was like to founder because of the darkness. I could not pray, for a hearing personal God it seemed impossible to realise. At last, at Carlyle's suggestion, I determined to hold only truth and goodness, at least, what seemed truth and goodness, and, thank God, I have got the better of the struggle, and am none the worse for it. I have now become immovably fixed on the cardinal principles of true religion. I have still, however, great difficulty preserving

during the week the same spiritual-mindedness which characterises me on Sabbath. The College atmosphere, I daresay you know, is not too wholesome."

In the summer of 1861 he preached three successive months at Wick, and attended his third session at the E.U. Hall in August and September of that year. An urgent appeal from the church there constrained him, at the close of the session, to return and labour during the winter months. With a single eye, and with full purpose of heart, he gave himself to the "winning of souls." This was the "one thing" he did. It was his "meat" to do it. He lived in it, as well as for it. Not only did he preach three times on the Sabbath, but amid winter cold, in a northern clime, he held meetings almost nightly in the surrounding district. Here it was, and thus, that the seeds of the disease which cut short his life were developed. When May—the month on which he was to be relieved from his charge—came round he was compelled to go in quest of health. The necessity for this step being only too apparent from the fact that, for several Sabbaths, he had preached with his hand pressed against the left side to relieve him from pain.

His own words we read in a letter dated 29th April, 1862 :—

"Perhaps I have spoken too much this winter. I have had three sermons every Sunday, and always three or four meetings during the week. Great good has been done, and that is a consolation. Within the last three weeks I have had thirty inquirers. This is all private, quiet work, you will remember. Do not associate it in your mind with what is technically called a 'revival.' I invariably try to deal faithfully with my audiences, and a very striking feature of my preaching, which has often been developed this winter, is, that every one thinks I am just speaking to him personally."

In an earlier letter, dated 10th March, 1862, a further explanation of his exhaustive labour, not less than of his method, is presented :—

"I make it a point to visit the members of the congregation, and ask them as to their spiritual state. I find out whether they are at peace with God or not; if not, I address them

accordingly. In this way I have done a great deal of good. I try to be faithful with them."

On the 28th May, 1862, we find his spirit thus expressing itself, "I have violated God's good laws of physical well-being, and I must suffer. I hope I am contented to suffer, and wait, and profit by this corrective discipline."

During this period of rest his reading seems to have been wide and varied. Always in love with the poets, transcribing large sections to his *Index Rerum*, he read such works as were available. Many of his jottings, expressive of the judgment he formed of books, reveal his quick perception, the breadth, or comprehensiveness of his mind, as well as his insight—"I am reading 'Sartor Resartus.' Poor Carlyle! he is a seer, but what a pity he is not an evangelical seer." He was much in sympathy with Horace Bushnell, Baldwin Brown, and Frederick Robertson. "I adhere firmly to the Fatherhood of God, and, starting from that as a first principle, I get at other truths which are a solace to my soul, and which I have wielded as a weapon for promoting the glory of God in the conversion of sinners."

The Rev. John Peill (now of Dukinfield, near Manchester), who was pastor of the church at Wick for some years in succession of Mr. Cron, writes:—"The burden of his theme was the love of God, and so attractively and powerfully could he present this grand many-sided theme, that the good friends at Wick said that he literally shamed people out of their unbelief and sin by the powerful way in which he set God's love before them."

August, 1863, found him able, though feeble, to resume his duties at the E.U. Hall; and it was towards the close of that session that he was ordained a minister of the Evangelical Union, and went a stranger amongst the brethren at Langholm. Here, as in other places, his presence was sufficient to command respect and affection. These grew, so that, on the 12th May, 1864, he was ordained pastor of the church, the Rev. Mr. Whitson (now of Anstruther) alone officiating on the occasion.

That his ministry at Langholm was after the manner of his career at Wick was as the place demanded, and as he desired.

The cause there was new, and only such as carry memories of the earlier conflicts of the E.U. ministers and churches can appreciate all that that means, in peculiarity of work, and irrepressibleness of energy. He was sadly unequal to the strain thus imposed. His health was tidal at best. The winter of the previous year, with its icy fingers, had more than touched the weak and vital part of his frame. He wrote to Dr. Morison on 16th November, 1863:—

“The temptation to overwork myself I have great difficulty resisting. . . . I want to labour where I can do most good, win most souls to Jesus, and I feel as if many might be brought into the fold were my labours extending over a few months at Langholm.”

To another he wrote—

“I experience a great renewal in my soul; I just feel burning to preach Christ to poor souls hungering after peace. The one secret of any power I have in converting sinners (and there are some convinced and converted almost every night) is, that I preach with the view of convincing them of sin, and leading them to Jesus, before I let them go. I plead with them with all the earnestness of my heart to come now and be saved.”

Of such a ministry what might be said? Of average stature, his presence was pleasing and magnetic, his manner was gracefulness itself. His expansive forehead showed plenty of room for the play of high emotion, not to say the wing of the poet. His eyes were full of light and melting sympathy—a glance thrilled you, not with terror, but with love. He had all the tenderness of a woman and the passions of an orator, while the sensitiveness of the mystic in him was held in control. His voice, not less musical than thrilling, contributed not a little to the emphasis which gave him power over the hearts of those who heard him. Not sufficiently well to develop, as young ministers usually do, a course of systematic teachings, or elaborate sermons on isolated texts, he gave himself to expository readings. In this way he went through the greater part of John's Gospel, giving an example of Chrysostom's canon, “Let God speak much, and man little.” He was more intuitive than logical—no dry letterist. Winged souls cannot live in mere words, the homes of mental grubs.

Biblical doctrines were made personal convictions. He spoke what he believed. Speech became a necessity of his nature. Men were not disposed to quibble over his dogma, but wondered at the glorious gospel pronounced with such pathos and power.

The general plan of such sermons as are preserved exhibits great maturity of thought and remarkable facility in the handling of texts. He could not have failed to become a master in homiletics, his divisions are so natural, clear, and comprehensive. Each discourse, again, even each section, seems marked by a determination to press home the truth in hand ere the hearers had forgotten it.

His prayers were as striking as his sermons. Like the psalms of David, the son of Jesse—of whom, in his ruddy countenance, he was suggestive—they included meditation as well as confession, supplication and thanksgiving; they swept sometimes the whole gamut of spiritual life and experience, and lifted the heart into immediate communion with God. None who joined in them could fail to be enriched, strengthened, and comforted by them. All little cares and troubles were lost for the time in higher and holier things.

In nothing was he more effective than in his intercourse with his people. His power of conversation was very great, and it was frequently remarked with what skill he could adapt himself to any society. He had a wonderful power of feeling the mental pulse of those he visited. With old people, as with children, he was equally deferential and tender, and both found in him one who shared in their infirmities. He spoke the right word with the right tone.

This imperfect sketch would be incomplete if no reference were made to his bearing while he sojourned in the borderland of heaven. One letter which I have been privileged to see, written to "My own and only brother," contains the following paragraph:—

"Did I not feel that these afflictions were of God, and under the auspices of his gracious providence, I would be a devil. I could not bear them quietly. I would rise up against them and curse them. As it is, I am patient and tearfully thankful. If I am grateful for anything it is for these 'light afflictions.'

I bless God that my purposes have been crossed. Had I got my own way I might have been a popular preacher in the consideration of man, but, I fear, never in the sight of God. My spiritual experience has been wonderfully deepened by what I have suffered. My eyes have been opened to see my own ways as so far inferior to God's ways. Had I got to L—— when I wanted I would have been but a superficial Christian. I am learning here in solitude and pain what I could never have learned amid the adulations of a large and worldly congregation. Life is a school, and the discipline I am getting is what I need."

How bravely he contended with the pain and languor incident to his disease, perhaps, none can know. As the one who nursed him until he rested in his own home at "The Mill," Mrs. Scott of Langholm was to him "of mothers most motherly." "My eyes invariably fill with tears when I think of her and her noble husband." She accompanied him, by his special request, to Edinburgh to consult Dr. Christison a few weeks before his death. The writer of this sketch can never forget the invariable reference, all through the journey, from the beautiful on earth to the more perfect beauty of "the great home-land." His devoted flock at Langholm never gave him the pain of accepting his resignation, though it was apparent he could never again serve them in the gospel. A few weeks before his death he wrote to a friend:—"The near approach of eternity would be to me a source of unspeakable delight." "Death has no terror for me," he said; "I could put my foot upon the neck of death at any moment. The righteousness of Christ is mine." On the day he died, "his own" around him weeping, his triumph was complete. "Well, if I am dying, I am sorry for you father, mother, sisters, but I am happy. I have not a doubt, nor the shadow of a doubt, and that should satisfy you." With fair youthful face, still beautiful, though bearing the impress of death, he looked his last upon the outside world, and passed "out of the shadow into the sunshine," and the unwearied service of the land where all doxologies break around the feet of Jesus.

The noble little brotherhood at Langholm did him all honour in his death, many of them attending his funeral at great

inconvenience, while they shortly afterwards erected in the churchyard at Durrisdeer, where he now lies, a granite obelisk on which was inscribed—

IN MEMORY

OF THE

REV. JAMES CRON,

Pastor of the Evangelical Union Church, Langholm, who, after a brief but distinguished ministry, died at Durrisdeer, July 18th, 1865, aged 23 years.

This monument is erected by his sorrowing church and friends to mark their high esteem for his eminent worth as a Christian, a minister, and a friend.

Thus lived and died a young and earnest soldier of the Cross. Mayhap in the world's eyes a life of failure and defeat; in the eyes of God, and of his angels, a more prosperous life than many of the world's most successful men. Our eyes are dim, we guess, God knows. But we cannot think that God will take any life committed unto him in the free full trust of love and cast it a blasted, broken thing upon the void. Those who have gazed upon the Cross until in some way they saw its divine and wondrous meaning can call no life wasted that is formed, in any measure, on the pattern of the Lord's, though it lead to nought but suffering and death; and, in the white-robed multitude before the throne, there will not be wanting those who have heard the gospel message from the lips of this young apostle, to arise and bless "the God of heaven" that he lived and died. Oh! dawn the day when, even far beyond the churches of our beloved Evangelical Union, we shall know many such a herald of God, loving his message for its own sake, and for their sakes to whom it may become a message of good—many such a shepherd, whose wisdom is as a fold for the Saviour's sheep, and whose comfortable words are as a hospice on the rude mountains for those who may be crossing them on their way to the promised country. One among a thousand, his blessing shall be as his honour.

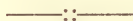
"His goodness was constant, and modest, and meek,

It knew no parade, and its own did not seek—

"Twas the power and the presence of light."

ALEXANDER NAIRN.

THE REV. JAMES STRACHAN.



THERE is only one person competent to write a fitting memorial of the brief but brilliant career of the Rev. James Strachan. The bosom friend of the youth, the student, the minister, and at last the counsellor of the dying, the Rev. Principal Fairbairn, D.D., alone is worthy to erect a monument commemorating the name and fame of his fallen companion in arms and good soldier of Jesus Christ. Their love was like that of Jonathan and David. Right nobly did the survivor deliver an elegy in honour of the departed, whose strains still vibrate in many hearts. A more elaborate memorial was at one time contemplated, but various circumstances thwarted the pious purpose. It has now fallen upon us to revive the memory of one of the most worthy of the E.U. Worthies.

“One sows and another reaps.” James Strachan sowed plentifully, and the church after many years continues to reap the ripened fruits of his devoted labours. Not enjoying an intimate knowledge of Mr. Strachan in his lifetime, we would have declined the task of composing memorials of his life had we not been for years brought into frequent contact with the fruits of his work, and made to feel that, like Abel, “though dead, he yet speaketh.”

James Strachan was born on 21st July, 1835. He opened his eyes on the rural beauties of Aberdour, a village nestling on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth. His father, a man of steady integrity and honest industry, followed the occupation of a sawyer. His mother, a woman of earnest piety and motherly devotion, trained a family of ten children for Jesus, who early took them all to himself for higher service in the heavenly home, while the mother still remains to mourn their loss and wait in hope of a glorious reunion. Five years after the birth of James, the family removed from Aberdour—



REV. JAMES STRACHAN.

first to Dunfermline, for a very short time, and then to Leith, where work was more plentiful for the bread-winner. Surrounded by the charming scenery of nature in infancy and childhood, James inherited a love of nature, which absence from her charms could not quench, and which supplied many an illustration of divine truth to the sanctified imagination of the preacher. In Leith, James obtained the elements of a good primary education. Early commencing to work, school education was necessarily prematurely arrested. But naturally of a quick intellect and keen imagination, he learned while he laboured, and improved the few hours of leisure to store the mind with useful knowledge.

About the time the Strachan family came to Leith the religious awakening which was felt throughout Scotland gave birth to the Evangelical Union. A few godly men in Leith had experienced the blessing of the personal appropriation of the atonement of Christ for the sins of the world, and they resolved to form and found a church where they might enjoy congenial communion and the privilege of disseminating the universalities of the grace of God to the community. On 19th November, 1844, an E.U. church was duly constituted; and on the 17th December following the Rev. Ebenezer Kennedy was ordained the first pastor of the church. Under his zealous ministry the Strachans (father and mother) were brought to enjoy the gospel and become early members of the church. The father continued faithfully to serve the Lord in the church until his death in the year 1860, and the mother has been preserved to this day a respected member of their much-loved Zion.

Revival services were frequently conducted by the churches in the early periods of our movement. In Leith the spiritual zeal of the church was sustained, and many souls converted to the Lord, by frequent evangelistic efforts. It was in one of these revivals that James Strachan was roused to seek the Lord and brought to personal decision for Christ, under the faithful ministrations of the Rev. Hugh Riddell. With characteristic zeal the youthful disciple, who had now reached the eighteenth year of his age, devoted himself to Christian service. He was the first member who joined the church

under the Rev. Joseph Boyle, who on 1st May, 1853, was inducted to the pastorate. Mr. Boyle, an eloquent preacher and indefatigable pastor, raised the church to a high degree of efficiency. He was specially successful in swaying the minds of the young, and James Strachan soon felt the charm of his spell. He became an earnest Sabbath-school teacher, an active church member, and devoted mission worker. Among the poor and needy, the aged and sick, the young lad delighted to labour. In his own juvenile and hearty fashion he ministered the riches of the gospel. He would sit down and read the word to old women and children, and, while blessing them, he was foreshadowing his own yet undefined future ministry.

On one occasion Mr. Boyle became seriously unwell, and found himself unable to preach on the Sabbath. No ministerial substitute being procurable, Mr. Boyle sent for James, and asked him to conduct the service. This was an ordeal for which he was not prepared. He would willingly have addressed a mission meeting, but to preach in the church was too ambitious a flight. Nevertheless he complied, and conducted the service with much acceptance. A stranger, who had been in the church, inquired as he was retiring "what minister that was," to which a worthy member replied, "He's no a minister ava—he's jist a Sabbath-school teacher." "You may be proud of him," was the stranger's hearty response. Whether proud of him or not we cannot tell, but the church and denomination had reason in after years to be proud of James Strachan. Mr. Boyle, discerning in James the make of a minister, was anxious for him devoting himself to study. Circumstances were not favourable to the undertaking, and for long he waited and prayed. At last the resolution was formed. Dr. Fairbairn describes that scene, which is worthy of preservation:—

"Well do I remember sitting with him in a little back room in his mother's house, stained with the marks of our respective callings, speaking of men and books, truth and religion, in our own sage and juvenile way, until our hearts burned for the power and the sphere to sway men for Christ, when suddenly he said, giving voice to what had been before implied, 'What think you of beginning to study for the

ministry?' 'It has long been my hope, my wish,' was the answer. 'Then let us pursue our studies together,' he said; and hands were clasped in pledge that we would aid each other in our struggles towards the pulpit, and our hearts were joined in prayer for higher help and wiser counsel than our own. That scene in the little chamber was often recalled. We were never false to its promise."

The one member has now attained a high position in the church and well merited repute in the world of letters. Had the other been preserved we are persuaded he would have gained eminence as a brilliant preacher of the gospel and successful pastor in the Church of Christ. The struggles of the poor aspiring student are themes which excite our Scottish pride. James Strachan gained, in his triumph over difficulties, a well earned meed of praise. For three years he obtained private lessons from Mr. Boyle. He had to wield the hammer on the anvil through the day, and hammer out the Greek and Latin roots at night. In due course James entered the University of Edinburgh, and passed through the usual curriculum of Arts. It is no easy task for one in James's position to compete successfully with students trained in the High Schools and Academies. The lack of elementary preparation is keenly felt. But bravely are difficulties surmounted and qualities exercised which go far to make the successful student. In the philosophical classes James often honourably distinguished himself, and in classics obtained a respectable position. During these years of study two events exercised a very mellowing influence upon the student's heart. William Candlish, a devoted young Christian, resolved to join the student band; William Edmond did actually enter the brotherhood. They were all linked together by the tenderest ties of affection. But first Candlish and then Edmond faded as the flower, and died in their youthful promise. James began to write memorials of his companion Candlish, but they remain unfinished. In his family, affliction and death had long prevailed. James ministered to the suffering and dying, and was the best earthly consoler of the bereaved. Little could those imagine who heard the merry laugh or witnessed the playful spirit of the student that the heart was often heavy and the soul sad

enough with the vivid scenes of sorrow shared through the night vigils. These experiences seemed to mould the heart of the pastor who became so eminent in his ministry of affliction, and was enabled more than most men to "rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep."

The E.U. Theological Hall was entered for session 1857. For four sessions Strachan pursued with hearty enthusiasm his theological studies. Those sessions were distinguished by a large attendance of students. It was a time of much religious zeal and evangelism. The wave of revival had crossed from Ireland and swept over the West of Scotland. Many of the students entered heartily into the movement. Strachan was full of revival zeal, and often in the evenings, after the day's studies, would preach with fervour the gospel of Christ. He was one of the preaching students whose services were highly prized and eagerly sought after. Many an interesting and often amusing story had he to relate of his preaching experiences. The session of 1860 closed the academical studies of Mr. Strachan, and at the Conference of that year he was recognised a "duly qualified preacher of the gospel, and fitted to take the oversight of any Christian Church." There were at least three churches competing for his services. He accepted the call to Auchterarder, and was ordained to the pastorate in October, 1860. He began his work in much hope, but he soon felt that the sphere was not congenial to his taste, nor likely in the circumstances to promise success. On the southern side of the Ochils the church in Tillicoultry had been left without a pastor by the removal to Barrhead of the Rev. John Andrew, who had laboured very faithfully there for five years. The attention of the brethren was directed towards Mr. Strachan. They forwarded to him a call to become their pastor. Mr. Strachan accepted, and entered upon his duties on the 15th September, 1861. His reception was most hearty, and he began his labours resolved, in the strength of Christ, to succeed.

The induction services were of a highly impressive nature. The Rev. Dr. Adamson, then of Perth, appropriately introduced the pastor. In the afternoon Mr. Strachan himself preached an eloquent discourse on "The Defence of the Gospel." And

in the evening a revival service was held in the Popular Institute, attended by about 900 persons. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Adamson and Mr. Strachan, producing a powerful impression on the audience.

The soiree on the following evening was also most effective and successful. It was manifest the right sphere had now been found, and the right man for the service. The fields were ripe for a gospel reaper. Much seed had been sown. A great spiritual awakening had been felt. Revival had touched many hearts. Mr. Strachan gathered in the sheaves. In the first year of his ministry 60 members were added to the church, and in the second about 30. During the five years of his ministry there had been gathered into the church 136 members. These represent the more conspicuous fruits of his labours; other fruits were abundant. A great impulse had been given to the church. The whole community felt his power. Young men, quickened by his influence, carry on the work of the Lord in the ministry of the church while he enjoys the reward of his toil. Many whose names could not appear on the roll of the church received from him the consolations of the gospel, and died in the hope of glory.

Temperance and social movements were advanced by his ever ready and powerful advocacy. Nor did he confine his energies within the limited sphere of his church. His services were eagerly sought after, and, for his own comfort and strength, too readily granted.

In Eyemouth he laboured with great enthusiasm during a revival season, captivating the hearts of the noble fishermen who were most pressing for his settlement in their midst. He could not forsake his charge in Tillicoultry, but he left behind him a memory which is dearly revered, and converts, who carried on the work when he departed. (One of these, a young man William Nisbet, grew up to occupy a conspicuous place in Eyemouth and the E.U. Church, and was much lamented and mourned when it was known he was one of the victims to the fatal storm of October, 1881.) The denomination also received a share of his energies. Its literature was enriched by his contributions. Its Conference was guided by his counsels. Its Annual Soiree in Glasgow for 1863 was stirred

by his eloquence. We remember well the theme and some of the gems which sparkled in his speech.

"Twenty Years ago" was the subject assigned him. Several playful allusions he made to the incongruity of the youthful speaker and his subject. Twenty years hence, he thought, should have been his theme. One of his prophecies, now that nigh twenty years have passed, has been remarkably fulfilled. "Then, although our incorrigible ministers, after the manner of the fox and grapes, have always been saying, by way of solatium for wounded feelings, that we had no need of doctoring, we should have D.D.'s bristling among the names of our sectional giants as thickly as silver cones on a fir-tree." Of "twenty years ago" he was able to discern and disclose the most striking features.

"We hold," he said, "that the truth of our movement twenty years ago was the resurrection of a thought long buried in Scotland. The name of this thought is the unlimited gospel—a thought God will ever send some great mind to find when lost, for thoughts as well as men are worth saving—a thought which gives an eternal arena to the theologian, as the sun gives an inexhaustible light to the natural philosopher."

His peroration was a devout aspiration: "O may it be ours to cherish the fresh affection of our infancy, the elasticity and courage of our youth, the vigour and strength of manhood, that we may escape the foibles and frailties of ecclesiastical old age." Had Mr. Strachan's life been prolonged, and leisure obtained for study, he would undoubtedly have been able to grapple with some of the theological questions of the day, and leave behind him some monument of his powerful intellect. He had the intuitional faculty to discern first principles, and a keen logical mind to follow as well as form a chain of reasoning.

An article contributed to the *Evangelical Repository* for September, 1863, on "Calvinism weighed in one of its own balances and found wanting," is at once original in its conception and vigorous in execution. Another article in the same magazine for March, 1863, on "The Philanthropy of God," revealed the author's deep insight into the heart of Jehovah and his ability to apply to human hearts the mighty power of

divine love. Here he was always at home. His sermons, though extending over a wide range of Old and New Testament themes, never lacked a clear and earnest exhibition of the love of God for mankind. He had laid firm hold of the gospel, and proclaimed in his discourses a full and free salvation through the cross of Christ. To a vigorous intellect there was combined a vivid imagination and thrilling emotion. The very titles of his discourses reveal the qualities of the mind and heart. "Love and Sacrifice," "Branches from the Sweet Tree by the Waters of Marah," "Dreams and Visions of Scripture"; a series of lectures, "Slides from the Stereoscope of Spiritual Life"; another series, "Characters Round the Cross," "The Gospel and its Claims on Men," "A Man." "John Bunyan" was a congenial theme on which Mr. Strachan delivered very attractive addresses. Some hundreds of manuscripts preserved reveal the diligence of the sermon composer, but unfortunately their contents are veiled under the obscurity of the writing. "The Incalculableness of a Year's History" was one of his memorable sermons on his third anniversary. He was then in the plenitude of his power and usefulness. Of his relation to the church he said—

"It is three years to-day since we as people and pastor became what the apostle calls 'true yoke-fellows,' and instead of feeling on this anniversary day that our continuance with each other is a matter of cold formality and professionalism, leading to no hearty and mutual review of our annual history, we rather—and I trust it is neither beyond the boundary of good taste nor propriety to say it—feel a stronger mutual attachment, that leads us to remember times and days in the spirit that at once marks a period in our passing history and stirs within us deeper depths of mutual affection."

A sermon which he preached this year, on "The Sin of Swearing among the Young," occasioned a keen controversy in the locality. Mr. Strachan maintained his position with dignity, and increased his usefulness and popularity. The sermon was a most effective exposure of the heinousness and senselessness of swearing—revealed some of the causes of its prevalence among the young, and suggested "elements of cure." The discourse was published. Reviewing it, the editor

of the *Repository* expressed the wish "that it were sown broadcast over the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets of Scotland."

This third year of Mr. Stachan's ministry was also memorable as the year of his marriage with Miss Guthrie, a young lady with whom he had been early associated in Leith. They had long looked forward to their union to perfect their happiness and usefulness in the cause of Christ. Too brief was their wedded life. Ere little more than two years had gone they were called to bear the pangs of separation, and the young widow to mourn for many days her great bereavement. To outward view Mr. Strachan bade fair to live for many days. Physically he showed a well-knit, vigorous body, a brawny arm and firm step. Physically he personified the title of his sermon, "A Man." But insidiously, disease was undermining the strong foundation. For long unseen, unsuspected, the fell destroyer of the family was invading the earthly tabernacle. Overwork and cold hastened and revealed the enemy. Still Mr. Strachan continued unremitting in his labours. Visitation, especially of the sick, which he loved so well and discharged with so much blessing, together with his regular preaching, was not relaxed till anxious friends constrained him to seek in rest the restoration of his health. Temporary improvement followed. Again he preached to his people with growing fervour the gospel of Christ. One who heard him preach just a year before his death "was struck with the gems of truth and expression that sparkled from his lips. The deep pathetic feeling that welled over on the people from a gushing heart brought tears to many eyes. And when speaking of God's love—his unalterable love to man—his voice was all but choked with emotion, and for a moment all hearts were fused into one." An attack of inflammation of the lungs effectually arrested the work of the willing worker. He was induced to try the effect of the salubrious air of Forres and the treatment of Cluny Hill Hydropathic Establishment. The change was greatly enjoyed, and the improvement of health gave promise of recovery. His happy, hopeful nature was beautifully manifested at this time in his intercourse with friends, and in his letters to home and flock. Writing to his revered Professor, Dr. Morison, he said:—

“How sweet it is to proclaim Jesus when one has been more and more into his blissful companionship by affliction. I never felt so weak, and yet I never felt so strong for preaching the blessed gospel. Men are *often* made new. Life is a thing of elements, graduating into the eternal glory; and happy is he who is lifted from peak to peak, by being taken from peak to valley. Israel’s was ‘a land of hills and valleys, drinking water of the rain of heaven.’ So is the man’s life who is in the hands of Jesus by affliction, or by other and more genial means. It is one in which the productive possibilities are greater and nobler.”

His opportunities of preaching the gospel were now to be changed from the pulpit he so well adorned to the sick bed he would so patiently endure. His return to Tillicoultry was hailed with mingled hope and fear. He turned his face homewards with much hope. Unhappily, the fatigue and exposure of the journey seemed to undo any good obtained from the repose. Not realising his own weakness, he resolved to conduct the Sabbath service. His presence in the pulpit, so ghastly and yet glowing with a hallowed radiance, was the most impressive sermon he ever preached. It touched every heart and brought tears from many eyes. All felt they were listening for the last time to the voice of the beloved pastor which had so often thrilled and awed with the message of salvation. At the close of the service Mr. Strachan was convinced himself that his ministry was accomplished. Reluctantly and sadly he resolved to resign his charge. The church could not yield to his desire, but cheerfully determined that the tie which had linked them so endearingly should only be severed by death. Soon the end came.

Mr. Strachan, anxious to visit his mother, and repose a few days in her home, left for Edinburgh, and arrived in his mother’s house on the eve of his thirty-first birthday, 20th July, 1866. It was a joyful, mournful meeting. It was felt, though unexpressed, that he had come home to die. In one brief week there were compressed all the mournful, joyful experiences of a Christian’s death-bed. There were the gentle ministries of love—the gleams and glimpses of the nearing glory—the comfort and consolation of a tried and faithful

gospel—the courageous combat with the last great enemy, and the final and glorious victory through the blood of the Lamb. “I have no doubts—none,” he joyfully answered the inquiries of friends; “I am safe in Jesus for evermore, evermore.”

Grieved at his great suffering a friend remarked—“Is it come to this, Mr. Strachan?” There was at once the hearty response—“Although I did not know but of one soul saved through my labour, it would repay all my sufferings.” Some-time before his departure he exclaimed—“I mount, I soar, and I shall take my loved ones with me—my dear wife, my dear mother.” After a night of languid suffering, at nine o’clock in the morning of the 27th July, 1866, fervent prayer was offered, in which the dying one audibly joined. Mr. Strachan then desired to be raised up, and resting in the arms of his mother, with all his loved ones around, he gently breathed his soul into the bosom of God, and calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

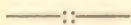
On the 31st July the remains of our departed brother were interred in the presence of a numerous company of mourners in Rosebank Cemetery, Bonnington, Edinburgh, where so many of his kindred and friends repose in the blessed hope of a glorious resurrection. On his tombstone might be inscribed the epitaph which commemorates the worth of one of Britain’s heroes—“Here lies a man who tried to do his duty.”

JAMES DAVIDSON.



REV. JAMES KIRK.

THE REV. JAMES KIRK.



THE subject of this brief memoir was born in Edinburgh on the 9th of April, 1846. His father, the Rev. John Kirk, and his mother, the late Mrs. Eliza Kirk, had shortly before come from Hamilton. Mr. Kirk had become pastor of a new church which he had founded, and which then met in the Waterloo Rooms. At the age of three James suffered a sad loss in the death of his dear mother. But the little fellow was left in the hands of an affectionate nurse, who lavished upon him all her tenderness. In such circumstances it need not be wondered that he became somewhat "spoiled," so that when he came under my control he wanted his own way in everything. But though wilful, he was also a winning child. No one could long resist his loving ways, and being withal "a pretty boy," he became a general favourite. A better description of him at this time could not be given than what I found in a magazine of the day. It charmed me so much that I culled and kept it. The original verses are not much altered, and I delight to give them here.

DEAR LITTLE JAMIE.

"I have a little step-son, the loveliest thing alive,
A noble, sturdy boy is he, and yet he's only five;
His smooth cheek hath a blooming glow, his eye is bright and blue,
And his lips are like two rose-buds, all tremulous with dew;
His days pass off in sunshine, in laughter, and in song,
As careless as a summer rill that sings itself along,
For like a pretty fairy tale that's all too quickly told,
Is the young life of a little one that's only five years old.

"He's dreaming on his happy couch before the day grows dark,
He's up with morning's rosy ray a-singing with the lark;
Where'er the flowers are freshest, where'er the grass is green,
With light locks waving on the wind his fairy form is seen.

Amid the whistling March winds, amid the April showers ;
He warbles with the singing-birds and blossoms with the flowers ;
He cares not for the summer heat, he cares not for the cold—
My sturdy little step-son, that's only five years old.

“How touching 'tis to see him clasp his dimpled hands in prayer !
And raise his little rosy face with reverential air !
How simple is his eloquence ! how soft his accents fall
When pleading with the King of kings to love and bless us all !
And when from prayer he bounds away in innocence and joy,
The blessing of a smiling God goes with the cheerful boy.
A little lambkin of the flock within the Saviour's fold
Is he, my lovely step-son, that's only five years old.”

His school life lay very lightly on him, and he had little interest in his lessons. He was so full of fun and play that to give attention to “books” was a trial. Every week-evening I generally spent an hour with him at his lessons, but the more he would try to “commit,” the farther off it seemed, and I would feel more depressed than I cared to acknowledge. At this time I got hold of the life of Dr. Chalmers. When I read how he had been as a school-boy, my heart became hopeful, and I never afterwards despaired of James. Trusting in God to do his part, I tried to do mine. His mental powers were slow in their development ; but when these were fully awakened he made rapid progress. He determined to make up for “lost time,” and set himself manfully to the attainment of general knowledge.

At the age of seventeen James was anxious to enter some line of business. His father being then in London, he mentioned this to his friend Mr. Williams, who had a large drapery establishment in St. Paul's Churchyard. This gentleman at once said, “Send him to me, Mr. Kirk, and I will make a man of him.” When his father came home and told this to James, he was filled with great joy at the bright prospect, and we made up our minds that he should go where his heart seemed so much interested. The needful preparations were soon made, and the dear youth left the pleasant home of his childhood. It was not without a pang that he said good-bye to his loved brothers and sister, as well as to his kind-hearted father. But our hopes were bright, assured that he would be well cared for. We commended him in prayer to our God and his, and trusted.

Our hearts had but one anxiety—James had not as yet fully decided for God. He was deeply conscious that he needed a Saviour, and ready always to confess his faults both to God and man; but he had never taken upon himself the responsibilities of a Christian. While assenting to all we would say, and even believing the gospel to be true, he had failed to perceive clearly the love and death of Christ for HIMSELF. He depended almost exclusively upon the prayers of his father and mother. These he believed would be answered in his experience, but he knew not how, and neither did we.

Did space permit, much could be said about dear James at this interesting period. For the benefit of young men who may read these pages, it is most desirable that a clear statement should be given concerning his conversion. The important change through which he passed can best be understood in his own words. Writing to his father on the 2nd December, 1862, he says—

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have now to ask your advice on a most important subject. In the midst of this great city, with its thousand temptations, I have, wonderful to say, felt myself more than ever drawn to my dear Saviour and Heavenly Father; and I feel, after having considered the subject prayerfully and thoughtfully, that if you think I am, with the help of God, fitted for the noble calling of a messenger of grace to guilty men, I would prefer it. Now that I have seen something of this drapery trade, I really do not think that it is one on which I could set my heart. Perhaps you will think this decision very premature, but I leave the matter in the hands of our dear Jesus, and to your great prudence and discretion, if you are willing and think that I would really be fitted for the ministry. I am obliged to confess that your advice to me in regard to that matter was the best I could have followed, but of course one has always to have their own way, whether it be best or not. I am entirely willing to submit to your will. If you think I should stay as I am, I am most willing to do so. I have no doubt you will sympathise with me in expressing my thoughts and reflections to you, as the best friend I have on earth. When I came here Mr. Williams took me into his room and gave me some really good advice. He told me to serve my Creator in the days of my youth. He was very kind to me indeed. Oh how much I feel indebted to my dear Saviour for his forbearance with me. I feel there is nothing in myself but vanity and weakness, but he is all strength, and I will trust in him for every blessing.

I have been enabled to show my colours very decidedly in regard to eetotalism. Several times I have been asked to take beer, etc., but of

course at once refused, telling them I am a teetotaler. I am much obliged to mamma for putting the copy of "Medicinal Drinking" in my box. I lent it to a young Scotchman, who was so convinced that he has given up drinking as a medicine.

I must now close, and expecting your answer as soon as convenient. I feel convinced that God has put the idea into my mind, and I shall continue praying to him for advice.

By this letter we saw that his mind had undergone a complete change, and that the Divine Spirit was working strongly within him. Formerly, his manner was to listen rather than speak about spiritual things; but now that hesitation was removed, and we praised our God for this blessing. His second letter gave us some concern about his health, but the state of his mind was matter for deep thankfulness. Two days later than his previous letter he wrote again as follows:—

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,—I received your much wished for letter. I was glad indeed to see it, and thankful to God for giving me such a father. I entirely concur with you in taking the subject into consideration, and I have no doubt that with your great prudence and experience you will be thoroughly able to give a proper decision. I told Mr. Williams about my thoughts on the subject. Perhaps I acted foolishly in so doing, and if so I am sorry for it. I was asking him for a ticket to the Exeter Hall lectures, and he asked me if I was thoroughly given up to God. I told him that I was trusting entirely on my dear Saviour for deliverance from sin. I told him also that I had written to you on the subject of "studying," and he told me that if it was not from any secondary motive, but from feeling constrained by the love of Christ to devote myself entirely to his service, I was quite right in making that resolution.

I am sorry to say that I do not feel the confinement agreeing with me. I have had a bad cold ever since I came to London—I think I must have caught it in the train—and last night I was taken with an extremely bad headache, and felt very hot and feverish. I was even afraid of being seriously ill, but I believe as an answer to prayer I am so far better to-day. I was so weak that I could scarcely get on at all. I especially felt pain in the back, but the headache has completely gone. I have had frequent recurrence of them since I came here, but I have no doubt that God will make all work together for good.

We had a temperance lecture here in the library by Samuel Bowley, Esq., with Mr. Williams in the chair. I was requested, for the sake of example, to sign the pledge, which I did; I afterwards found out that it was the National Temperance League. There were altogether eleven who signed. The lecture was talked over all the next day.

I have found no difficulty in kneeling down before the other young men in my bed-room and presenting my humble petitions to my loving

Father for strength to bear me through all my temptations and difficulties. I am sometimes tempted to think that I am not really converted to God, and have not felt enough repentance and sorrow for sin, but I just lay all my troubles on Jesus, and I soon find relief. I know that your prayers are offered up on my behalf, which is a great consolation, and I will, God helping me, continue to pray for you and dearest mamma, and all my dear brothers and sister.

I forgot to say that three out of the four in my bed-room are Christians, which is a great pleasure to me.

After reading the above, I wrote to James concerning his health, and asking him to tell me all about his spiritual change. The reality and simplicity of the reply was most precious, and led me, like Mary of old, to "magnify the Lord." Only those who have brought up children for God can understand how we were led to rejoice and bless Him who had proved so faithful to his promises. His letter was as follows:—

72 ST. PAUL'S, LONDON,
9th December, 1862.

MY VERY DEAR MAMMA,—I received your very kind letter this morning, and was unspeakably glad. It gives me great pleasure to hear from one who has been, and still is, so kind and good to me.

Sorry, sorry am I that I did not pay more attention to your kind advices and prayers, but thank God they have not been in vain. I now see more clearly how kind and good you have been to me. Oh how very humble and degraded I feel on looking back on my past life! How far I have sinned and come short of the glory of God! but praise be to him that he has opened my eyes to see myself as I really am. The Bible is not now to me as it was; it is such a delight to me. Oh how much I prize the privilege of reading its sacred and instructing pages! I do not think I would lose it for worlds—its lessons and precepts are like sweet things to my soul.

When I think of how ungrateful I have been to Jesus for all his kindness to and care over me, it makes me feel my own utter worthlessness and weakness. But oh! what a blessed truth, "Though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red as crimson, they shall be as wool," and all through the blessed blood of Jesus.

In your letter of this morning you ask how this change came about. In the first place, after committing myself to the care and protection of God on coming here, I felt myself, all alone, surrounded by many temptations, and far from home and friends. I felt that I required a help and stay. I remembered the many prayers you had offered up for me, and the unnumbered advices which papa had given to me, which made always an impression on me at the time they were given, but which, I am sorry

to say, soon wore off. But good seed is not always thrown away. I think it was the first night that I came here, with all these things pressing upon me, I knelt down before God and told him that I was a great sinner, deserving nothing but eternal punishment; but that as Jesus had died as a sacrifice for my sins, on that account alone I was entirely at his disposal. I told him I was willing to renounce the world and sin for ever, as he had assured me in his holy word that "those that come to him he would not cast out." Also, that I would endeavour with the help of Jesus to serve him with all my heart and soul and strength. I have never been so happy in my life before. My happiness has come entirely from Jesus.

May God grant that if papa sees it wise and good for me to study for the noble work of a minister, I will be enabled to overcome the lethargy in study you speak of. I am obliged to confess that as a general rule I could attribute it only to laziness and the love of play.

Our great anxiety now was for his physical health, and from letters received at this time, it became evident that the severe cold under which he was labouring necessitated his removal from business. Our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, at Islington, acted as a father and mother. To their home he went for a week, and feeling no better for this quiet change at their request we made up our minds to bring him home, and at once to break up the connection with Mr. Williams. It was well we did so, for his youthful life was saved, and he afterwards set himself with renewed diligence to prepare for a course of study. He entered the Edinburgh University, as well as the Theological Hall of our Evangelical Union, in 1863. He got preaching appointments in 1865, and the first town he visited was Hamilton. The Christian friends there were greatly interested in the son of their former pastor, and his letters dated from thence were most interesting. In his first he says—

I hope to do some good before I leave. Pray for me, that the Lord may make me an instrument for good. When I look back on my past life, at its multitudes of failures and sins, it appears to me one of the highest possible favours which could be conferred upon me, to be allowed to preach the gospel—to tell my fellow-creatures of the love of God, as manifested in Jesus Christ.

About this time there arose on the horizon of his youthful hopes a brightening star. His heavenly Father gave him the great blessing of a loving heart, to which his whole nature responded in liveliest gratitude. At this interesting crisis it

was my happiness to enter into and enjoy with him this new affection. We planned suitable arrangements, and that visits might be interchanged, and he always consulted our home convenience before finally fixing, so that I might not have too much to do. Nothing gave him greater satisfaction than seeing my intense interest in his love affairs. He had but to express his wishes, and, as far as possible, they were carried out. The young Christian to whom he was now engaged, and who was from henceforth to wield a powerful influence over his life, became a welcome guest at Hopefield, and an affectionate friend to us all.

There was another trait in the character of our son James which was peculiarly pleasant—he was very careful not to disappoint me in little things. I left him quite free to exercise his own judgment, but in doing so he was extremely considerate. For example, one day, when he had not time between trains to come home, he went into a shop and sent me the following lines:—

MR. MUIR'S SHOP, Monday, 2 o'clock.

MY VERY DEAR MAMMA,—As the train with which I have just arrived from Glasgow was a little late, and as it is rather wet, I have thought it better not to come up to dinner as I promised. I think that you will agree with me that a race out for dinner and back to the train is not very agreeable. I shall leave for Oxtou with the 3.20 P.M. train this afternoon.

After finishing his curriculum, he was “solemnly ordained” for the ministry. Becoming a probationer, he laboured in several towns. Belfast, Dunfermline, and Wick, were places in which he preached the gospel with blessed results. Interesting extracts from his letters show how earnest he was, and how he laboured and prayed for the salvation of immortal souls. It was while working in this way at Wick that communication reached him respecting Belfast. Some of our Christian friends, who had witnessed there the blessed fruits of his ministry, were anxious that a new Evangelical Union Church should be founded. Their thoughts were directed towards our son James, and they accordingly wrote concerning the matter to his father and himself. We were, therefore, constrained to look seriously at this unexpected proposal. As the Autumnal Conference was at hand, we knew that friends from Belfast would

be present to plead their cause. Our son returned from Wick, and a consultation was held; the result was that matters were agreeably arranged.

Returning to Belfast, these friends took a small hall, in a very destitute locality, and when James went across he began his labours somewhat like a town missionary. The contract between him and the two brethren, with whom he had an interview previously, was, that they would stand by him as regarded work, and that income then could not be named. Thus he went forth, like the disciples of old, assured that the labourer was worthy of his reward, and that his Lord would not fail to "provide." His habit after the meetings was, to go down amongst the congregation, with book and pencil in hand, and ask strangers (if they did not attend any other church) to allow him the privilege of calling. Their name and address was noted. His memorandum-book contained notices of the moral state and prospects of the people he visited. When he met any of his Christian brethren or sisters, his conversation was almost invariably about cases of conviction and conversion. He refused to attend evening parties, if there were many present, because he did not get any opportunities for speaking personally about Christ. Such occasions he looked upon as an evening "lost." Like his father, he always asked his people concerning their souls' welfare. When he inquired, "How are you getting on?" they all knew what he meant; it was their spiritual state to which he alluded. In this way the winter passed, and many precious souls were saved and sanctified. Writing from Belfast in November, 1868, James says:—

MY DEAR MAMMA,—I am glad to be able to report to you another most encouraging Sabbath here. In the forenoon we had fifty, and in the evening about ninety, as our attendance. The collections were very good, amounting, I think, to something like a pound. Of course, these collections are exclusive of the sums to be given by the immediate supporters of the movement. It has been agreed that the weekly offering system is to be adopted among those likely to become members. Our prayer-meeting is one of the healthiest signs of the movement. We had again upwards of forty last Thursday. There are several who have sunk rather low in the social scale who attend the prayer-meeting, and who are likely to come out regularly when they procure clothes It is really

wonderful how God is opening up the way. Day after day the meetings are kept up, and I have been getting acquainted with several new families every week. Most of those with whom I have come into contact seem likely to remain with us.

In the month of February, 1869, the brethren thought the time had come to organise a church. His father and younger brother John went over to Belfast. At this date thirty-eight members were prepared to confess Christ and sit down at his table. I feel sorry not to have any document giving an account of this most interesting visit; but his father returned rejoicing in the Lord, and blessing him for all that he had heard and seen of his dear son's labours. He had conversed with every one who desired to join the church, and he thus knew how the hearts of the people were rallying round his son, and rejoicing in the God of their salvation.

It is always cheering to a minister when men who stand in the relation of office-bearers are willing to help on the gospel-work. It is sad and discouraging when such men fail to take any interest in the spiritual welfare of the church. Our son James had the loving sympathy of his people, and they did what they could. Writing to me, he says:—

BELFAST, *March 19th, 1869.*

MY DEAR MAMMA.— At a meeting of the leading men in the church last night, it was decided to begin a district prayer-meeting, with the view of opening up others when opportunity offered. They are all very anxious to make the movement a success, and are devising means to work as much as possible. They have made arrangements to get two hours of visiting every Sabbath after the Sabbath-School, with the view of getting people to come to the meetings, and of getting the opportunity of speaking to them about spiritual things. It is very satisfactory to see them so anxious and prayerful about the work.

Early in April, 1869, James came to Edinburgh to attend the Spring Conference, as well as to experience again the blessedness of home-life. He spent the Sabbath in the country, and he wrote thus his impressions of that day. The following is a brief extract:—

I heard two sermons yesterday, both of which made me feel the value of, and necessity for, the preaching of *the gospel*. I heard in the evening, in the school, a minister from L—. He is a terrible bigot—an unsparing enemy of 'Morisonianism.' I never listened to so utterly worthless an address. His flock must be but poorly fed.

It is an inestimable blessing when ministers of Christ are enabled to help people in their physical health. Such disinterested conduct generally prepares the way for a reception of gospel truth. If pain can even be soothed or effectually banished, the mind of the sufferer will assuredly be favourably disposed. Our son James sought in this respect to follow the footsteps of his devoted father. Numbers of his letters show how he tried in various ways to benefit the bodies, as well as bless the souls of his fellow-men. This much to be desired labour made a deep impression, and gave him the lasting gratitude of many hearts.

The progress of the church now necessitated the "taking" of a larger hall. His father's engagements would not permit him to "open" it, and no other Evangelical Union minister could at the time be had. Writing shortly afterwards James gave me an interesting account of this day. He says:—

You will be glad to know that the opening of our new hall has proved a complete success. We were a little afraid lest we should look rather small in it; but in this we were agreeably disappointed. We had two capital meetings. It was thought that there would be about a hundred present. We had 26s. as the collection for the day—a much larger sum than was ever realised before, except when papa was here. The hall is very comfortable. It is large and airy. It is in a very quiet and respectable neighbourhood. There are dozens of streets, consisting of very respectable working-class houses.

The friends are in great spirits. The hall is capable of containing from two to three hundred; but we have forms in it meanwhile which will comfortably accommodate about a hundred people. By not having too much accommodation, the place presents a much better appearance when filled with a comparatively small audience, than it would with a greater amount of accommodation. By continued persevering effort and earnest prayer, we trust to go on prosperously. "Pray for us." . . .

Every one is satisfied now that we had no great man to open the hall, as outsiders might have said that we owed our first day's success to that. We seem to have hit upon the right plan, that of making as little fuss and of having as much private invitation as possible."

At the close of the Academy, James came over to attend the Evangelical Union Conference at Glasgow. Before his return he had decided to arrange for his marriage early in the coming year. Together we talked over the house, with its containments and furnishings, and planned to establish the new home without debt.

He left us once more in good health and spirits, happy in the bright prospects which he cherished. Meanwhile, I promised to help him with details when the time came. To him, at least in Belfast, an eventful year had run its course. The supporters of the movement found, after paying everything, they were only able to pay their pastor £60. So far as money was concerned, there was certainly not too much; but the difficulties of the first year were greater than was expected, and better things were looked for during the second. His labours were not amongst the rich. The wealth which he had for his reward consisted in the salvation of precious souls—treasures laid up in heaven.

In October, we learned that James [was suffering from a severe cold, and he came home in November for a fortnight. What struck me most at this time was, the exceeding paleness of his countenance. Rest he assuredly required, and much longer than he could get. I did all I could to persuade him to stay with us over Christmas; but his house had to be "taken," and other things attended to, which none could do but himself; and, after a stay of three weeks, he left us. But his father wrote to the friends in Belfast that he wished James to be relieved of his class in the Sabbath-school, so that he might get "rest" between the morning and evening services. The meetings in the open air during the summer months were far more than he had strength for. In the building up of small churches, so much is needed and expected that, wherever ministers are willing to work, they get more than enough. James was, like most earnest men, too willing to work. He did not like to lose an opportunity. He was anxious that his little church should prosper, and become a power for good, and hence he thought not of himself—indeed, I am certain that he even neglected himself. He did not take the seventh day's rest, which every minister ought to have. On the Sabbath preachers work themselves out, and, unless they take Monday or some other day for their Sabbath, it is impossible for them to hold on. Mind and body often fail, and before thirty, many of them have exhausted their vital force. Instead of being pushed forward, they need to be held back. My conviction has been, if our son James had given up work in

November, he might have recruited and been spared. But he was urged onward by circumstances over which he had little control; besides, he thought himself stronger than he really was. I ventured to hint the postponement of his marriage until warmer weather, but things had gone too far to be altered. Therefore, we could only wait on God, and trust that all would be for the best.

Crossing to Belfast in January, I got a most cordial welcome; but I saw at a glance that our dear son had not made progress in health. All his friends felt anxious, and their fears filled me with sad forebodings. The thought that helped me most was, that in his own home, and with his beloved Anne, there was some hope that his strength would be restored. Postponement would probably have had a disastrous effect, and hence we both went out "shopping" daily to furnish the new house. Every day I watched with intense eagerness all his feelings and weakness, appearing in his presence cheerful and hopeful, and when by myself, sad and downcast: the situation was most trying.

It was the depth of winter when he left for Scotland and returned to Belfast with his bride. I waited with them over the following Sabbath. The rain poured in torrents; and the meetings were small. I shall never forget the feelings with which I listened. What was it that made me sit with tearful eyes when every one around me seemed joyful? I felt ashamed to feel so, but at the time I was unable sufficiently to control myself. The sad impression was upon me, that I was hearing dear James for the last time. His morning text was from these words in Revelation xxii. 16: "I am the bright and morning star." In the evening, he preached from Job xiii. 15: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Prophetic words! Both sermons were full of the glorious gospel, and well fitted to comfort the people of God. Next night I left Belfast; but, being so distressed about our son, I spoke to one of the brethren, and asked him to be sure and give James a holiday soon, and, if he did not get stronger, to send him home. He promised faithfully, and I came away somewhat relieved. Five weeks afterwards the sad news came, that he had preached until he nearly fainted. The weather was so cold and stormy

that we advised him to wait and rest at home for a few weeks ere he came to Edinburgh. Another minister went to occupy his pulpit, so that the church might still be well served.

In the beginning of April James came home. He had become pale and thinner, and seemed without energy. Want of vitality seemed to be his chief trouble. He had no cough, and no desire to talk, and he would sit on the same chair for an hour perfectly still. These things were all observed and noted by me as sad symptoms. On the other hand, his appetite was healthy, and he slept well, but notwithstanding he seemed not to gather strength. On the 9th of April, which was his 24th birthday, we went together to consult the late Professor Henderson. His advice was, to take him at once to the south of England until the east winds were gone. When we came home and told this to his father, we all agreed that it was an impracticable proposition; we feared the consequences of such a long journey in cold weather. Wherever we might go, there was "no place like home." We therefore resolved to remain within reach of our domestic comforts. Besides, his father wished that James should be, for a time at least, under his own eye. When summer came he began to look more bright; the dull expression left his eyes, and signs of new life appeared. In June, he was able to go to Bridge-of-Allan, and we were full of hope, and thought he would rally. Under Dr. Hunter's care he made progress, and was able to walk about with his dear wife, and enjoy the beautiful scenery. In a letter to his father, he thus gives an account of himself:—

BRIDGE-OF-ALLAN, *June 3, 1870.*

MY DEAR PAPA,—I am happy to tell you that I am getting on well here. We have had some disagreeably damp weather, which has not been in my favour; but I have got out a good deal notwithstanding. As you expect to be here next week, I shall leave you to judge as to whether any improvement in my health is apparent. My friends seem to doubt my word when I say I am getting better, so I shall leave you to judge for yourself. I enjoy the treatment very much, and am conscious of benefit from it. . . . With kindest love from Annie and myself to all at home, I am, your loving son,

JAMES.

After this interview, his father came home thinking James was improving slowly; but there was still the idea that his

case was somewhat critical. On Saturday morning, the 8th of July, we were alarmed by letters from his young wife and Dr. Hunter. Unfavourable symptoms had occurred. I hurried to Bridge-of-Allan, and found the dear, patient sufferer very much exhausted, but also quite composed. He could not talk much, nor even bear to be talked to. The most I could do was to read the 4th chapter of John, and commend him in prayer to our loving Heavenly Father. We knew not what an hour or a day might bring forth, but his appearance both in mind and body was "perfect peace." Parting with him that afternoon, I felt it might be the last time we should meet on earth; but he *felt* so well that, with quiet rest, it was quite possible he might still improve. Nevertheless, I came home with the painful thought that he was not very far from HOME. When I mentioned this, his father seemed at first unwilling to believe it, and I did not press the matter. Next day was the Sabbath, and my husband went through all his pastoral duties. Many times did my thoughts travel to the sufferer at the Bridge-of-Allan. My only consolation was in the precious promise of Jehovah, and prayer for that strength to all of us which was needed.

Next morning, at breakfast, we received a telegram, and also a letter; other alarming symptoms had appeared. We both hurried off to Bridge-of-Allan. When we reached the Hydropathic establishment, his father went into the consulting-room to see Dr. Hunter while I was upstairs. Nearing the door, which was ajar, I heard those unmistakeable sounds which indicate the near approach of the last enemy. Walking quietly in, I stood still, and Dr. Hunter ran down stairs for my husband, and when he came up, we gathered round. His young wife and I stood at one side, his father and Dr. Hunter at the other. When James saw his father he tried to speak, but could not. This effort was too much, and seemed rather to hurry on his last faint breathing. His distressed father could only say, "You will soon be home, James." The response was an upward glance of joyous hope. Then turning to where his Annie and I stood, he gave us the last fond look, for, as he gazed, his eye became fixed, and without a sigh he fell asleep in Jesus. All this passed in a very few minutes. We were just in time to see him breathe his last.

The following day we came home, bringing with us the precious "dust." Four brethren, three of whom were converted under his ministry, came from Belfast and followed his remains to the grave. They were laid in the same resting-place as those of his departed mother and "dear little Janet," in the Grange Cemetery. All three are now united before the throne of God.

The loss of such a devoted pastor was a great blow to his young church; but they bore it bravely, and were in consequence guided to increased effort and zeal. Not long afterwards a beautiful edifice was erected, named Spamount Evangelical Union Church. The brethren and sisters were not forgetful of him who had exhausted his youthful life to do them good. They inserted in the vestibule a black marble slab, with a white scroll, bearing the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY

OF THE

REV. JAMES KIRK,

First Minister of this Congregation, and erected principally by those brought to know Christ through his incessant labours.

BORN 9th April, 1846.

DIED 10th July, 1870.

"He sent from above,
He took me,
He drew me out of many waters."

Several letters have reached us, from which I should like to quote a few extracts. One who knew him well says:—

The Rev. James Kirk desired, as far as possible, to do the same kind of work as his father, viz., to help men out of their darkness and misery, by pointing them to Christ. He had before his eyes continual proofs of his father's success in leading men to the Saviour, and therefore he determined to follow in his footsteps. Like Dr. Kirk, he always began his sermons by insisting upon the importance of the subject upon which he was about to preach. His discourses were leaves from his experience, and were always founded on truths which he felt to be of vital moment to his own soul. It was easy for him, therefore, to urge the importance of those truths, and he did so with a warmth and force which carried conviction and produced conversion.

I remember hearing an able fellow-student deliver a beautiful and logical discourse, with the nonchalant air of a schoolboy reading an essay.

On urging him to introduce more energy into his delivery, he replied that he never felt that anything he had to say was worth making so much noise about. This was humility run wild; but it was a mistaken humility. James Kirk never went into the pulpit without carrying with him some truth which he believed to be powerful to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin, and therefore he felt impelled to exert all the energy of his manhood to lead his hearers to accept what would be to them an introduction to new life and light. No man could listen to his burning words without feeling his whole soul stirred heavenwards.

He was certainly logical in his preaching—his father's son could scarcely be otherwise; but it was not his logic that moved his hearers, it was the moral force which sprang from the fact that his mouth evidently spoke from the abundance of his heart's experience.

Another dear friend writes concerning him that—

He possessed an inordinate capacity for taking trouble. His mind usually moved slowly, but every step he took was firm and safe. A subject required to be long and carefully studied ere it made a lasting impression upon him, but when he had once decided that the subject was sufficiently important to be mastered, no amount of labour was spared in order to make it his own. One very pleasant trait in James Kirk's character was his readiness to appreciate the good qualities of others. The maxim of the world is to trust no man until you have proved him honest, but my friend looked into the face of his brother and forthwith trusted him, and any man would have been wicked in the extreme who could have played false to such a noble mind. The human heart is an instrument from which we elicit music in exact response to our touch. A fine, warm-hearted man, like your son, created for himself a world of affectionate friends, because his first touch upon their hearts was a look of true and brotherly interest.

No assumption of superiority marked his converse with the poor or illiterate, and no obsequious fawning rendered him obnoxious to those above him. He met every man as an equal—expected to find the image of God in his heart, and, if I may judge of the universal delight which he experienced in his ministrations among all classes, he was not disappointed.

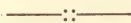
This mental attitude toward his fellows, led him to watch for good in them, instead of leading him to search for evil. How much good would not all Christians accomplish in the world if their search for goodness yielded such encouraging results!

HELEN KIRK.



REV. ROBERT MARTIN

THE REV. ROBERT MARTIN.



ROBERT MARTIN, the subject of our brief memoir, was born in the parish of Ledgerwood, in Berwickshire, on the 19th of July, 1840. He died at Lamberton, in the same county, on the 9th of March, 1871. He had thus only attained his 31st year when the summons was addressed to him to "come up higher." He had just finished his preparatory studies which were to fit him for what he fondly hoped would be his life's work on earth, when he found, like many another servant of the Master, that he had been qualifying himself for other work in a holier sphere.

His childhood was spent near the spot where the days of his manhood's warfare closed. During his infancy, his family removed to Marshall Meadows, about three miles from Berwick-on-Tweed, and close to the border-line that separates England from Scotland. While here, he attended the parish school of Mordington, in the neighbourhood; but, being one of a large family—the seventh of thirteen—he had to leave early for work, which he did, at first on the farm where he lived, and afterwards as a joiner's apprentice at Hillburn, in the vicinity of Eyemouth. During this early period the gentleman who occupied the farm of Marshall Meadows—the late William Purvis, Esq.—took a deep interest in the E.U. movement, and the *Christian News*, *Day-Star*, and other publications, were received by him regularly and circulated in the neighbourhood. The seed thus sown by Mr. Purvis and his excellent family contributed, along with other causes, to the spread of gospel truth in that part of Berwickshire, and, a few years afterwards, to the formation of the E.U. Church in Eyemouth.

Thus it was that Robert Martin, while yet a boy, became acquainted with the principles and work of the Evangelical Union. He eagerly read all its literature that came in his way; and, although it was not till some time afterwards that

he entered fully into the enjoyment of the truth, his interest in religious matters was awakened, and that interest did not cease until conviction ripened into conversion. This important event in his history he traced to the preaching of the late Rev. T. G. Salmon, then of Kelso, who visited Eyemouth, and opened a preaching station there in the year 1859. Not long afterwards, the brethren in that enterprising little fishing town were formed into a church, and Robert Martin became one of its first members and most earnest and enthusiastic supporters. Rejoicing himself in the light which he received through the preaching of that world-embracing gospel by which the Evangelical Union has been enabled to exert so beneficial an influence upon the religious and theological life of our country, he, at this time, engaged in various efforts to make known the truth as it is in Jesus, and to lead others, with himself, to participate in the blessings of salvation. Besides improving every opportunity that private and social intercourse offered to awaken an interest among his friends in divine things, he held cottage meetings in the vicinity of his home, which were much blessed, both to himself and to those who attended them; and probably it was the delight he had in such work that first called forth the desire, if it did not suggest the propriety of his devoting himself entirely to the work of the ministry. It was, however, with no views of qualifying himself for public speaking in a wider sphere that he conducted such services; it was simply out of love to Christ and love to men, and the persuasion that if only people knew the truth as it is in Jesus, they would rejoice with himself in the liberty which it brings. It met the deepest needs of his own soul, and he believed that it could, if rightly understood, meet the needs of all. He felt, therefore, that a necessity was laid upon him, from which he could not shrink, without being unfaithful at once to God and man, to make the truth known. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth spoke; and his walk being close to God—the very atmosphere in which he habitually lived was that into which prayer introduces—it seemed always the simplest and most natural thing for him to speak to friends and neighbours about religious subjects. Although he lived some five or six miles

from Eyemouth, it was remarked that he was never absent from his place on Sundays, no matter how inclement the weather might be. The warmth and sunshine of the heart within made even the coldest and most disagreeable Sunday genial, so that he could always utter the words of the Psalmist—"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Having completed his apprenticeship, he removed to Edinburgh, where he worked at his trade. He at once connected himself with the church then meeting in the Masonic Hall, George Street, and became an active worker in its various missions. To this church he acknowledged that he was indebted for much that ultimately induced him to seek to enter the ministry. At last, after much earnest prayer and counsel, which he took with friends whose judgment he respected, he felt that a voice from which he could make no appeal, called upon him to consecrate himself entirely to the service of the church. With this end in view, he entered the Theological Hall in the year 1865, and matriculated in Edinburgh University in the following year. Although his student's career was not what could be called distinguished, it was marked by an earnest application to the work of preparation, and as his curriculum drew to a close, it was manifest that he had made decided progress in all the branches of study in arts and theology which he had undertaken. Certainly, he did not prosecute his work with a light heart. He keenly felt his own deficiencies at starting, and it was with an almost oppressive sense of the greatness of the requirements of the modern ministry that he toiled at his studies in order that he might be at last an "able workman, needing not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." At the close of his first year in the Hall, he heard Dr. Morison preach his semi-jubilee discourse, and in sending a copy to one who was very dear to him, and with whom, had God willed, his fortunes would have been linked, he expresses himself as much exercised with the great and solemn responsibility of the office to which he aspired. We have letters from some of his old fellow-students who were closely associated with him during his attendance at the classes, and they bear affectionate testimony to the

singularly earnest and devout spirit he breathed into all parts of his work, and the profound feeling of self-diffidence, which only spurred him on to greater diligence and care in the necessary efforts to qualify himself for his future mission. He always spoke with the utmost reverence and respect of his theological tutors,—Professors Morison, Kirk, Taylor, and Hunter, and felt deeply indebted to them for the help he received at their hands.

Like most of the E. U. students, he was early sent out to preach in vacant churches. His services on those occasions were generally much appreciated. His intense earnestness, simplicity, and single-eyed devotion to his Divine Master, were conspicuous to all; and towards the close of his student's career, it became evident that he would find no difficulty in securing a sphere of usefulness when the time came for his being settled over some church. Indeed, he seems to have had the option of three places, when he had to make a choice of one. In the spring of 1869, he was appointed to supply Westhill, Aberdeenshire, for several weeks; and it is curious to note that, although from some cause or other he had been led to regard the place with a feeling of aversion, the result of this visit was that he and the people took to each other at once, and on the 12th of May he received, and after a brief interval of deliberation, accepted an invitation to become their pastor. His ordination took place on the 16th of October, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain, which was described in the local prints at the time as a "hurricane," the like of which had not been seen in that part of the country since August, 1829.

Notwithstanding these unpropitious circumstances, a considerable audience gathered together from distant parts to witness the solemn ceremony, and to welcome the young minister. The Rev. A. Stewart, Aberdeen, preached an appropriate sermon from Luke xxiv. 29, and the Rev. W. Dunlop, Edinburgh, now of Glasgow, offered up the ordination prayer. Dr. A. Munro, Melrose, who had laboured in Westhill for twenty-one years, conducted the ordination service, and also addressed the young pastor from the words,—“Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel. . . . Have not I sent thee?”

(Judges vi. 4.) The late Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of Aberdeen, addressed the church, basing his remarks on Psalm. l. 2,—“Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined; and Phil. ii. 15,—“Among whom ye shine as lights in the world.”

There was the usual soiree in the evening, and although the night was still stormy, there was a good attendance. The meeting was addressed by the brethren who had officiated in the forenoon, with the exception of Dr. Munro, and the addition of Mr. Smith, Aberdeen, afterwards Congregational minister, Laurencekirk. In his address, as chairman of the meeting, the young minister, after thanking all for the hearty reception they had given him, said, “That the mission of the church was twofold—gathering in, and building up. The one depended much on the other. The ingathering of the world depended on the love, harmony, and holiness of the Christian Church.” For himself, he would not make any great promises as to what he would be or do; he would rather let his life tell; but, said he, “I hope always to be at the service of all whom I can in any way assist or influence for good. The Christian minister has not to live for self or for sect, but for men.”

Next day (Sabbath) the Rev. W. Dunlop introduced the new pastor, preaching in the morning from Ephesians ii. 10, and in the evening from John xi. 28. Mr. Martin did not preach until the Sunday following, when he chose for his text the impressive words of Paul to the Corinthians (chap. ix. 16), “Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is me, if I preach not the gospel.” To quote the words of one of the deacons, to whom we are much indebted for the following account of Mr. Martin’s ministry in Westhill—

“Well and faithfully (says he) was that key-note sustained during his all too brief ministry of eight months amongst us. From the date of his settlement onwards he threw himself with ardour into his work. Not confining himself to the routine of Sabbath services, preaching twice in the chapel two Sabbaths out of the four, he occupied the remaining Sabbath evenings in services at stations some miles distant, never grudging his own labour and trouble if others could be blessed and cheered. In addition to this he conducted an interesting Bible-Class, and on week nights cottage meetings

were held; so that, to quote the words of Mr. Abernethy, 'he showed that he felt his office to be no sinecure, his post no merely ornamental position. He had work to do for God and man, and he did it.'"

But, alas! that work, whole-hearted, true, and full of promise though it was, was to be of brief duration. Only two months after his ordination he caught a cold while on a railway journey to attend the marriage of an old fellow-student, which laid the foundation of the malady to which he ultimately succumbed, and which has proved so fatal to many of the youth of our E.U. ministry. At first there seemed no cause for serious alarm; but with the return of spring, though he struggled bravely to keep up appearances, it became painfully evident to those who watched him most closely that the springs of life were being rapidly exhausted. To quote the words of the gentleman already referred to, "the flushed cheek, the hacking cough, and laboured breathing, told their own tale." Remedies were prescribed and used, a measure of rest was urged, and to some extent taken, but the opening weeks of June, 1870, saw no improvement. A six weeks' holiday was arranged for in the vain hope that absolute rest and a visit to Melrose might arrest disease and restore strength.

The annual social meeting of the church was held on the 15th of June, at which he was presented with a timepiece by the Bible-Class. Next Sabbath he seemed none the worse of the excitement of the meeting. With more calmness and ease than he had shown for weeks, he conducted the forenoon service, preaching from the text, Philippians i. 21, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Whatever may have been his own feelings, more than one of his hearers had the presentiment that these grand words were to be his last to his flock; and so the sequel proved.

He left at once for the South, in the hope that the breezes of his native air, and the treatment of Dr. Munro at Melrose, might restore him. Summer and autumn, however, passed away, and with them all hope of recovery. Kind friends from Aberdeen undertook the supply of his pulpit during the winter—notably a Christian merchant of the Free Church,

Mr. Edwards, now Secretary of the Aberdeen Temperance Society; but early in 1871, feeling that his work on earth was finished, and fearing lest the church in its pastorless condition should suffer, he tendered his resignation, which the church, however, refused to accept, preferring that death alone should sever the bond that united them to each other. The end soon came. In the home of his boyhood, close by the sea on whose rock-bound shores he had often wandered, and surrounded by those that were dearest to him on earth, he passed gently away on the 9th of March, his last words to his afflicted parents being—"Meet me in heaven." Funeral sermons were preached on the Sabbath following to his bereaved flock by Dr. Munro, and, later on, by Rev. G. Bell, now of Hamilton, the latter of whom paid a graceful tribute to his memory as one who had intimately known him, and who, having visited him during his last illness, could impart to his people some of his last utterances with reference to himself and them. Not a few of these utterances are now before us. They testify to the calm, bright, and unwavering faith in the fulness of Christ as sufficient for him, which he never for a moment lost.

Brief though the ministry of Mr. Martin has been, it has left behind it a testimony which is worth recording. Constitutionally nervous, and characterised by a singularly modest and unassuming bearing, he yet possessed a considerable degree of firmness, and, in the pulpit, he truly magnified his office. He carried into every part of his work a spirit of supreme conscientiousness. Previous to his settlement in Westhill, when on a visit to Bathgate, the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, now Principal Fairbairn, gave him this piece of advice, "You are going to a little place where you will often have a small audience; but though your audience will only number twelve, prepare as carefully as though you were to meet 1200."

"That dictum he never forgot," says Mr. Abernethy. "There was always beaten oil for the sanctuary, and every address, whether in the pulpit or out of it, bore marks of careful preparation. Even though he lacked some of the qualifications of the popular orator, yet his intense earnestness, and transparency of style, gave point and power to all he said. His

own aim was to exalt the Saviour. The honour of the Master, not the messenger, was ever his view."

Had space permitted, we might have given interesting illustrations of this from his discourses, some of which are now before us. As a pastor his diligence was untiring. His sympathetic care for the sick was conspicuous. The same authority on whom we have already drawn so much mentions two interesting illustrations of this. An esteemed and spiritually-minded member of the church lay on a sick bed with small hope of recovery. For a considerable time it was his practice, week after week, to walk several miles and spend the forenoon of Thursday by her side. Her death affected him deeply, and he used to say that his visits to her were almost selfish, for he got more than he gave, and felt himself invigorated for his work in the study by fellowship with this daughter of affliction who stood on the border land. The other incident illustrates how loyal and fearless in service was the heart that beat under that shrinking and modest exterior. Diphtheria of a virulent type broke out in a family belonging to another denomination. Two cases ultimately proved fatal, and during the progress of the disease it was understood that the afflicted family desired the services of a spiritual guide. Neighbours were very chary of contact. Their own minister, for family reasons, was unwilling to expose himself to the risk of contagion. Mr. Martin at once volunteered a visit. He went, was received with gladness, spoke words of comfort and hope to the departing, and won the lasting gratitude of the survivors, while not a few besides were led to admire his Christian courage, seeing that his own state of health made him more liable to be infected. No harm, however, befell him, and for the good act he took no credit—never seemed to think that he had done ought but his simple duty.

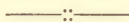
The same friend adds—"whether in study or speech, in private or in public, one could see that all his energies were bent upon his work. There was no half-heartedness about him. The whole man was at his work. He always did his best; his hearers felt this, and it gained for him their respect and confidence. The old were edified, the young instructed, and the church prospered in every way under his ministry. Had life

been spared and strength granted to fulfil his early promise, he would doubtless have been heard of in wider circles than it was his lot to influence. But he did with his might the work he was able to do, and left an impression that time will not easily erase. The rose faded, but its fragrance remains, and friends, both in and out of the church, could fitly say in the words of a poet he loved :—

“ His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, like morning light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night.”

ROBERT FINLAY.

THE REV. JOHN GEDDES.



TO men on earth the ways of God are often inscrutable. A more sincere, earnest, and devoted labourer in God's vineyard than the subject of this sketch could scarcely be found. Yet in early life, and in the very dawn of an apparently successful ministry, he was called away. Mr. Geddes was born in the town of Bathgate on the 24th of November, 1842, and died at his mother's farm, Butterdales, Dumfriesshire, on the 16th of October, 1872. He had thus scarcely reached the end of his 30th year, when his bodily frame, which was never robust, gave way, and his spirit took its flight to another and a better world beyond the grave. His great desire was to work and win souls for Christ. But it pleased God, whose wisdom shall be made manifest when we see, not darkly, as through a glass, but clearly, as face to face, that he should go up higher.

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

In early life Mr. Geddes manifested a spirit of thoughtfulness and penetration, along with a characteristic feature of decision, although, as we learn from a short passage written by himself, he did not at the dawn of intelligence and moral agency, decide for the truth as it is in Christ. On the 4th of August, 1861, when on the eve of leaving his native town to pursue his studies at the E. U. Divinity Hall, Glasgow, he left in writing the following retrospect of his life: "Now that my permanent stay in my native town, Bathgate, has come to a close, I look back upon the days spent there with mingled sadness and joy. I am sad when I think of how ardently I served Satan during, at least, ten years of that time. Yet I rejoice that it, too, was the place where the dawn of everlasting day broke upon my soul, buried though it was in darkness and sin, and where I conceived and nursed the thought of becoming a minister of the gospel. Had not God,



REV. JOHN GEDDES.



who is rich in mercy, plucked me as a brand from the burning, I might ere now have been a curse to God's earth. Now, however, that God has blessed me with the gift of salvation in Christ, I will sing praises unto him, for he hath dealt bountifully with me."

Humility, as an attribute of character, was strikingly illustrated in the life of Mr. Geddes. This may account for the somewhat severe representation he gives of himself, as one who served Satan during ten of the early years of his life. It does not seem that this service was ever characterised by any outward form of wickedness. But as a period of unbelief seen in the light of a knowledge of the love and salvation of God, it was severely described, by a mind naturally intense in all its emotions, as was that of Mr. Geddes.

About the time of approaching manhood, a few pieces of rhyme were composed by Mr. Geddes; some of these shed light on the days of his childhood and youth. Two stanzas from one of these pieces, entitled, "My Native Place," may be here quoted.

"Kirkroads: name ever dear to me,
 Amang thy hills I've wandered lang,
 An' mony an hour o' youthfu' glee
 I've spent thy fields and braes amang.
 Oft hae I chased the hummin' bee
 As ower the clover rigs it sped,
 An' tried to catch the butterfly
 That flitted ower the floweret bed."

After allusion is made to trees and burns, and scenes of youth, the poem thus closes—

"Sae, fareweel burnie, trees, an' a',
 The time is quickly drawing near
 When I from thee maun gang awa,
 It may be to return nae mair.
 But I'll aye mind my native place
 Though oceans should atween us roll,
 And age plough furrows on my face,
 I'll mind thee; so, Kirkroads, farewell."

These stanzas do not only indicate a strong attachment to the scenes of childhood and youth, but also a mind heartily enjoying itself in innocent glee in the midst of beauties and

pleasures richly supplied in the domain of nature. This is the picture of a happy childlike life; yet when his soul became fired with love to God, and a desire to win souls for Christ, Mr. Geddes looked on it as time misspent, if not spent in the service of Satan.

Being brought up under the influence of pious parents, his father being an elder in the church which was blessed by the pastorate of the venerable Robert Morison, Mr. Geddes possessed many advantages, leading to a clear knowledge of a free and unfettered gospel, hence his firm hold of that truth through which he was saved, and through which he became devoted to the service of God.

The precise date at which Mr. Geddes came to know, and to choose for himself, the way of life in Christ, is not known, but it must have been before he was fifteen years of age, because at that period of his life we find him contributing an essay to the "Young Men's Christian Association," in Bathgate, on a gospel theme, and in that essay he avows his decision for Christ. For nearly three years he contributed at intervals essays to the same association, and on similar themes. These essays indicate careful thinking, Christian earnestness, and a clear and firm grasp of the great gospel verities. During the same period—that is, from the fifteenth to the nineteenth year of his age—he was an earnest, energetic, and systematic Sabbath-school teacher; and when the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn—now the Rev. Principal Fairbairn, D.D., Airedale College, Bradford—became pastor of the E.U. Church, Bathgate, Mr. Geddes was a teacher in the Sabbath-school, and also its secretary. During the same period of life, Mr. Geddes was also found addressing, and otherwise taking part in prayer-meetings, as opportunity afforded. Being of a very retiring nature, nothing can account for his position in the front rank of Christian workers but a burning zeal for the glory of God in the salvation of men.

The superintendent of the Sabbath-school was also a fellow-worker with Mr. Geddes in conducting meetings, convened under revival influences, and he thus writes concerning him—"John made a public decision for Christ when very young. I do not suppose he would be over sixteen. He was received

into the fellowship of the church, and he did not sit idle, but threw his heart into Sabbath-school work ;” and that at the meetings already referred to, “the principal address was always given by John Geddes, who even then was an interesting speaker.”

STUDENT LIFE.

In Arts and Philosophy Mr. Geddes studied at the Edinburgh University ; and, in August, 1861, he entered the E.U. Hall, Glasgow, for the study of Divinity, when he was barely nineteen years of age. He was arduous in his studies, and intense in his desire to accomplish well his work as a student. Not being robust at any time in physical health, he oftentimes suffered from exhaustion, and had to interrupt his studies at the University by discontinuing one session. In the Divinity Hall, he sometimes appeared so worn and wearied as to fall asleep in the midst of his fellow-students during the actual work of the class. When this occurred in Dr. Morison’s class, he, on one or two occasions at least, kindly addressed a few words of warning, to the effect, that it was necessary to take care and not to draw too much on bodily strength, as it could only endure so much. At the end of the Divinity Hall session, in 1864, Mr. Geddes became, along with eleven others, a recognised preacher of the Evangelical Union. In one month after this date he went north to supply—at least, for the following winter—the church at Westhill, Aberdeenshire, which was once under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Munro. One reason why he chose this field of labour was, that he might be near Aberdeen to prosecute his studies farther. In pursuance of this plan he joined the Hebrew class of the Free Church College, taught by Professor Sachs, a converted German Jew, and an eminent Hebraist.

While attending this class an amusing incident occurred, which showed a very studious cast of mind. It was his custom to walk along the streets with his face as if directed towards the pavement, so that he oftentimes saw neither persons nor things that were around him. One day he was rather late for his class, and a friend who attended with him waited his arrival, and his explanation, which afforded much amusement

to himself, was, that after walking smartly for a considerable time, he looked up, and found himself at precisely the same point he was at a few minutes before. He described a complete circle, going by somewhat intricate streets he had never seen before, and he never knew till the circuit was completed that he had gone off his straight course. The friend already referred to would sometimes have stood aside on the pavement till Mr. Geddes would pass, and then would have arrested his attention, which brought him back laughing at himself for having thus passed one so near without having observed his presence. This kind of studious life Mr. Geddes carried with him into the ministry, and doubtless it had something to do with exhausting the physical energy of his brain, and of bringing on manifestations of a periodical weakness with which he was afflicted.

MINISTRY.

One month after completing his course as a student, Mr. Geddes went north to supply the Westhill Church. He began his work on the first Sabbath of November, 1864, taking for the text of his first sermon John xvii. 3:—"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." During the following winter he supplied the pulpit, and conducted a Bible-class, which was held at the close of the forenoon service; while during the week he attended, as already stated, a Hebrew class in Aberdeen.

Very soon after beginning his work in this church his true characteristics as a preacher became apparent. The secretary of the church thus writes concerning his work:—"From the first it was patent that he was one who thought for himself; and his productions always bore the stamp of careful and painstaking preparation. On several occasions during that season, he made passing events the subject of evening discourses, handling them both with interest and profit to his hearers. One on the wreck of the ill-fated screw-steamer, 'Stanley,' was specially graphic and impressive; but expository was his forte, and in it he delighted."

For the convenience of attending his class, Mr. Geddes lodged

in Aberdeen during the week, and it was very much his custom to shut himself up among his books that he might carry on his favourite work. He did not only study in Hebrew, but he made a special study of Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. He was greatly delighted and edified with the apostle's reasoning regarding law and the gospel. In his ministrations at Westhill, he expounded this epistle with "freshness and originality"; and, in the work of his Bible-class, he went over the first three chapters "critically and elaborately" explaining them.

At the end of the winter session Mr. Geddes received an appointment farther south, but in accordance with his own inclination, and at the request of the church, it was arranged that his stay at Westhill should be prolonged, and in a short time the church cordially invited him to become its settled pastor. This invitation he as cordially accepted. He was therefore regularly ordained on the third Saturday of July to the pastorate of the church. Both pastor and people were happily united, and seemed to bid fair for continued successful work in the vineyard of the Lord. But shortly after his ordination, symptoms of failing strength became apparent—both mental and bodily vigour clearly began to wane. When he approached the anniversary of his first appearance in Westhill, he proposed, as during the former session, to take a class in Aberdeen as a private student; but his intense mental activity had already exhausted his physical energy, and he felt constrained to forego his resolution. A nervous restlessness was superinduced, and it became necessary that he should have rest and change.

The anniversary of his first appearance at Westhill as a preacher was also the day of his last appearance; for, on the first Sabbath of November, 1865, he preached what proved to be his last sermon in this church. Although having gone home, his strength did not speedily return, and he therefore withdrew from the pastorate of the church. The character of his work here is well described in the words of the church secretary:—

"Strangely enough his first text was also his last one (John xvii. 3). It seemed a fitting one both for the beginning and

ending of his brief ministry here, for it comprehended the object and the subject of all the teaching that lay between. His pastorate, though but short, was far from fruitless. Its good effect still remains. During his ministry, Mr. Crombie and his wife were attracted to and joined the church; and, doubtless, the faithful and clear exhibition of gospel truth by Mr. Geddes helped to fit Mr. Crombie for the position he now occupies with credit as evangelist at Avonbridge. As a preacher, Mr. Geddes was thoroughly evangelical. The *moral* view of the atonement as expounded by Maurice and Bushnell, etc., he had no sympathy with; he loved to unfold what he conceived to be the true nature of it.

“Mr. Geddes will always be remembered for his kindliness and humility. I can even now fancy I see the spare figure, his almost boyish face, and keen grey eyes, that often seemed as if they saw beyond most, and that I hear the ringing voice repeating the words he loved so well—‘I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.’ As I think of him I can only say—He was faithful as a preacher and pastor, true as a friend, and manly as a man.”

After a lapse of nearly two years, Mr. Geddes had so far recovered as to undertake the pastorate of the church in Barrhead. He was therefore inducted to that charge in the month of July, 1867. After ministering for a period of three years, he resigned, and it is more than probable that the cause operating to this end was such as operated respecting his withdrawal from the Westhill church.

In 1870 Mr. Geddes went to supply the church in Anstruther. Here he continued for a considerable time, but did not wish to undertake the duties of a settled pastorate. Nevertheless he took an active part in carrying to a successful issue a bazaar got up in the interests of the church.

Having got an invitation to accept the pastorate of a church in Wigan, he left Anstruther in January, 1872, and it was arranged that he should be inducted to the pastorate of that church on the first Sabbath of March; but, as in former periods of his life, dishealth affected this arrangement. During a short stay at home he became afflicted with an attack of gastric fever; and, in consequence, his induction did not

take place till the first Sabbath of May. His work on earth however was drawing to a close. He was able to remain in Wigan only about three months. In August he came to Melrose in the hope of recruiting himself, but instead, he took a kind of "low fever," and gradually grew weaker. Towards the end of September he went home, and, as already stated, died in his mother's house on the 16th of October, 1872. He thus died as pastor of the church in Wigan. His pastorate was short, scarcely reaching the extent of six months, and during one half of that time Mr. Geddes was unable because of failing health to discharge his ministerial duties. But the church acted kindly and sympathisingly, and paid his salary up to the day of his death.

After having come to the knowledge of the truth, Mr. Geddes seems to have had but one prevailing aim—to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ to poor and perishing men. Though again and again interrupted in the prosecution of this noble Christian aim by an enfeebled system, and though during these intervals of weakness his mind was often turned to the consideration of adopting some more healthful and less exhausting mode of life, he never departed from the one aim; not even on his death-bed, for then he expressed the desire to live a little longer, and work for Jesus. But seeing that it was the will of God that he should cease from his labours, and enter upon the enjoyment of an eternal reward, he exhorted all his friends to live for Christ, that when their work too was done they might depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

Though intensely earnest, Mr. Geddes was never morbid either in his religious sentiments or his pulpit teaching. At the basis of his spiritual life he possessed a healthful human nature, which was disciplined and trained so as to blend happily with his spiritual being. This is strikingly brought out in what must have been one of his last sermons, preached in Wigan on the 21st of July, 1872, from the theme, "Christ Eating with Publicans and Sinners." His theme is thus analysed—

I.—Behold Christ as the friend of sinners.

II.—Observe Christ's hearty sympathy with, and vindication of, human social festivity, mirth, and joy.

III.—As Christ sympathised with and vindicated the joy of his disciples, so now does he sympathise with and vindicate all festive mirth that does not harm the soul.

A few sentences towards the end of the sermon thus practically expound the theme of the text. He represents the Saviour thus speaking to every man as the friend of sinners: "Be joyful in my love; and when anything is done to divide my heart from yours, mourn, for sorrow will follow. I wish you joy, but I wish your joy to be real." In concluding the preacher thus instructs and exhorts—"Nothing, no, nothing that can be named or conceived can so well guard against hurtful excess in times of festive mirth as strong true love to the Man of Sorrows. The soul that loves him truly knows that as truly as he loves sinners, so truly and earnestly does he hate sin. And it is because he loves man that he hates sin; for only that is sin in his sight which is contrary to human nature and hurts the human heart. Thus, look on sin as Jesus looks on it. Believe that it is forbidden of God, not to limit your joys, but because it would hurt you and make your joys less. Know the truth, and it will make you free—free from sin's slavery for ever, and fill you with the new wine of God-given liberty."

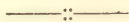
Mr. Geddes as a man was sincere and genuine through every element of his being, and as a minister earnest and faithful. His life was short; but he fought a good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith; and now he wears that crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, confers on all those who love his appearing.

ALEXANDER STEWART.



REV^d THOMAS G. SALMON.

THE REV. THOMAS G. SALMON.



MR. SALMON was born in Glasgow on the 15th of May, 1822. His earlier years were, from special circumstances over which he had no control, and which made his career all the more honourable, rarely mentioned by his friends. Being deprived almost from birth of his father's care and support, he was removed with his mother to East Kilbride, where it required the use of every means in her power to provide for the support of herself and children. There were then no National Schools, no Compulsory Clause, and whether he went to school or not in his earlier years we have no knowledge. This we know, that he spent a great deal of his time in wandering about the woods, and carving miniature ships from wood, of which occupation he was fond even in mature years. Want of control sometimes develops irresolute, idle habits; but, from whatever reason, he never suffered in this way. Unless in the sense of losing what rudimentary instruction was possible in these earlier years, he was not a loser. He acquired nothing which he afterwards felt he ought to unlearn. There are more schools and schoolmasters than are dreamt of in our philosophies of education. His mind was formed, moulded, and fitted for further instruction and culture. Somehow, apart altogether from his circumstances, "heaven lay about him in his infancy." He afterwards discovered that there had been to him "tongues in trees, sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

But the stern though beneficent law, "that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural," compelled that he be sent as early as possible to do something for himself. His frame was slight and delicate, though by no means unhealthy, and he was therefore considered unfit for any employment or

trade involving much physical exertion. The trade fixed upon was that of a tailor. To this he was apprenticed at a very early age.

We have no knowledge, even the most casual, of his years of apprenticeship. His place of employment—at least, in the later years of his apprenticeship, and for some time after—was the town of Hamilton. Here he was somehow or other brought into contact with the Rev. John Kirk, then pastor of the Congregational Church there, now the Rev. John Kirk, D.D., of Edinburgh. The particulars of the meeting and early intercourse between these two are unknown to us. Through Mr. Kirk's instrumentality he was led to such views of himself and God as assured him that he had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

From this time to the day of his death he had a loyal and unwavering veneration for Mr. Kirk. He had never been in the habit of partaking of intoxicating drinks, but at this time he was led to attach himself to the temperance reformation, for which he was throughout the rest of his life an able and successful advocate.

Another influence which operated nearly as powerfully as that of Mr. Kirk's all through his life, was brought to bear upon him at this time—that of Professor Finney's, of Oberlin, America. There was a great religious awakening in Hamilton at the time of Mr. Salmon's conversion, and some one—perhaps, Mr. Kirk—had mentioned with approbation "Finney's Lectures on Revivals of Religion." Having occasion to be in Glasgow shortly after, Mr. Salmon bought a copy of this book at an old book-stall. As he had some time at his disposal that day, he hurried away to the quietest corner in Glasgow Green, and there, stretched on the grass, began his study of the book. He used to say that after the first two or three pages had been read, he literally devoured the work. He found himself not simply in a new region, but in one which carried captive reason, imagination, and enthusiasm. He read on until he found it was long past the time when he ought to have been on the road to Hamilton. He closed the book reluctantly, but with the consciousness of having got an insight into the mind and religious nature of man, and the

influences by which it could be affected, which were to him an undying possession.

We have specially mentioned Mr. Kirk and Mr. Finney as those to whom Mr. Salmon used to say he owed more than tongue could tell. We will not, of course, be understood to assert that he acknowledged none others as his religious, moral, and intellectual benefactors, but to him these two were the chief. He was sometimes stubbornly independent, but to the deliverances of these two in their own spheres, he was admirably submissive.

When he was led to the knowledge of the truth, his first ambition was to lead others to the same light. He took part in open-air services, cottage meetings and prayer meetings. What success attended these first attempts we do not know; the immediate effect was to awaken in him a desire to devote himself to the Christian ministry. Somewhere about this period, he laboured for some months at Carlisle on the Sabbath; but though zeal and earnestness characterised his work, it was very difficult with little elementary education, and only a glimmer or two of the nature of the human mind, to secure attention, and keep up the life and interest of the people Sabbath after Sabbath. He felt now very keenly the want of a good ordinary education. He was little more than twenty years of age, but he had not the means fully to remedy the deficiency. Even had he seen his way to enter and struggle through the University, he wanted the needed mental furniture wherewith to begin. He was almost totally unfitted to carry on the work of a church even had such been offered him; and regular preaching—which would have furnished material support, and enabled him to prosecute his studies—did not seem to be forthcoming. So the way seemingly being closed to the ministry, he accepted it as God's will he should, in the meantime, be what he was, and he still continued at his trade.

He now, however, set himself in earnest to make up for lost time. He studied hard, and undoubtedly with astonishing success. Several who became acquainted with him four or five years after have assured us that they never would have known—either from private intercourse, or from his preaching—what a great lee-way he had to make up.

He now began to read a great deal, chiefly theology, and the books which were every now and then being issued by Dr. Morison, Dr. Guthrie, and others of the same way of thinking. Having at this time given up all idea of the possibility of the ministry, in 1844 he married one who like himself was brought to the knowledge of the truth by Mr. Kirk's instrumentality. Seldom had a husband greater reason to be proud of his wife and grateful to her. For about twenty years she was to him a true helpmeet, able and willing to help him in her own sphere, and to spur and guide him in his private life. With a delicate constitution, weakened and all but broken up by an uncongenial climate, she was for years an almost confirmed invalid, and at last died at the age of 39 years, deeply regretted by all who knew her.

Immediately on his marriage he settled in Glasgow, and soon after connected himself with the Evangelical Union Church then meeting in the Trades' Hall. The Rev. Fergus Ferguson was either at that time or shortly after pastor of the church. We knew that church well seventeen years ago, and hope it still retains its activity and enthusiasm. Then, as we understood it always had been, it was a fine field for enlisting the energies, and arousing the aspirations of the young Christian. There were, as in most city churches, a good many zealous young men. These would not be idle. They had Sabbath-morning meetings, prayer-meetings, various district and suburban open-air and kitchen meetings, in all of which each could take a part. Though these might not be so thoroughly organised in Mr. Salmon's time as in the time we speak of, they had existence in some shape or other. He now found work in taking part in these various ways of doing good, which occupied all his spare time. What acceptance met his labours we cannot say, but we remember to have heard him on one occasion say, "that he was sure they did more good to himself than to any one else." He was generally associated with some one who had more experience in arresting and keeping the attention, and in meeting spiritual wants.

When he saw that with perhaps less enthusiasm and energy they made impressions where he failed, instead of getting envious, or setting himself to imitate, he watched

both speaker and hearer to find out the reason. Interpreting his failures by his successes, his successes by his failures, and watching others, soon taught him how to achieve that which he sought in every sermon and address to the end of his life, to make an immediate impression. He was naturally gifted with some of the essential qualities of an effective preacher, and in a very short time he began to make his mark. After he had been about two years in Glasgow he began once more to think that now he was called to the Christian ministry.

Mr. Kirk had by this time removed to Edinburgh, and as there seemed to be need for Evangelical Union preachers in that quarter, by Mr. Kirk's advice he removed to Edinburgh, and, while preaching on the Sabbath, set himself to the study of those subjects, such as Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, which were considered necessary to prepare for the ministry.

This continued for about three years, when he was associated as assistant, missionary, or some such help, with the Rev. J. H. Rutherford, now Dr. Rutherford, of Newcastle, in supplying, on alternate weeks, Sabbaths included, Kelso and Hawick. Sometime in 1850 he went to preach at Dunse. There was at that time no Evangelical Union Church there, but the attempt was being made to form one through a series of meetings. These were so successful that a church was organised, and on the 19th December, 1850, he was ordained to the pastorate. The church in Dunse, though having many difficulties to contend with, prospered under him, and but for the want of money to build a chapel, and comfortably support a minister (which want has crippled no small number of E. U. churches) might have made greater progress and done more good. Although Dunse was the scene of much hard work and no little good, it was not the field in which his greatest victories were to be achieved.

In 1850 there was a great religious awakening in the Orkney Islands. In many parts the gospel was willingly listened to, but the gospel as preached by those of the Evangelical Union, found a congenial home in the small island of Shapinshay. Col. Balfour of Balfour and Treneby, the enterprising proprietor of Shapinshay, was at that time engaged in building

the magnificent and beautiful residence of Balfour, which suddenly arrests the eye of the traveller by steamer to Kirkwall, after threading the bleak and barren channel between the south end of the island and the mainland, or Pomona. Shut out of sight by a small uninhabited island, or holm, until the steamer is a short distance from it, admiration is claimed by the unexpected sight of such a residence in such circumstances. This castle is, unless it has been eclipsed in recent years, by far the most imposing in any of the islands, and is in every way worthy of the liberal-hearted, gentlemanly proprietor, to whose liberality, and courtesy, the Evangelical Union Church in Shapinshay owes so much of its prosperity.

It chanced that one of the workmen engaged in the erection of the Castle came from Edinburgh, and was in warm sympathy with the views held by the Evangelical Union, and had several of their books in his possession. Enthusiastic, and anxious that others should share in his enthusiasm, he brought these under the notice of some earnest Christian men with whom he came in contact.

The word of God grew. To interest succeeded belief, a banding together, and a desire to hear those doctrines preached. The preaching to which they had been accustomed had been of that theological type which once perhaps was begotten by enthusiasm, and produced it, but long since had ceased to have interest or meaning. It was rigidly Calvinistic, and might be summed up thus: "You can't be sure whether you are saved or not; do the best you can; wait at the pool of ordinances. If you are one of the elect you will in God's own time find internal evidence that you are." The preaching which simply amplified the sayings, "He is the propitiation for . . . the sins of the whole world," "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," was indeed light out of darkness to those earnest seekers after God who had been paralysed by election and a limited atonement. Several ministers of the Evangelical Union paid a visit to Shapinshay and preached with acceptance. The smallness of the island led to the desire that if a church was to be formed in the Orkneys, the county town, Kirkwall, should be the place. But owing to opposition such an idea had to be relinquished.

There seemed to be hopes of a church in Shapinshay, and that might be the beginning of greater things. There was great sympathy with the cry from this small island, "Help us to have a church and a minister." The difficulty was, how to help, and who would go. The people were few, and though wealthy enough for their own needs, poor in relation to building a chapel and supporting a minister. The Home Mission, if then organised, had not the funds it now has to assist, and the Chapel Building Fund was a thing of the future. The Rev. Wm. Crombie, of Melrose, was one of those who visited Shapinshay at the beginning of the movement, and when he returned in the autumn, advised Mr Salmon to try and get away for a few months to see what could be done in Shapinshay with consecutive labour. It was much easier to get the pulpit in Dunse supplied than Shapinshay, and Mr Salmon went for the winter. He preached with great acceptance from the very first. Indeed, he seemed to find the work unusually congenial. The earnest men who had received the truth were eager for further enlightenment. They wished to be fully persuaded that they were not deluding themselves. They were anxious to be sure that those doctrines, the belief of which had given them assurance, peace, and joy, were the truths of God, and found in his Word. It was because of their personal importance that they wished assistance "to search the Scriptures if these things were so." For one in the audience who listened simply to hear some new doctrine, or with the critical scepticism of long-headed metaphysical Scotchmen, there were nine who tested the utterances with the heart, and who said, "I know that is the right way because it is in sympathy with my new spiritual life." To seek to remove difficulties in the way of conscious communion with God was a work in which he always engaged with enthusiasm and confidence.

One result of the success which attended his labours was a request to accept the pastorate of the church which had been formed. Notwithstanding the isolation and the numerous difficulties, Mr. Salmon accepted the call, and in 1851 removed with his family to Shapinshay.

The circumstances in Shapinshay were, as we have already

stated, peculiar. The entire population was not quite one thousand. There were already two churches in the island, with one or other of which nearly every adult was at least nominally connected. Those who sympathised with the views of the Evangelical Union were a mere handful, and any increase to their numbers had to come from one of the two churches, as there was no non-church-going population. There were even great difficulties in obtaining a meeting-place. But for the kindness and liberal spirit of the proprietor of the island they would have been frustrated, and the E.U. Church there would never have existed.

The meetings had from the first been held in an old barn on the Home Farm. This was gratefully received, but was very unsuitable in more ways than one. A joiner's shop was being built by Colonel Balfour, and was readily granted for a meeting-place. Meetings were held on Sabbath evenings in different parts of the island, and many heard the truth and benefitted by it who would not have gone to the regular place of meeting, being deterred by prejudice.

In two or three years a chapel was built in the centre of the island, and though the congregation were unable to finish the interior for a year, there were no complaints.

When we see the elegantly-finished, cushioned, and heated churches, so common now even in the country, a dim recollection of that church rises in our mind. The walls were bare, the roof was open, there was no floor, rough flag-stones paved the passages. There the people sat, many of them having come through mud and rain without any regular road, and listened to a lecture of about an hour's length, and then after a break caused by singing, to a sermon of an hour and a half, or perhaps more, Sabbath after Sabbath through the long northern winter. In a very short time, however, the chapel was finished within, though not floored. Many of the E.U. Churches helped as they could to enable the Shapinshay people to finish their work. In about two years after this they were able to build a suitable manse. Prejudice had given way to truth, and the opposition gradually died away.

In 1859 Mr. Salmon accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Independent Church, Blennerhasset, Cumber-

land, vacant by the resignation through ill-health of the Rev. Peter Mather, for many years the much-esteemed editor of the *Christian News*. The necessities connected with a family were the only reasons urging to a change. The Shapinshay congregation were more than contented with him; he found a sufficient field for his untiring energies. In addition to his pastoral work he initiated classes for instruction in such sciences as Geology and Astronomy, and founded a circulating library. The island being without a resident physician, he was sometimes consulted by members of his own congregation in cases of trifling ailments. He was, through intercourse with the Rev. Dr. Munro, favourably disposed towards hydropathy, and studied it so as to find out the reason why certain treatment should be successful, and thus his treatment, though that of a layman, was by no means empirical. He was fairly successful in some cases of dyspepsia and fever. On one occasion an epidemic of measles visited the island. It was many years since that disease had been in Shapinshay, and Sanitation and Hygiene being then in its infancy, every person who had not had measles took it. At this time his services were in constant demand, and were successful. Indeed, his success here contributed not a little towards breaking down prejudice. Persons who had never heard him preach, or even spoken to him, were glad to avail themselves of his services, and some began to think and say that although he did not believe in a limited atonement or irresistible grace, there was no outward sign in manner, conversation, or countenance of his having "the mark of the beast."

He left Shapinshay with regret, and during the illness which terminated in death he more than once said that should he recover, now that his children were nearly all grown up, he would like to spend the rest of his days in Shapinshay.

In Blennerhasset he did much good, but the field was small, and immediate impressions difficult to make. Perhaps, too, there might be a little impatience in his nature. He by no means approved of scenes as the result of preaching, but his theory was that unless some one had been led to the Cross, or to take a distinct step towards a sanctified life, that sermon and that day's labour had been lost.

Had he been anxious to remain pecuniarily comfortable and at his ease, he had no need to remove. Often he came to the conclusion that he was not the pastor most suited to the place, and that in that particular sphere he was "a cumberer of the ground."

After he had laboured in Blennerhasset for about two years he accepted an invitation from the Home Mission to act as their "ministerial evangelist."

In this sphere he laboured, encouraging the weak churches engaging in revival work, and in several cases the result of his labours was seen in the formation of churches. The ardour and zeal with which he gave himself to this work soon began to tell upon his strength. It was no uncommon thing when holding a series of revival meetings in a place where there was no E.U. church, or a church without a pastor, to preach every evening, with the exception of Saturday, and three times on Sabbath. Many throughout the country look to him as their spiritual father.

In 1863, he was sent by the Home Mission Committee to Kilwinning, where, from long want of a pastor, the church and congregation had decreased very much. During a month's series of meetings, a deep interest was awakened in the town, and the church revived in hopefulness and earnestness. Encouraged by these signs of good, the brethren invited Mr. Salmon to come amongst them as their pastor, and as he was beginning to feel the mission work too much, and as Kilwinning seemed a suitable sphere for a career of usefulness, he accepted the invitation.

In the midst of peace and hope for the future, he was called upon to pass through severe affliction. His wife, who had been in very delicate health for many years, died in Glasgow in the early part of 1864. The separation by death from one who had been a faithful, sympathising, and courageous companion, was a loss not to be estimated.

About the middle of 1865 he married an intimate and old friend of the family, Helen Crammond, who for eight years did her best to supply to Mr. Salmon and his family the place of the dear departed.

Mr. Salmon's settlement in Kilwinning was productive of

good results. The church and congregation increased; but from some want of adaptation or misunderstanding, there arose a mutual dissatisfaction and distrust, and after having been there about four years, he resigned.

A day or two after his resignation, he received a call from the church at Beith, and also from that in Kilsyth. He decided to go to Beith, in which he was by no means a stranger, having laboured there during his engagement with the Home Mission. Beith had been without a pastor for two or three years, and had thus suffered a good deal. But after four years' labour the church and congregation might be called flourishing. Several spirited efforts were made to clear off the chapel-debt, and unexpected success attended them. The greatest possible harmony existed, and pastor and people were joyful in each other.

In August, 1869, Mr. Salmon spent his holidays with some friends in the neighbourhood of Kelso. As usual, he could not rest even in resting time. He preached in Kelso on the Sabbaths, and once or twice during the week. The Kelso Church had at that time been about sixteen years without a pastor, and owing to opposition, and an inconvenient place of worship, had been unable to make much headway. During the month in which the students were free from attendance at the University and Academy, a preacher was stationed at Kelso; but the remaining eight months the church was practically left to itself. In this state of matters, though the brethren were nobly faithful, their number was gradually lessened by deaths and removals. They, however, maintained a character without reproach in the town, and, if they had not a flourishing and large congregation, critics said it was only what they had predicted long ago.

Encouraged by the good results of Mr. Salmon's labours, and, perhaps, in too sanguine a state of mind as to the future, the brethren, stimulated by a promise of help from the Home Mission, resolved to invite him to the pastorate of their little church. For some time he hesitated. There was no reason in the church at Beith why he should leave; the possible failure in the attempt to resuscitate the Kelso church led him to resolve to decline, when some slight circumstances transpired

in connection with the Kelso church which led him to believe that it was the path of duty to make the sacrifice which the change involved. Though he did not accomplish all that he had hoped for, he never thought for a moment that he had made a mistake. Notwithstanding the various drawbacks arising from the want of a suitable chapel, and the difficulties connected with raising a church with so small a nucleus, and such limited means as were at their disposal, the church was moving onwards in usefulness. Much good was done in the town, of which the Church Universal will reap the benefit.

Mr. Salmon had always possessed good health, the result of a tough and nervous, rather than a robust constitution. From 1847 to the end of 1872, he had been unable to preach through ill-health only two or three Sabbaths, and these not consecutively.

After his first winter in Kelso, he was troubled with several ailments, which ought not to have manifested themselves for twenty years, "signs," as he used to say, "that the tabernacle was beginning to come down!" He was urged to labour less arduously, and often said, "Perhaps it would be best. A man could do more good from fifty to sixty than in all the previous part of his life." The constant demands for work, and the possession of an extremely buoyant and hopeful spirit, made him put aside all misgivings as to health. During the last few days of December, 1872, he felt unwell, and, on the last Sabbath of the year, became so ill as to be unable to proceed with the evening meeting. Though none knew it at the time, his ministerial work here was done. For the rest of the time he was to be here he had to be ministered to very specially, "and become perfected, and learn complete obedience through the things which he suffered."

At first it was thought a short rest might be all that was requisite, but very soon symptoms were seen which betokened serious chronic disease of the liver and digestive organs, and notwithstanding medical skill he grew gradually worse, until towards the end of March, when the disease seemed to be checked, and he appeared to regain strength.

Continued rest and change of place being advised, he went to Ayrshire about the middle of May. For about three weeks

he seemed to get rapidly better, but after that a reaction set in, and in a short time he was completely prostrated. His original intention was to stay away until the end of July, when by that time he expected to be able to resume his work. Before the end of June it became, alas, too evident that he would never preach again, and he determined to make an effort to get home. He was so much reduced by protracted illness as to be unable to sit up in the railway carriage, but he got home. None of his friends at Kelso were prepared for the sad spectacle of feebleness and emaciation which met their gaze. He was quite conscious that his end was drawing near, and told several that Saturday night in his own house, in broken accents, "that he had come home to go home." He was unable to take any food, owing to the weakness of his stomach, and under the result of that and the disease he gradually sank, although now and again there were such manifestations of vital energy as led his family to hope that he might still be spared.

But the end drew near, and after a restless and weary day, and a night of unconsciousness, he passed away at five o'clock on the morning of the 11th July. After death there remained no traces of the weary months of restlessness and suffering through which he had passed, but a pleasant smile such as he used to wear at his own fireside.

He was possessed of more than average abilities, and of a large share of the essentials of true eloquence.

His one great aim was to bring souls to Christ, and all his study and labour was undertaken with a view to that end.

It will be seen that he had held the pastorate of six churches. But it would be a mistake to suppose that he changed thus frequently because he was wrought out. In fact, he seldom or never, in going to a new place, fell back upon old sermons. In every case except Kilwinning, to which reference has been made, he left against the wish of the church, against his own inclinations, in obedience to what he believed to be the voice of God calling him to spheres in which he could more increasingly glorify His name in the salvation of souls.

His faith was strong. Several times have we seen him in circumstances in which despondency might have been excused,

but there was nothing like that in his mind. The great question was, "What was the path of duty, the will of God? God would look after the consequences."

He had been all along an able and eloquent advocate of the Temperance cause. Latterly he identified himself with the Good Templar movement, and did good work in this connection in Ayrshire and Roxburghshire.

His mind was of a logical cast. In preaching, he would calmly consider the subject under discussion until he had disposed of all practical difficulties, and established his own propositions. Then he would apply his conclusions with a torrent of impassioned, persistent eloquence, as if he said to his audience, "I will not let you go until you yield."

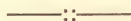
During his illness the little church in Kelso were true to him, nobly true, as if he had been a brother. Wishing to show their love and respect even after his death, they requested to be allowed to purchase and gift burial-ground for his grave in the Cemetery at Kelso. Some months after his death the Good Templars in Kelso erected a handsome monument over his grave as a tribute to his worth, and a proof that "he being dead yet speaketh."

THOMAS G. SALMON, JUN.



REV^d THOMAS D. HOGG.

THE REV. THOMAS DARLING HOGG.



ON the last day of August, 1842, and in the town of Galashiels, there was born one whose fortunes as a student, and whose fate as a minister, give the old homestead on the High Street, and the aged father who (in 1882) still dwells there, a touching interest in the eyes of an Evangelical Unionist. The boy was named Thomas Darling Hogg. He came of a good Christian stock. His chief inheritance was a meek, earnest, truth-loving disposition. As Galashiels people phrase it, he never had to be "quarrelled." by his father. At the age of fifteen, after a schooling by no means liberal, he went to learn the trade of a compositor. The term of apprenticeship was to be seven years. The lad had already begun to show an inclination for reading. Almost as a matter of course he was attracted first to the lighter class of periodicals. In process of time a severer taste was formed. But if, as he then began to think, he had made a mistake in reading at all on those frivolous lines, he kept withal the sedateness and meet gravity of his childhood. Older people noticed the boy's habits, and set him down as "auld-farrant." In a little while the love of Christ was to enter his heart, and to make all that seemed of an alien character insipid, hateful. According to the severer and, perhaps, narrower notions of morality which prevailed then in religious circles, novel reading was of this stamp. On Tom's conversion, it became one of the "old things" which had to pass away.

It is 1858, or '59, and the *sough* of a coming great revival is sounding across the Atlantic. A spirit of earnest inquiry is spreading. The multitude is swayed by it. When one spoke of danger and salvation in those days, his words went home like an arrow sped of the Spirit. One such message wakened Tom Hogg. Mr. Mitchell, now minister of the E.U. Church in Manchester, calling one day on the Hogg family, observed

Tom about, and asked him, "Are you a Christian?" The lad could not say "Yes;" and he trembled at the thought of answering "No." The question rankled in his bosom for a whole year. Anxious to find peace, he threw the light literature overboard, and he took himself to his Bible. At meal hours, the apprentice lad would slip away for a quiet while, with his Book and with his question. His state of mind became known to a Mr. Matthewson, who was at the time residing as an invalid near Selkirk. A correspondence, in which are some very pathetic and pleading letters, sprang up between the two. The prayers and the persuasion of the dying man were at last crowned with success. It would be towards the close of '59 when Thomas Hogg yielded to the Divine command, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." From this point he was to be the Saviour's in life, in death, and in eternity.

Being a Christian, he could not but be a missionary of the Cross. There is a disposition on the part of some people to view every pursuit in which they engage from the standpoint of the missionary. They become centres of moral infection. It is their firm belief that it will never go well with the world till others adopt their views and share in their pursuits. Tom Hogg was one of this class. If, with the temper of an ardent missionary, he had been able to combine an abundance of animal spirits, his problem in life would have been very simple. Success would have flowed in upon him. But he was low in self-esteem, and his "vitality," as phrenologists would term it, was decidedly weak. It is, on the whole, perhaps, all the more to his credit that he braced up his spirits, and fought a good fight under those by no means favourable conditions.

It is related of him that with other three Galashiels young men, one of whom became a brilliant E. U. student, while another is now labouring in one of our city pastorates, he arranged a meeting in Mrs. Hogg's roomy kitchen to do the work of a *quasi* Mutual Improvement Society. The night come round when Tom Hogg is to read his paper. As far as writing goes, it is all ready. But it must be read, and that to an audience of three! The author's heart fails him. He

confesses that he cannot read to his comrades what, with no small pains, he had put on paper. Few would have the same degree of diffidence. Fewer still would have battled against it. But Tom Hogg was full of the missionary instinct. His mind was quietly made up to be one day, with God's help, a preacher of the gospel.

Much, however, lay between 1859, the year of his conversion, and 1868, when he first entered the E.U. Academy. Mr. Matthewson, to whose persuasion he owed so much, grew weaker in health, and feeling that he was on the point of death, wrote a beautiful letter, which he asked the young convert to read at the prayer-meeting of the church. In performing this task, Thomas Hogg would realise the pleading, as a sorely hackneyed phrase has it, of "a dying man with dying men." Various lines of Christian work began to open up. He was driven into them by the question, which would always spring up whenever he felt a peculiar interest in any matter: "How can you, Tom Hogg, be slack in winning others to join you?" The Sabbath School was a field of labour in which he took a deep interest. He was personally an abstainer. As might be expected, he easily gravitated into the most advanced ranks of the Temperance reform. About the close of 1864 a mania for "Spiritual" investigation came over the country. Tables were being turned to a purpose not included in the cabinet-maker's design. Tom Hogg formed, with several others, a rather successful "circle" in Galashiels. Nothing could well be purer than the aim of this experiment. Tom kept a faithful record of his *séances*. It covers a period of several years. There was much in this episode both to instruct and to amuse, but it is impossible in this paper to enter into details.

In after years, and among his student-friends, he could now and again be drawn out to relate something of the marvellous and the ghostly, an old Border legend, perhaps, or a little of his own experience, or even some scrap or extract from the Spiritualistic literature. In those Glasgow days he was one of the best of companions. Quite a little circle used to gather round his fireside of an evening. Tom Hogg was the soul of the company. Many a hearty laugh was raised by his quiet,

patriarchal jokes. One never wearied to hear him speculate on what would be believed and what would be achieved in the days when "his toes would be turned up to the daisies." Alas! these days have come much sooner than any of us fancied, and really the world seems much less changed for the better than we dreamers dreamed!

It was a pleasant sight in those days to watch the natural curls which tipped his hair and quite rested on his collar. His hair was worn long, but the appearance of this was probably aided by the sinews of his neck being slightly shortened at the back. His head had just a slight set back towards the shoulders. Touch up these dark locks with a tip of premature grey, and you raise in our memories the picture of one who seemed wiser than all of us. When twitted on the score of his unfashionable hair, he would reply with a joke that was still fresh the twentieth time it came from his lips. He would defend his locks with Paul's supposed plea for a woman's right to wear her hair long, throwing into the quotation, as its meaning is not very clear, some hint of his own understood skill as a Spiritual medium—"Power! you know,—power on the head, because of the angels!"

At other times he would tell with some pride the story of the struggles which the brethren in Galashiels went through in the days before they had an ordained pastor. The services were generally conducted by the members themselves, but in course of time student-preachers began to appear. Some of these student-Sabbaths were red-letter days with Tom Hogg. One in particular he remembered enjoying immensely. Years afterwards he would speak of the sermon which that student delivered; but concerning it he would make the more experienced guess that the preacher had come to the bottom of "his sermon-tub," and had pawned off upon the Gala friends some university-essay on the Laws of Taste!

It was in May, 1866, that he left Galashiels for Glasgow. Having his eye on the ministry, he had saved a little money. With all his philanthropy, he had not neglected his trade. At the close of his apprenticeship he was appointed foreman in place of the one who had just left, and who had recommended Tom for the situation. After about two years at this work

he was able to set out for Glasgow with ninety pounds in his pocket. This, with some assistance from home, and an occasional pound to be earned in the printing-office, was expected to be enough for the curriculum. But financial disasters in Galashiels shut off hope of anything from that quarter. In August, 1868, after some preliminary studies, he presented himself at the door of the E. U. Academy, and found that his little stock was reduced to barely seventy pounds. Why recall these matters, which may appear trivial to some and shocking to others? The simple reason is, that in no other way can we so plainly show how the seeds of that disease, to which he afterwards succumbed, must have been sown during the five years of his pinching economy in the smoke of Glasgow. It was no uncommon thing for him to wear the red cloak in the forenoon, doff it in the afternoon, work in the office till evening, and then pass what should have been his hours of beauty-sleep in study. During what should have been his four months of summer and autumn holidays, he had every year to remain in Glasgow, and work at his trade. Happily for him, the work required of students before entering the Academy was not a tithe of what is now set as "holiday work." As it was, his health was in general good. With the exception of a cough one summer, he had no warning of the terrible strain he was putting on his nervous system.

Soon after his arrival in Glasgow he became a member in North Dundas Street Church. The pastorate of this church had, at the time, a two-fold attraction for him. Mr. Mitchell, to whose pointed inquiry he owed so much, shared the pastorate with Dr. Morison. A mission was at that time being worked up in the Port-Dundas quarter by some of the North Dundas Street brethren. In company with earnest young men like Matthew Dick and James Henderson, who have since gone to their rest, or like Robert Snowdown and Alexander Marshall, who, in different ways, are still holding aloft the banner of Christ's cross, Thomas Hogg felt strong, and even daring. On Sundays, and also after office-hours on week-day evenings, he might have been found speaking in the Mission Hall, visiting the people in their homes, or occasionally attempting the work of open-air preaching. Few but those engaged in

such work have any idea of the time and labour expended by these volunteers. An empty shop in Water Street was rented and seated. Morning and evening services, with a Sabbath-school, were regularly maintained. Temperance work was also added after a time. Branch meetings were held in Dobbie's Loan and Townhead. A hall in Miller's Court seemed a likely place for further work, and Hogg, with Henderson, interviewed the minister of the church to which it belonged. "Could they have it part of the time when not in use?" "To what denomination do you belong?" On hearing that they were E.U.'s, but wished the hall for gospel and not denominational purposes, he explained that, as his views differed from those of our Union on especially the work of the Holy Spirit, he could give the young men no encouragement, would not even seem to co-operate with them by letting them use his hall. With only three places of meeting, the eager evangelists had plenty of work on their hands. A Sunday at the Mission was no day of rest. In the morning, not unfrequently, there would be a Bible-class or a prayer-meeting. In view of the forenoon service the district had to be beat up. Visitors with tracts would go round from house to house. Open-air meetings fell to be held, especially before the evening service. Afternoon church and Sabbath-school would be quickly followed by the evening work, after which, if inquirers waited, the talk might keep our earnest and delighted band late into the evening before they reached their houses or their lodgings.

In September, 1867, after more than a year's residence in Glasgow, Mr. Hogg set himself definitely to prepare for the gentle entrance examination which was at that time exacted of candidates for the E. U. Academy. Mr. Dick shared his rooms, and joined him in his Greek and Latin studies at the Andersonian University. For the first month or two circumstances were not very favourable for study. There was first a Grand Reform Conference to attend, as representative of the Galashiels Temperance Society. Then, till the New Year he continued steady at his trade. "Wrought till twelve in the office on Friday night, and have fallen behind in my lessons." Things look rather serious for an incipient student with the prospect of the E. U. Conference week, to be followed

by an "Annual Spiritual Soiree" (*not* E.U.), and that, again, by the grand City Hall gathering of the Permissive Bill Association. During the winter there are meetings of the Spiritual Society, of the Mutual Improvement Association (at which, in March, Hogg reads an essay on "The Resurrection,") of Dr. Morison's Bible-Class, and of Templar and other Mission meetings at Port Dundas, through all which our students fight their way past "Didōmi" in Greek, and the "Neuter Passive" verbs in Latin. Armed with this amount of learning, Hogg enters the classes of the E.U. Academy, August 4th, 1868.

There were fourteen new students this session. A spirit of enthusiasm seemed to be present. The prayer-meeting, held every morning at 9, was hearty, and the debates on Thursday evenings in the Library Room were as emphatic as only young students can make them. Hogg's essay at this meeting discussed, "Whether it is possible to have faith in Christ without obeying Him?" The day's routine began with prayer at 9, and closed with Hebrew at 3.30, after an interval for dinner. Friday afternoons and Saturdays were spent in the printing-office. Towards the close of this session he shares lodgings with Mr. Snowdown (now of Sheffield), and finds in him his type of Great-Heart for the rest of their student-pilgrimage. In November he joins the University. He is now fairly launched upon a life of study. For the next four years his career as a student will not vary very considerably from that of hundreds of others.

In the learned languages he did fairly well, but the University classes are usually filled with smart young lads fresh from the High School and other centres of hard training. Beside them a man with more brains, but fewer early advantages, looks stupid, and often loses heart. It was in such studies as logic and moral philosophy that Mr. Hogg came better to the front. His essays were sometimes placed ninth on the professor's list. If it be remembered, that behind the ninth there are a hundred or two of men aiming at the ministry in some denomination, it will not seem that Thomas Hogg was, as he still on occasion reproached himself with being, guilty of presumption in the hope that even he might some day deliver his sermon from an E.U. pulpit.

His first engagement of this sort was fulfilled one Sabbath evening, in Govan. The date would be about April, 1869. His subject was, "Grace abounding." Happily, perhaps, "the meeting was not large." But his own flow of language being pleasantly free, the preacher came home encouraged by his maiden effort in the pulpit. A week or two afterwards he repeated the experiment in Mr. Pullar's church, a species of Independent Presbyterian place eastward in Glasgow, where more than one student, gratuitously, made some of their earliest appearances in a real pulpit, and donned, for the first and perhaps the last time, the ministerial gown. Mr. Hogg's first whole day's engagement was at Kilsyth. Sometimes preachers, when appointed to this place, did not appear, and the meetings were small. The audience, all told, numbered thirty in the morning and seventeen in the afternoon. From this excursion he came home low in spirits, and quite resolved not to apply for further appointments in the meantime. "If, after all, I should find that my services as a minister of the gospel are not acceptable to those amongst whom I labour, nor likely to be more so amongst others, I shall be content to fall back upon my trade again, sorrowful that the honour has not been mine of being 'called to be an apostle,' but not regretful for the time and money spent in the trial."

In July, of '69, Mr. Hogg delivered his first sermon, in the church at Galashiels. The text was, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?" "Felt earnest," and, after the close, was much "encouraged by the congratulations of friends on my sermon."

Every Sabbath was now a day of preaching either in Glasgow or in one of the country churches. In February, of '70, he supplies Reform Street, Dundee. This church is "the largest that I have preached in yet, both in size and as regards numbers." His text is, "Rejoice in the Lord always." From this journey he returns to his studies happier than usual. A word from the Church Secretary—one of those words "worth much and costing little"—to the effect that his services have given much satisfaction in Reform Street, is food for grateful reflection amid the smoke of Glasgow.

On another occasion, when preaching at Stonehouse, he

missed the train, and returned part of the way on foot. "Ay, man," said an aged person who stopped him on the way—"Ay, man, I liket gran' to hear ye last nicht." The person thus addressing him confessed that he had been much given to drinking habits, but last night's sermon (Text, "Come unto me") had set him a-thinking, and he was glad to have met Mr. Hogg to tell him that he was now resolved to turn over a new leaf. A few words of encouragement follow, and the preacher himself goes on his way cheerier in view of his future work.

Tom Hogg was always at his best when dealing with individuals. Any one who did not know him as a brother might easily mistake an absence of boisterousness in the pulpit for want of courage. His voice was soft and kindly in conversation. At the fireside he never failed in language, thought, feeling, or humour. Other students always looked up to Tom Hogg. But in the pulpit he was no "son of thunder." His voice weakened with the effort to reach a large audience. In building up or maintaining an E. U. Church, he ought to have had his "sound mind" backed by vigorous lungs. His courage, as any one could see by the make of his body, was not of the animal sort. It emerged chiefly when his mind was warmed up by some worthy principle. We remember him well coming home from the election at which Lord Derby was made Rector. It would be the last year of the High Street University. Tom Hogg, like a true Liberal, had shouted himself hoarse in the contest, and broken his walking-stick in some of the quadrangle rows. Bradlaugh was not at that time so prominent a figure as he is now, but at his lecture in the City Hall—subject, "House of Hanover," or something after that fashion—it was expected that there would be some uproar, perhaps forms smashed and ribs broken. Men of peace stayed at home, and read the report in next morning's newspaper. But Tom, who was a Radical, although he had no liking for the nasty subjects that have chiefly made Bradlaugh notorious, went to the meeting, and carried others with him. The walking-stick was there again, and might have come to grief, but the spirit of mischief did not break out in the meeting. On another occasion his Border blood got up, as he

listened to some drunk fellow who, at a late hour, was beating on the landlady's door. Sallying forth, Tom caught him, and bundled him out, neck and heel, on to the pavement, from which, after a moment, the scamp picked himself up, rather astonished, and staggered quietly off! Hogg was not pugnacious. Neither was he so full of vigour as to seem courageous. But his was the mettle a martyr might covet in the hour of trial, and few would be more "valiant for the truth" than Tom Hogg.

In May, of '72, the partnership in Glasgow lodgings was broken up, and Mr. Hogg went on his way to form two unions of another sort, and in a far distant quarter. The first was with the Evangelical Union Church in Dalbeattie. The second was not to be consummated till the close of the summer of 1873, when he was to take home to his granite manse a lady from the South, fit sharer in his brief future of sorrow and of joy.

Dalbeattie stands a few miles off from the Solway Frith on the Scottish side. The inhabitants owe most of their wealth to the granite quarries which are wrought in the hills around. Our little church with its tidy manse, looks solid and clean, up yonder on the braeside. It is appropriately named, "Zion Chapel." When called to the pastorate, Mr. Hogg's spirits rose with the sign of approval. His comrades remarked that his step was lighter and his head more erect. But once into the ministry he was far from his old companions. The nearest E. U. minister was miles and miles away. It was a terrible ordeal for a nature like his to face such work alone. But Thomas Hogg walked with God, and he trusted that he would not be put to shame.

His sermons were carefully prepared. As those who had listened to the judgment of his professors upon his college essays would admit, no one could despise anything that Mr. Hogg wrote. From the first his aim was to quicken the church and bring about a revival of religion. He worked for this, and, while he had breath he prayed for it. Probably the change desired began very early in his pastorate, but for long no tokens of it appeared. It seemed as if no answering spirit would be roused in the congregation. With pulpit work he

combined diligence as a pastor. His power lay in the ascendancy which he easily won over those with whom he dealt personally. One young man he taught type-setting with an eye to having him drawn, by personal intercourse, nearer to the Saviour. The victims of intemperance he sought in their homes, and pled with them at the fireside. To this day some of them and their friends speak of his efforts with gratitude. His Bible Class thrived, for there he could afford to talk instead of requiring to "preach." Outside of the church he gained the respect of the general community. The name of the church was honoured by the repute of his social and intellectual qualities. Other ministers could not resist the genial, catholic, and friendly attitude which Mr. Hogg from the first adopted.

During the winter of '73-74, he experienced a return of the cough which had troubled him a few years before in Glasgow. It did not seem serious, and he went on with his usual work. His memory, however, began to be not so reliable as of old. The fear of this flurried him in the pulpit. He was sure that he would make some bad blunder. To rid himself of this nightmare, he began to commit the heinous sin, as he imagined that it would be, of reading his sermons. His ideal of ministerial duty was pitched very high. At his best he felt that he came very far short. He received many tokens of kindness from the church in Dalbeattie, but the cause of his distress was hidden to himself, and his friends did not waken up to perceive the danger and to proffer their ready sympathy till the end came suddenly and terribly near.

The secret of all his trouble would soon be out. Months before, when up Galaside on his wedding-tour, he had not seemed to his old friends so strong as of yore. A change for the worse, physically, could even then be traced. In the early part of April '74, he attended a week-day service in the Free Church at Dalbeattie. It was a draughty damp place in which he found a seat. On coming home he complained of being chilled and very unwell. After a few Sabbaths he had to give up preaching. Three weeks in May were spent at the Saltcoats Home, but the disease never abated its pace. Till within ten days of the end he was able to sit up a little every

day. His thoughts were continually on the church, and, even when his mind wandered, he would speak of the services and of his visitation. A daily text from a little book seemed sometimes as if sent by the Spirit of God for his present needs. "I go to prepare a place for you," read his wife to him one day. "That is a precious text," he said. It grieved him to think how soon their loving union was to be broken up; but he was cheered with another day's text, "I will not leave you comfortless." The night before his death he was conscious for a little while. Listening to a few broken words of prayer, which his wife breathed at the bed-side, he said, "You are a dear, good, precious wife," and relapsed into his fevered wanderings. They were the last coherent words that he uttered.

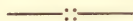
On the evening of the 29th July, 1874, this hard-wrought servant of Jesus passed through his "much tribulation" into the rest and the place prepared for him above. Three days after, twin children were born to him, of whom the daughter soon went to be with her father, while the boy has been spared, and will, we trust, walk worthy of a father of whose memory he may well be proud.

Three great revival epochs mark the career of Thomas Hogg. Born about the time when the Kilmarnock awakening was giving birth to the Evangelical Union, he was brought to the Saviour, as we have seen, almost simultaneously with the outbreak of the great '59 revival. It was fitting that his death should coincide with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon that church, for which he had laboured and given himself even to the death. He had found the prayer-meeting rather a cold affair. Believing in physical warmth as well as spiritual, he had the meeting during the winter into his kitchen, and read stirring extracts from "The Christian." It will be easily understood that it was not the rant and animal display usual at revival gatherings for which his heart went out in prayer. If no one else understood him, God did. The answer came to his prayers in a way he little foresaw. After he was laid aside, evangelists came along to supply the pulpit. From his sick-chamber one might have heard the nightly tramping of crowds up to the little chapel. The awakening had begun

The desire of a lifetime was being granted. But it came too late. Soon Hogg was past hearing of it. The vigorous preaching and the bursts of song broke the stillness of those summer evenings, but poor Tom lay far beyond the reach of such sounds. Surely, blessed are they that die thus, for they rest from their labours, and they see, elsewhere, of the travail of their souls.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

THE REV. DANIEL CRAIG.



ONE who desires to form a just estimate of some noble river must go away back to its fountain-head, trace the nature of the channel along which its course lay, and mark the tributary streams of influence that have helped to swell its volume. In this way he will be able to understand how it became deep and broad, and mighty enough to carry on its bosom the commerce of a world. And a similar method, we think, might be found helpful in the study of any life. At least we will endeavour to adopt it, in the following sketch.

I. PARENTAGE AND EARLY HOME.

Daniel Craig, then,—we may say, in pursuance of our plan—was born in the Ayrshire town of Saltcoats, on the 22nd January, 1841. The home in which his early lot was cast, though humble, was truly pious. For, very shortly after the date just mentioned, both his parents became decided Christians; and their influence on the unfolding life of their son, seems always to have been of the sweetest and most ennobling kind. In after years he often gratefully and touchingly referred to this home influence. Writing from New York, on one occasion, he says:—"Thoughts of home and kindred are very cheering. A happy home is like a fountain, always sending forth a clear sweet stream, pleasant to taste, and beautiful to look upon."

And as a young speaker on "Glasgow Green," he thankfully felt what a blessing his parents had been to him. "Many a time"—he says, in writing to them—"I have seen the attentive look of my hearers, as I referred to a Christian father and mother, who prayed for me. It touches the young soul to speak of parents at home." His father was a hand-loom weaver, and—like many of this class—a well read, intelligent man. But, after his conversion, he was especially known in the district as an earnest Bible student, and a man of the



REV. DANIEL CRAIG.

most devout habits. With his wife—of whom the same loving testimony has been borne—he was in the habit of daily gathering his children around the family altar. And thus, in a home where the Bible was pre-eminently *the book*, where the atmosphere was sweetened with the incense of prayer, and where the watchful eye of love was ever upon him, the early days of Daniel Craig were passed. Well might he compare such a home to a pure, sweet fountain; and right noble and beautiful may we expect the stream to be that flows from such a source. For Robert Burns never wrote more truly than when he said—

“From scenes like these Old Scotia’s grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
‘An honest man’s the noblest work of God.’”

II. EARLY LIFE AND CONVERSION.

As a boy, Daniel was sent to Ardrossan Parish School, where he received instruction in the ordinary branches of an elementary education. But his father’s limited means could carry him no further; and, at an early age, he had to begin work as a weaver. By the time he was sixteen, however, he sought to improve his condition, and accordingly became an apprentice cabinet-maker in Saltcoats.

It was during the course of his apprenticeship that the west country was moved by the revival of 1859. At that time many religious meetings were held in and around Saltcoats; and great numbers were making a public profession of having experienced a spiritual change. Daniel himself was moved. Although highly moral, he had not hitherto been savingly converted. He was still conscious of the load of unforgiven sin. And he now felt the burden pressing on him all the more heavily from the fact that many of his companions were able to speak of “freedom from sin,” and to sing,—

“Oh, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away.”

He longed to share in this experience; but was still looking in the wrong direction for safety and peace. He made the common mistake of *looking within* and of *seeking to feel safe*, as a first experience, and as a token that all was well.

While in this state of mind, he attended a meeting held in the Arden Iron-work School-room, near Stevenston Railway Station. The preacher was the Rev. James Davidson, now of Tillicoultry, but then a student. After the meeting, he enjoyed the privilege of walking home to Saltcoats in Mr. Davidson's company. And it was in the course of *that* walk, while the preacher still further opened to him the Scriptures, that his heart began to burn with a new-born love to Christ. He was led to look from self to Jesus; to fix the eye of his mind on that Lamb of God who had taken away the sin of the world, and therefore his. Thus, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, *his* burden also rolled off at the foot of the Cross; he was born again at Calvary. Nor was he content, in any selfish spirit, merely to enjoy his new-found peace. Right on from that night, his heart burned, with a most intense desire, to make known to others the saving truth. Love to Christ, and to his fellow-men, became ever afterwards the ruling passion of his life.

III. REMOVAL TO GLASGOW.

His early Glasgow experiences may be quoted in proof of our last remark. For after working earnestly, from the time of his conversion, as a member of the church in Ardrossan (the Rev. A. Cross's), he at length removed, in the spring of 1861, to this great centre. His first object in removing was to finish his apprenticeship with a Glasgow tradesman. But it soon became evident that, though his hands were busy enough at his outward calling, his heart and mind were given to higher work. He felt it to be his duty to do all he could for the spiritual well-being of his fellow-men. Hence he soon began to speak on the Green, and to take part in kitchen prayer-meetings. The letters he sent home at this time show how deeply his heart was stirred, with the desire to make known the truth. In one of them, written after twelve o'clock at night, he says:—

“DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—I sit down to write after having been at a prayer-meeting in the Cowcaddens. It was not a very large one. We asked some people off the street, but they would not come. It is hard to get them to hear the gospel. How blind people are to their own interests. But

God's word shall not return to Him void. I expect to be at another meeting by the time you get this. Pray for me."

And in the same letter he says :—

"Dear Father, it becomes every Christian to give all his spare time to the work of Jesus. There are plenty of the unconverted for the other societies and pastimes of night, and I think we should keep as free as possible from mere worldly engagements, in our spare hours ; and give the first and best of our time to God, making our daily labour but a means of enabling us to fulfil our duty to God and to man."

Another extract from these early letters may be given, as showing the intense earnestness of that time. In fact we may with this end in view, transcribe, with very slight alterations, nearly the whole letter. The date is not fully given, but it must have been written within six months after his leaving home, and reads as follows :—

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—I received your last letter, and was glad that you could tell me of one being born to God. The leading of souls to Calvary is of all works the most honourable on earth. Angels can minister to the saved, and enjoy the company of the glorified ; but they cannot lead one sinner to Him who bore their griefs. Christians on earth, however, can point to the slain Lamb, and say, "Behold the Saviour !" Oh ! that Saviour ! What holy feelings fill the soul as His name is mentioned ! Our mind goes back to the time when we first felt its meaning. We well remember the flood of joy that filled our soul as He took possession ; and the peace since then enjoyed truly passeth understanding. What power, too, has His presence on our lives ! It changes the swearer into a man of prayer ; the liar into a lover of truth ; the miser into a benefactor ; the stubborn will it reduces to the meekness of a child ; for selfishness it substitutes self-denial ; for evil desires, holy thoughts ; for the fear of death, a glorious hope ; for the terrors of eternity, a sublime prospect of heavenly peace ; and for the dread of meeting God, a holy desire to be with him. Such are some of the changes our Saviour works on the souls of sinners. When I look on earth with its coldness, its hypocrisy, its deceit, its hatred of God and holiness, I am fairly sick of it. I long to burst my earthly fetters and

fly away to behold my God and Saviour—as He is the centre of heaven—but my Master's time is best. Meanwhile we have to wage exterminating war against every vice. Our weapons are spiritual and mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. Our ensign bears terror to all adversaries. Our colours are dyed in the red stream that flowed on Calvary. In our Leader's strength let us quit ourselves like men, and fighting fall. Then, though in the heat of battle the arrow of death pierce our heart, our spirit shall mount to the better land, where laurels of victory shall deck our brow, and heaven's plains echo with the song, 'See the conquering hero comes.'

“ ‘Onward, upward let us march,
The path is straight before us
Forward boldly let us march
Heaven is smiling o'er us.’

Your Son,—DANIEL CRAIG.”

The young man of twenty, who from the centre of a city could write home to his parents in this impassioned strain, evidently had a distinct vocation as a preacher. As yet, however, the way was not open for him to give himself entirely to that work. In fact, when the foregoing letter was written, he had not settled the important question as to which section of the church he would call his own. For, after his removal to Glasgow, he was puzzled on the question of Baptism; and hovered for a time between the Baptist denomination and the Evangelical Union. But even when he had decided to cast in his lot with the latter, he seems to have been uncertain for a little as to which congregation he should join. He laboured for a short time along with the Rev. Mr. Anderson's people—especially on the Green. He speaks of joining Dr. Ferguson's church. But he was finally led to connect himself with the N. Dundas Street congregation.

IV. LABOURS IN N. DUNDAS STREET MISSION.

The way in which Mr. Craig was led to make the decision just indicated is instructive, as showing how important in its issues the seemingly most trivial event may be. It came

about in this fashion. While his mind was still unsettled, he was sent out one day to do a piece of cabinet-work in the house of a worthy Evangelical Unionist, Mr. W. L. Balfour. The work to be done had some connection with a book-case. And the gentleman just named, seeing the young cabinet-maker's eye light up as he glanced over the shelves, asked the very natural question, "Are you fond of reading?" The reply was characteristic: "I like it," said Mr. Craig, "as cats like milk; I resort to it whenever I can get the chance, and feel that I grow thereby." While the work was being done, Mr. Balfour, sitting down at the harmonium, played and sang a few well-known E. U. hymns. He saw Mr. Craig was interested, and took the liberty of asking which church he attended. On learning that he was but recently come to the city, and was still "looking about" a little, Mr. Balfour gently pointed out the danger of having no settled connection, and affectionately invited him to come on the following Sabbath to N. Dundas Street. Mr. Craig promised to go, but something came in his way, and hindered him from keeping his promise. Mr. Balfour, however, called at the workshop during the week, and made a fresh tryst with him. On the following Sabbath morning, Mr. Balfour, having learned his address, called for him early, and took him to N. Dundas Street Church. In the interval of worship, he was introduced to Mr. And. Wallace, Superintendent of the Brunswick Street Mission School, as one likely to become a teacher. Thus was forged the first link, in that chain of circumstances, by which our brother was led to connect himself with Dr. Morison's church, and ultimately to become a minister of our Union. When speaking about this time of his life, he said to a friend,—“Balfour is a sort of Christian pirate; he sighted me at sea; he boarded and captured me, and towed me into port, putting me at once to labour—resistance being out of the question.” Mr. Balfour, hearing this, asked his forgiveness. By this time he was minister of the Hamilton church, and with a beaming face he said, “Yes, I forgive you, but, in this case, I cannot forget you; for Dundas Street has been the making of me, and I warmly thank you.” Let the teaching of this incident abide with us, and help us to remem-

ber, that no moment or opportunity of influencing an immortal spirit is unimportant. It may be the seed-time of eternal destinies.

Thus introduced to N. Dundas Street Church, Mr. Craig was soon taking an active part in the work of its Mission School. He not only taught a class, but he also visited the scholars in their homes, and spoke in Evangelistic meetings. In March, 1862, he wrote home, telling his parents of his spiritual work, and how he realised the strengthening power of prayer. "When I am weak," he says "then am I strong. To-night I could scarcely speak for coughing. But I would not yield, and God gave me strength." Writing home about six weeks later, he draws an interesting sketch of the kind of children amongst whom he laboured. "To-day," he says, "I was inquiring after one of my Sabbath scholars, who has been absent several nights. He is an orphan; and lived with a step-mother. His father died about two months ago. His step-mother was kind to him; and wrought hard for him, and for two children of her own. But one day, when alone in the house, he opened a chest, and took all the meat that was in the house, and went away for two days and nights. Then at one o'clock in the morning, he came back with a policeman. He had told the policeman that his step-mother would not let him into the house. She said she never put him out; but that he had opened the chest, and ran away with its contents. When he heard that he ran off again, and left the officer and his stepmother to do as they pleased. He has not come back since. This is but one of his doings. Now he roams the street learning crime. He is about twelve or fourteen years of age." And then he adds: "When I see and hear such misery, I am quite at a loss how to act. My desire is to save the vicious, to comfort the tried; but it is no easy matter; it makes me sad. I pity them from the depths of my soul."

In work like this much of his spare time was spent; but not the whole. For we learn that he was also an active member of a flourishing Mutual Improvement Association, connected with N. Dundas Street Church. In the spring of 1862, he was likewise in the habit of going to the lodgings of Mr. And. Wallace for the purpose of studying Latin. As the

result of this intercourse, both in the Mission School and in private, Mr. Wallace formed a very high opinion alike of his mental and of his moral characteristics. Speaking of the impressions made at that time, he says, "Mr. Craig had a large, capacious mind, and had he been spared, I have no doubt he would have developed into one of the ablest and best of our young ministers. . . . His mind was far above the common-place order. He did not copy the thoughts of others, but boldly struck out a course for himself, and in his thoughts stood face to face with God and his eternal truth."

Then as to his moral qualities, the opinion of his associate, during this period, is equally high. "I must candidly confess," says Mr. Wallace again, "that to me he was one of the noblest young men, morally, that I have ever met. He would not swerve a hair's-breadth from the path of duty. There was ever before him a grand moral purpose, which gave dignity to his whole demeanour, and was a continual rebuke to all frivolity or levity."

This same authority gives us an interesting glimpse into the secret source of all this goodness and worth. He says, "I remember once calling at his lodgings, just as he returned from work in the evening, and, before he took his tea or did any business, he asked me to kneel down with him while he engaged in prayer, as it was his invariable practice to do this on returning from his day's work." One need not be surprised to learn that Daniel thus prayerful and devout, like his great namesake in the olden time, had earnest longings after the higher work of the gospel ministry. He had, however, many difficulties to be overcome before this noble ambition could be gratified. One of these was the sordid question of ways and means—the financial difficulty. To help in solving it, and also for the benefit of his health, he made, during the year 1866, three voyages to New York, as carpenter on board the steamship "Caledonia." For a time, too, his modest nature held him back, and made him think that the position of a minister was one too high for him to reach. The fire hidden in his heart, however, would not let him rest. At length his mind was finally made up to go forward, and brave all the difficulties that might lie in the way of preparing himself for the work of the ministry.

V.—STUDENT LIFE.

This determination to become a student was carried into effect during 1868. In the August of that year, he entered the Academy along with other thirteen new students. Here are their names, as they occur in alphabetical order :—W. Arnott, G. Bell, A. Cossar, D. Craig, M. Dick, A. Denholm, —. Elphinstone, W. Hamilton, J. Howie, T. D. Hogg, J. Monie, J. H. Paterson, R. Snowdown, and W. Wyllie. Of these Elphinstone attended but one session; Howie never finished his course; M. Dick became an able minister in Australia, whither his health constrained him to go, and where he laboured successfully, until his strength failed, and finally succumbed in 1880; T. D. Hogg and D. Craig, after a short time of ministerial service, passed almost together into the rest of heaven; and the other nine still remain, in this spring of 1882, engaged in gospel work.

Writing home at the end of the first week after the opening of the Academy, D. Craig says truly of that year's students, the old as well as the new:—"There is a fine brotherly feeling amongst them all. . . . Our teachers are all courteous and sympathetic; and we all seem to love one another." Then on the 25th September he writes again:—"Both students and professors say that this has been a happy session. I have enjoyed it most thoroughly." This experience seems to have been continued all through his student life. Both in the Academy and in the University, he threw himself heartily into the work of self-culture and preparation. His earnestness and zeal in this respect may be judged from the fact that, when out preaching on the Sabbath—for he had been admitted to the preacher's list by the end of the first session—he would walk home in the evening from such a distance as Coatbridge, rather than miss a class on Monday morning. And in the last session of his curriculum, he wrote home to his parents the following estimate of his preparatory work:—"We have hard work at college; and I am getting quite a passion for books. You may think I spend too much on them; but that is really not the case. When I was a tradesman I felt the advantage of having good tools; and you know that I have even

more desire to be a good minister than ever I had to be a good tradesman; and as with tools, the greatest difficulty is at the outset, I cannot bear the idea of preaching at random. The interests at stake are too great to admit of indifference or culpable ignorance. I must, therefore, do all in my power to be all that I possibly can, in point of scholarship and general knowledge." The result of this devotion to work and duty was seen in the prize that he was able, notwithstanding his defective early training and his weekly preaching appointments, to carry off from the Moral Philosophy Class, at the close of his last session.

During the whole of his course as a student, he wrought very hard at his books. From the end of the first session of the Academy, he had also frequent preaching appointments. At the beginning of his curriculum, he likewise filled up part of the time with manual work, as a joiner in the yard of Barclay, Curle, & Co. This was the fashion in which he fought and overcame many of the difficulties that lay in his way. Let the young men, who have any desire to improve themselves, take heed to such an example. So long as they have health and head and hands, let them not sit idly bemoaning their lack of means and opportunities of attaining culture, scholarship, advancement. There is hardly any one who may not make for himself all the means and opportunities ever enjoyed by Daniel Craig—the poor but noble son of a handloom weaver.

VI.—PREACHING APPOINTMENTS.

As yet nothing has been said of his preaching ability, and character as a student preacher. We have seen that for piety, earnestness, and zeal in every good work, he was no ordinary young man. Each one of his fellow-students would also have been prepared to endorse the high estimate of his mental, as well as of his moral qualities, already given by Mr. Andrew Wallace. We were all won to love and respect him by the sweetness of his manner, the lofty elevation of his spirit, and the manifest improvement he had made as a student. And although we had never heard him preach, except in the way of giving his class exercises, we were quite sure that such a

man, with his calm deliberate utterance, must prove a most effective preacher.

Even as a student, his ability in this respect was made manifest in more places than one. In the August of 1868, he had preached with much acceptance in Strathbungo Parish Church, and was asked to come back again. At the Dalmuir weekly prayer-meetings, he was a great favourite. The remark of an old lady there reveals, in some measure, the secret of his power. "I'm sure," she said, "that Mr. Craig kens what he's speakin' aboot, for he mak's things sae clear and interestin' and life-like, that ye canna miss feelin' the truth o' what he says."

One of his earliest recess-preaching appointments, however, seems to have been to Dalmellington. Having been with the brethren of that church during part of the previous summer, he was again sent there for the five Sabbaths of October, 1870, the interval between the close of the Academy and the opening of the University. While at Dalmellington, in the summer, he wrote to his parents the following brief account of his work :—"As for myself," he says, "I preach five times a week : twice on the Sabbath, and three times during the week. . . . I can point to some fruit, so that I am not without encouragement in my labours." Then, on the 10th October, he writes from the same place :—"The work is progressing here. Last night we had the largest meeting that we have had yet, and there is evidence that good is being done. Yesterday we observed the Lord's Supper ; and one man sat down for the first time. He attributes the good he received to my preaching;" and at the close of the same letter, he casts further light on the secret of his good-doing and successful preaching ; for to *do* good, one must first of all *be* good ; and, to benefit others, the preacher cannot afford to forget himself. Mr. Craig's words are : "I preached last night on 'Christ and his disciples in the storm on the Sea of Galilee.' (Matt. viii. 26.) The sermon did me great good ; and the people were most attentive." "Yes, my brother," one is tempted to say, "you have caught the true secret of successful preaching ; for the sermon that does the preacher himself 'great good,' will seldom lack an attentive audience."

VII.—GOES TO HAMILTON.

The real scene of Daniel Craig's labours and successes, however, was to be in Hamilton, not Dalmellington. His first introduction to this church was in the beginning of May, 1871. From his letters, it appears that he found "the brethren somewhat disconsolate," and "matters in a very disjointed state." They were meeting at that time in a rather inconvenient and unapproachable hall, and the roll of membership had fallen below sixty. But Mr. Craig had not been long there before he could say, "To all appearance the tide has now taken the turn;" and again a couple of months later: "Matters are improving. There was a very interesting case of conversion reported a week ago. By the blessing of God, I was instrumental in leading that person to Jesus. We are visiting the members to see if we can raise as much as will warrant us in commencing building a chapel. I do hope we shall succeed."

This hope was soon, in some measure, to be realised; for by the time that the opening of the Academy again came round, to separate him for a season from the church at Hamilton, it had become evident that his labours there had not been in vain. The story, as to how this was shown, may be best told in his own words. Writing from Hamilton, 31st July, 1871, he says:—

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—The Academy opens to-morrow, and I am now preparing to go to Glasgow. Perhaps you would see a paragraph in the *Christian News* about a presentation to me in Hamilton. They gave me a book and a purse with ten sovereigns in it. Mr. Bathgate, of Kilmarnock, made the presentation. He is staying a few days in Mr. Drummond's, and, as he was present, he was asked to do this part of the work. I knew nothing about it, until Mr. Bathgate rose to present it; and I felt so overwhelmed with mingled gratitude and astonishment, that I had to go out of the room for a minute. I would have wept for joy. And all the people got affected as well. It was a strange meeting.

"Everything is now done with such right good-will that the whole affair was arranged between Sabbath and Thursday night. The people are in excellent spirits. Three persons were admitted to the fellowship yesterday.

"I am quite sure you will, like myself, be thankful to God for his blessing on my labours, and to the Hamilton people for their kindness. Such acknowledgments encourage me to work more cheerfully. No doubt, the great reward is in heaven. At the same time, it is a source of joy to know that there are grateful hearts around you on earth."

Oh! that men would be increasingly generous in thus scattering around them these "seeds of kindness," for thereby they would not only multiply such sources of joy to others, but also augment their own share of good.

VIII.—HAMILTON MINISTRY.

The settlement of Mr. Craig as minister of the E. U. Church, Hamilton—after the above-mentioned interesting meeting, and the successful work of the three months' summer recess—was only what might have been expected. This event took place after the Conference of 1871. Anxious for the actual work of the ministry, he then closed his theological course, by passing the required examination at the end of his fourth session.

He was ordained in the Town Hall, on the 26th October, 1871. The following ministers took part in the services :—The Rev. Dr. Morison presided; the Rev. Dr. Guthrie addressed the pastor; and the Rev. F. Ferguson, of Glasgow, addressed the congregation.

The Town Hall had been taken for the ordinary Sabbath services. And the church continued to meet there, morning and evening, till their new place of worship was erected. From the beginning Mr. Craig seems to have been blessed in his work. Almost every Sabbath, he had the unspeakable privilege of gathering some fruit. He was seldom without one or two persons who were anxiously seeking to know more clearly the way of life. With such persons he was in the habit of dealing most patiently. He would call on them once and again. Nor was he willing either to leave them, or to bring them into the fellowship of the church, until he had reason to believe that they knew the Saviour, and had peace with God. He was always most careful, and conscientious, in his personal dealing with the anxious and inquiring.

In the course of that first winter, he delivered what proved

to be an interesting series of Sabbath evening lectures on "The Prophets of Israel." Speaking of this series to a ministerial brother, who has since then become one of his successors—the Rev. G. Bell—he gives an interesting view at once of his method and of his aim, as well as of the estimate he had formed of his work. He says: "I began with Moses, and went on to Malachi. There were in all twenty-eight lectures. Of course, I neither did nor could enter critically into questions that are started by many objectors, but confined myself to the facts of their lives as given in the Bible and in Josephus. I tried on all occasions to preach the gospel, and to send home to my hearers the example of those holy men of God, who give us some of our most sublime descriptions of God and of Christ, and who, without fear or compromise, preached the truth as God gave it to them. Indeed, I find that as far as my preaching is concerned, the best plan is to bring up some man, acting in the way we wish ourselves and our hearers to act. Hence the prophets presented a fertile field of illustration every Sabbath evening.

"I find it exceedingly difficult to make a doctrinal discourse interesting. Perhaps one reason is because I cannot "spice" it with loud denunciations of those who differ in opinion. But I suppose there are few men who are such proficient masters of doctrinal points, as to make them alone entertaining to an audience of working people.

"The best plan for me is the practical. And I am considering at present the advisability of giving a series of lectures on the Covenanters. Man is interested in man. And it is always more interesting to see principle in operation, in the life and sufferings of a good man, than simply to hear it stated in so many words. You are in one of the hot-beds of the Covenant. Sanquhar and its declaration became famous in those days.

"Your intention of recruiting on Saturday is very good. I have an immense deal of work, and generally find that all Sabbath's work must be prepared on Friday and Saturday. This must be mended, however, because my sermons are not at all to my mind. They are too crude, and not sufficiently imprinted on my memory. I shall try to get them prepared

in the beginning of the week, instead of at the end, so that my mind may have a better grip of them, when I go to the pulpit.

"As to a course of study, my work has determined that to a considerable extent. I read all I could lay my hands on about the Prophets and the Jews. So if I attempt a series of discourses on the Covenanters, I shall study all I can find relating to them. Now and then I take a sip of some outside work, such as Max Müller's 'Lectures on Language.' But I do not find myself able at present to follow out any line of study which is independent of my general work." Yours in Jesus, DANIEL CRAIG."

The "general work," referred to above, included a very active part in everything connected with the Temperance reformation. Very soon after his settlement, he threw himself heartily into this good work. At that time, the Good Templar movement was spreading fast in the district. In it, he took a very lively interest, and we hear of him being at Bellshill, Cambuslang, Carluke, Motherwell, and other places in the neighbourhood, advocating the cause of Temperance, and helping to found and to strengthen Good Templar Lodges. His zeal for the work in other places, however, did not lead him to forget Hamilton. As often as the Licensing Court came round he was there to plead against the extension, and for the restriction, of the liquor traffic. He was thus felt to be a power for good on behalf of Temperance; and doubtless his efforts in this direction tended to the increase and strengthening of his church. For, on the one hand, some earnest Temperance people felt drawn to him for his work's sake, and, on the other, not a few of those, who had been reclaimed by his instrumentality, very naturally sought for themselves the further help that his ministry could give.

But while thus busy, lecturing on the Prophets, advocating the cause of Temperance, and visiting a great deal, the new chapel was likewise being hastened forward. On the 5th March, 1872, the foundation stone was laid, and by that time, with the help of a few friends, he had been successful in raising £500—a fair proportion of the total expense of the building.

The new chapel was at length opened, on the 20th October, 1872, and here he continued to work with the same energy,

zeal, and well-directed wisdom as had marked his ministry in the Town Hall. Here, also, the same blessing followed. In each department of church effort the fruit of his labours was apparent. The growing congregation testified to the continued interest that was felt in his pulpit ministrations, and the increasing roll of church members bore witness to the stability and reality of the work done. For Mr. Craig was no mere popular preacher, who may draw and amuse the crowd for an hour, and yet fail to make any lasting impression. As a preacher he was more characterised by freshness and vigour of thought than by the power of rhetoric and declamation. He prepared his sermons and prayer-meeting addresses as carefully as his other engagements would permit, and they were delivered with earnestness and unction. But, as he himself said, he was always eminently and intensely practical. Like every true minister, he sought first and constantly Christ's glory in the rescue of the perishing, and in the upbuilding of his people.

A number of earnest young men soon began to be drawn around him. For their benefit he taught a week-night Bible Class, and even the children in the Sabbath School got their own share of his earnest care and attention. Thus, with his Bible Class on the Tuesday night, a Templar meeting on Wednesday night, the Church prayer-meeting on Thursday, and a district kitchen meeting on Friday evening, together with the constant visitation of the sick and the sinful that he kept up, as well as all his pulpit and Temperance work, we need hardly wonder that the frail flesh began at length to fail, and to show signs of weakness.

IX.—HOW THE END CAME.

The story of his illness and last days is soon told. Something went wrong with his wrist or hand. At first it seemed but a trifling injury, and he preached for a time with his arm in a sling; but the disease proved itself to be more deeply rooted than had been supposed. As his weakness continued to increase, and the symptoms of his trouble became more alarming, he was sent by some friends in the church to Skelmorlie. Subsequently he went to Saltcoats, but at length he

returned to Hamilton, not able to say that he felt any better. He still clung to the hope, however, that the Lord would yet restore him to his former sphere of usefulness. On the first Sabbath after his return from Saltecoats, he presided at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and took the opportunity of saying how much he longed again to occupy the pulpit, and speak to the people the word of life. But this was not to be. On that day his weakness was so great that he had to lean heavily on the arm of a friend, and to rest himself in the house of Mr. James Semple, while on the way home. Ever afterwards his disease continued to develop with increased rapidity, and was soon known to be a pronounced case of that fell foe—consumption.

Throughout his illness, even to the very end, however, he retained a singularly calm, peaceful, yet triumphant, frame of mind. His faith in the righteousness and goodness of God never faltered. He was able to leave himself and his—for by this time he was married to Miss Binnie, and had been blessed with a fine little boy—resignedly in the Saviour's hands. Even in his own illness he saw only a means of exalting the more highly the name and character of God. Speaking of it one day to a friend, he said: "God, we see, has such respect for all his laws, physical as well as spiritual, that if, even in his service, we transgress them, we must suffer for it. In my eager desire to carry on his work, I have broken the laws of health; hence my present weakness." Thus, so far from murmuring, he was rather inclined to justify God, and to blame himself. Dearly as he loved his work, and the habitation of God's house here, he could yet look calmly at the prospect of leaving it all—assured that he was going to be with Jesus, which was far better.

As an instance of how he could give expression to this Christian sentiment, we may listen to a brief conversation that took place between himself and Mr. W. L. Balfour, during one of his visits to the church. They had taken a walk as far as the Cemetery. Their way homeward lay past the church door. Mr. Craig had the key in his pocket. They entered to rest, and, sitting down in the pulpit, to look round them for a time. On the way they had passed two girls, one of whom re-

marked to the other, "Look, there's the bonnie minister." And here we may say, in justification of the girl's remark, that, with his raven locks, and fair, open brow; his flushed cheeks, and calm, dignified look; his erect form, graceful shoulders, and manly carriage, Mr. Craig was really of very prepossessing appearance. But, returning to Mr. Craig and his friend, sitting in the pulpit, we might have overheard the following conversation:—"Did you hear what the lassie said?" asks Mr. Balfour. He smiles, and says, "Oh, yes, but 'favour is deceitful and beauty is vain,' unless it be here (looking round the chapel), for 'strength and beauty are within thy holy temple.'" Then, after a short pause, he adds with great feeling, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house." He is now trembling a great deal, and after a further pause he says very earnestly to his friend, "But I feel I must leave it soon." "Nay," answers Mr. Balfour, "thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. The Master will say unto thee, 'Friend, come up higher,' and thou shalt have honour of all them that sit with thee." Another thoughtful, solemn pause, and then we hear the voice of Mr. Craig, tremulous with emotion, saying, "How truly is our God the God of all consolation."

To the very last he felt the preciousness of this Divine consolation. When no longer able to speak much, he still received the friends who visited him, with a pleasant smile. When dying, he said to his mother, "Mother, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." And to a brother at sea his final message was, "Tell him to meet me in heaven; I will be waiting for him." But at length the pleasant smiles, the parting words, the farewell messages, came to an end, and the freed spirit of our brother took its flight to the glory-land. On the morning of the 5th August, 1874, he gently fell asleep in Jesus.

Thus passed away, at the early age of thirty-three, one who was in his *character* eminently devout, sensitively conscientious, singularly inoffensive, specially true and noble; in his *work* honest, painstaking, orderly, enthusiastic, and successful; and in his *influence* winning, attractive, elevating, ever

appealing to the nobler elements in his fellow-men whilst here, and, now that he is gone, still cherished as a fragrant memory, a purifying power, in many a heart. At the time it occurred, his death made a profound impression on the whole community. He was greatly respected, and lovingly lamented, by many outside of his own church and denomination. He was buried with all the honours that the church, the Good Templars, and the public could confer upon him—an exceptionally large company following his body to the grave. From a short paragraph, published in the local paper, we learn that appropriate services were conducted in the church by the Rev. Professors Taylor and Hunter, and by the Rev. R. Craig, then of Glasgow, now of Manchester. But at the grave, Brother the Rev. Wm. Halliday read, in a most impressive manner, the very beautiful Ritual prescribed by the Good Templar Order.

A very handsome monument, raised by public subscription, still marks the site of his grave, and tells, to the thoughtful reader, the story of his good works and faithful services. But by far the sweetest memorial he has left is to be seen in the goodly edifice, the result of his efforts; and in the respectable and still flourishing church, greatly quickened and strengthened by his labours. Referring to his death, a short time afterwards, the Rev. Dr. Ferguson said, with much pathetic truth, that he knew of no young man to whom he could more fittingly apply the sacred words: "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

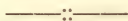
We need only say further that his dear wife, who nursed him during his last illness with truly affectionate care; and his sainted father, who at the end was "wearying a wee to see Daniel," have both gone to be with him, and with the Saviour whom they all loved. May his boy, who is still spared, and all his friends and admirers, strive to press forward on the same path as that in which he trod—the path of faithful, loving, loyal service to Christ—then they also will rejoin his company at "the shining of the river that flows by the throne of God."

WILLIAM WYLLIE.



REV^d DAVID DRUMMOND.

THE REV. DAVID DRUMMOND.



AS we write these lines, we have before us four portraits of our departed brother, each taken at a different period in his ministerial career. One of them reveals him at full length, and judging from his relation to the table in front of him, and the chair behind him, his physical stature shows that he did not belong to the race of giants. On the other hand, as we gaze intently on the head, with its lofty brow, its piercing eyes, and its closely set lips, we at once conclude that our friend must not be measured by inches, but by the measure of his soul. He was in all respects a manly little man. He abhorred meanness, turned away from vanity and sensationalism, and was ever ready to stamp down whatever was opposed to righteousness and magnanimity. He was naturally diffident and retiring, but when the bugle was sounded for the battle, he was ready to rush into the thickest of the fight, and do his part with unflinching courage. He was most obliging in his disposition, unwearied in his zeal, indomitable in his perseverance, and thoroughly loyal to the voice of conscience. His bald head, and sombre face crossed with spectacles, might at first lead a stranger to think that his religion was dull and cheerless, but whenever the springs in his heart were tapped, even but gently, then would the little man's face brighten up with a celestial radiancy, and the flow of words would tell, in language clear and forcible, that his inner Christian experience was calm and joyful.

While we say all this, and while we could say even more in the way of commendation, we do not assert that Mr. Drummond was without a fault. The best of men are but men at the best. But this we unhesitatingly say, that he was not blind to his own shortcomings, and that he therefore looked with all the greater eagerness to Him whose blood cleanseth

from every sin. He never spoke, and he never acted as if he believed he "were already perfect." The aim of his life might be expressed in the words of Paul, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

HIS EARLY LIFE.

In the town of Leith, on the 1st of September, 1806, David Drummond was born. It was a time of national stir and excitement. The war-ships of England and France were often in deadly conflict with each other. The year before, the great victory at Trafalgar was gained by Nelson. When the child was being carried in his mother's arms, Hugh Miller would be four years of age; and Dr. Thomas Guthrie, who rose to the highest height of popularity as a preacher, would be in his third year. In 1806, David Scott, the eminent Scottish painter, was born; and the first volume of poems by James Montgomery, the religious poet, was published in the same year. In the following year Longfellow was ushered into existence; and, in 1810, the sound of Alfred Tennyson's voice would be first heard.

Mr. Drummond's parents were God-fearing persons. They raised within their humble home the family altar, around which the Bible was reverently read, psalms, to the ever-recurring tune of "Stroudwater," were sung, and fervent prayers were lifted up to the God of Jacob. The singing and the praying on these occasions often made the youthful David's eyes moist with tears. The family were most exemplary in their attendance at the church—the Established Church. As the child grew up into boyhood, we can picture him receiving his first lessons in the rudiments of an English education; and we can picture him struggling to commit to memory some of the hard, knotty pages in the "Shorter Catechism." Not being disposed to mingle with other children in their harmless games, we can follow him as he walks by the seashore, as he watches the ships floating on the waters, as he surveys the distant hills of Fifeshire, and as he beholds the fishermen coming into the old harbour with their well-filled boats. We can

follow him as he wends his way up Leith Walk on a visit to Edinburgh, how he would feast his eyes on the Castle, perched on its craggy height, on the lofty houses in the Old Town, and on Arthur's Seat, towering gracefully to the east of the metropolitan city. All these sights would have their influence on the active mind of the little boy.

At twelve years of age, he was induced to attend a Wesleyan School, which met on the Sabbath morning. He was here privileged with a teacher who was not slow to speak personally to his scholars about spiritual things. In after life, he looked back with unmingled delight to the valuable instruction he received while sitting at the feet of that devoted Christian man.

AMONG THE PRESBYTERIANS.

From what we have already learned, we are not astonished to find Mr. Drummond, at the early age of sixteen, exceedingly anxious to become a member of a Christian church. What church shall he join? He could not see it to be his duty, with the views he then entertained, to seek admission into the National Church of Scotland. He became interested in the ministrations of the late Dr. Francis Muir—who was ordained a few months before this, in 1823—pastor of the Junction Road Relief Church (now United Presbyterian). After passing through the usual course of examination, he was enrolled a member of that church. The pastor was very kind to our friend, for which kindness he was truly grateful. Yet at this time, though uniformly well-behaved, he was not enjoying the peace that passeth all understanding. His mind was distressed—more so on Sabbath, and still more so on Communion Sabbaths. Happily, he was brought into contact with a man selling books, from him he bought James Harvey's "Theron and Aspasia." Prayerfully did he turn over its pages, and very soon did he enter into the enjoyment of gospel rest. He saw what Martin Luther saw, that Christ had provided a robe of perfect righteousness for him. "He hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (2 Corinthians v. 21).

The lamp of God's own truth illuminating his mind gave him a fresh impulse. He could not be idle. After the toil of

the day was over—he was by trade a tailor—he devoted himself with increasing enthusiasm to useful work in and out of church. He and another like-minded friend started a Sabbath-school, and carried it on for some years. He visited the sick and the dying. He took part in prayer-meetings. The first little sermon he preached was on these words in Luke xv. 10, “Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” He was a painstaking student of Holy Scriptures; his mind became more developed, and his religious opinions became clearer and more comprehensive. He began to see that certain portions of the Confession of Faith did not square with the teachings of God’s Word, and his veneration for that document of the seventeenth century gradually lessened. He was elected to the eldership. He was obliged to decline the honour, for he could not conscientiously sign the Confession. Soon after this the tie that bound him to the Junction Road Church was broken. We may here state that he was married on the 26th March, 1832, to Margaret Dickie, also born in 1806, and for the long period of thirty-seven years she shared in his joys and sorrows. They had a family of ten, most of whom still survive.

AMONG THE METHODISTS.

Mr. Drummond had two brothers connected with what was then called the Wesleyan Association Church. One of these brothers is, we understand, now a minister in the United States. This denomination, with its more liberal, and, as he believed, more scriptural theology, gave a cordial welcome to our friend. Within its borders, and under its auspices, he found many opportunities for doing his Master’s will. One Sabbath afternoon he was unexpectedly called upon to fill the pulpit. He braved the duty. His text was, “The unsearchable riches of Christ.” The people were stirred and thrilled under that sermon. He was soon advanced to the position of a local preacher, and his services were much appreciated. In 1841 he was called to take charge of a small mission church meeting in the Croft Hall, Kilmarnock. He responded to the invitation, and accordingly removed his family to that thriving town.

THE ATONEMENT CONTROVERSY.

The Rev. Dr. James Morison was ordained pastor of the United Secession Church in Clerk's Lane, Kilmarnock, a year before the settlement of Mr. Drummond in the same town. Ayrshire and many other parts of Scotland were being aroused in regard to some of the leading doctrines of Christianity. A spirit of inquiry was abroad. The pamphlets and books, bearing on the controversy, issued at that time had an extensive circulation, and especially those written by Dr. Morison and Dr. John Kirk, then pastor of the Congregational Church in Hamilton. Some of these books were purchased by Mr. Drummond, and were carefully perused by him. As might be expected from the progress he had hitherto made in studying the Confession of Faith, and in comparing it with the Bible, his sympathies went with the so-called heretics. In March, 1841, Dr. Morison was brought before the Kilmarnock Presbytery, tried, and suspended from the ministry. He was charged, among other things, with teaching that Christ made atonement for all men equally. Against this decision he appealed to the Synod, which, however, on the 11th June following, continued his suspension. He protested against this decision, and declared that he would still preach the same doctrines. Though Dr. Morison was declared no longer a minister of the United Secession Church, and though "all ministers and preachers in this church must consider themselves prohibited from preaching for Dr. Morison, or employing him in any of their public ministrations," the great majority of the members of Clerk's Lane Church rallied lovingly round their persecuted pastor. The labours of Dr. Morison in Kilmarnock and in the surrounding villages were continued with greater zeal than ever. At the regular services on Sabbath, and at the Monday evening meeting, the accommodation of the chapel was taxed to its utmost capacity. Multitudes from far and near came to hear the simple gospel expounded, hundreds above hundreds waited for conversation, and only the great day will fully disclose the number who were converted. Mr. Drummond's own duties prevented him from visiting Clerk's Lane on the Sabbath, but almost every Monday night found him an attentive listener at the feet of Dr. Morison.

In May, 1843, the Evangelical Union was formed by Dr. Morison, Rev. Robert Morison, Rev. A. C. Rutherford, Rev. Dr. John Guthrie, and a few delegates from churches. The names of the three last-mentioned ministers had been also deleted from the ministerial roll of the Secession Church for alleged heresy. Not many weeks after this interesting and important event, on a Communion Sabbath, when the Clerk's Lane Church was packed with earnest worshippers, a number of friends from Galston and other villages were compelled to stand outside. Becoming aware of this fact, Dr. Morison recommended those who were crowded out to go over to the Croft Hall and they would hear Mr. Drummond preach the same doctrines. A goodly number did go. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." This little incident furnished the link by which Mr. Drummond became a minister of the Evangelical Union. The Galston friends having been delighted with what they heard that day, went home with a good report of his ability and eloquence.

In August the first session of the Evangelical Union Theological Hall was opened, the only professor being Dr. Morison. There were four public students—Robert Hunter, late Professor of Hebrew in the same Hall; Alexander M. Wilson, now pastor of the church in Bathgate; Henry Melville, now a minister in the United States; and James M'Millan, who died in 1849. Mr. Drummond attended the Hall as a private student during the first three sessions.

HIS ORDINATION AT GALSTON.

The Evangelical Unionists in Galston, having organised themselves into a church, met regularly in a hall which was made out of two weavers' shops. They (membership, 60) gave a cordial call to Mr. Drummond (now 37 years of age) to become their pastor, which he accepted. The 19th September, 1843, was the day fixed for his ordination. This being the first ordination in the history of the Evangelical Union, a vast amount of interest was awakened by the event. The weather was most propitious, and the attendance of people was immense. A temporary platform was erected in a field at the head of Orchard Street. The venerable Rev. R. Morison, of Bathgate,

presided. The scene was a memorable one. Weavers were there with their snowy-white aprons, miners were there in their holiday attire, farmers were there with their weather-beaten faces, merchants were there from Kilmarnock (some five miles distant), and homely dressed women from all the districts around. The village, with its thatched houses, lay in its rural beauty along the left bank of the Irvine. Away to the north, yonder are seen

“Loudon’s bonnie woods and braes.”

The services were exceedingly solemn, and the addresses given by the various ministers were thrilling and appropriate.

Mr. Drummond entered upon his pastoral labours with great enthusiasm. He officiated three times every Sabbath, addressed a devotional meeting on Monday evening; preached in some country place—frequently in Darvel and Newmilns—on the Tuesday evening; conducted the prayer-meeting on the Wednesday evening, and assisted the Sabbath-school teachers in preparing their lesson on Thursday evening. In addition to his work in Galston, we find from the early records, that he was frequently invited to take part in evangelistic services in different parts of the country. In June, 1845, we find him preaching in Cumbernauld. During the three years of his pastorate much good was accomplished. The members of the church, being full of their first love to Jesus, nobly supported their minister in all his efforts to bring sinners to the knowledge of the saving truth. Some of the sermons preached by our brother are remembered to this day by a few of the old members. Two of the sermons are specially remembered as having been richly permeated with the glorious gospel; they were on the texts, “Mighty to save,” and Christ “that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.” We have met with some who were baptized by Mr. Drummond in Galston, one—the first he baptized there—bears his own name, and another is one of our nearest relatives. At the second Conference of the Union, which met at Bathgate in 1844, our brother was admitted as a minister. The new chapel was opened by Rev. Dr. Morison on the 18th May, 1845. In their report to the third Conference, which met in Falkirk, June

16th to 20th, 1845, the Galston brethren reported a membership of 104.

HIS LABOURS IN AIRDRIE AND WICK.

By the devotedness and liberality of a few Christians, a church was formed in Airdrie in 1845. In the autumn of 1846, the members invited Mr. Drummond to become their under-shepherd. He responded to their call, and was forthwith introduced to his new flock by the Rev. Robert Morison. He toiled away there with assiduous zeal for eighteen months. Powerful sermons were preached by him not only in Airdrie, but in some of the surrounding places, such as Coatbridge, Whifflet, Calderbank, and Chapelhall. As pastor, Mr. Drummond sent a report to the fifth Conference, which met in the Old Low Church, Paisley, September 22nd to 24th, 1847 (the fourth Conference met in Greenock in 1846). In that report the work of the year is reviewed in a humble and candid manner. Thirty-eight members were added to the roll. It was at this Conference in Paisley our brother received the highest honour the Union could bestow on him—viz., his election to the President's chair.

In the spring of 1848 he was induced to visit the town of Wick, where an E. U. Church had been in existence for two years. After preaching there for four Sabbaths, he received a unanimous and pressing invitation to take the pastoral oversight of the valorous little band. Three reasons constrained him to give an affirmative answer:—1. It offered an interesting and extensive field of labour. Many were willing to hear the gospel, and a spirit of serious inquiry seemed to prevail in the district. 2. The cause, owing to its great distance from the centre of the movement, had suffered much from want of regular supply. 3. From what he had seen and heard of the members of the church, he felt convinced that he would be cordially supported in his ministrations. The congregation met in a hall, capable of seating 800, up till 1851, when a commodious sanctuary was erected. This was the second chapel built under the auspices of Mr. Drummond within six years. We question if this can be said to the praise of any other ministerial brother in the denomination. As an illustra-

tion of his isolation in Caithness—far from any other E. U. brother—we may mention the following interesting incident. One of his daughters, born on 11th August, 1848, required to be baptized. Who was to perform the ceremony? Mrs. Drummond courageously held up the babe before the whole congregation, and the father himself sprinkled the water. During his five years' pastorate among the vigorous and hearty fishermen of Wick our brother had many things to cheer, and a few things to sadden him.

OTHER FIELDS OF LABOUR.

Our ministers in those days had many trials to endure. Though they conscientiously endeavoured to make known to their fellow-creatures the simple gospel truth, the whole gospel truth, and nothing but the gospel truth, they were misunderstood and misrepresented. They were nearly every where spoken against, and from some pulpits they were denounced as dangerous teachers. In the midst of almost overwhelming difficulties, these valiant servants of God, unmurmuringly, and in much patience, stood by their colours. Each one might confess, "that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers." Besides these ecclesiastical tribulations, many of our ministers had domestic tribulations, tribulations arising from the stern realities of a very limited income. The members of our churches were, as a rule, working people, some with small wages, and although they gave liberally Sabbath after Sabbath for the support of their minister, the stipend was humiliatingly small. How the wives of these pastors toiled and suffered, and how their children were fed and clothed and schooled will, we fear, never be fully told in this world.

The terrible struggles and distracting carefulness which not a few of these pastors experienced, prevent us from wondering at the frequency of ministerial changes in the earlier years of the Union's history.

In 1853 Mr. Drummond removed to Huddersfield. This was a bound from the extreme north of our denominational borders to the extreme south. We have no information about his labours in this Yorkshire town. Perhaps, with his pro-

minent national characteristics, he would not feel quite at home away to the south of the Tweed. It may be of interest, however, to state, that in 1856—two years after Mr. Drummond left—an elegant chapel was built in George Street, but owing, we presume, to the difficulty of providing E. U. preachers at such a distance from the Theological Hall in Glasgow, the members of the church a few years after identified themselves with the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

After leaving Huddersfield he supplied the Independent Church in Cambuslang for some months. Here his pulpit ministrations were highly valued. Some of the old friends remember well a lecture he gave in the Parish Church on a week evening. The subject of the lecture was "Religion and Science," and the chairman—the late Rev. J. S. Johnston, D.D.—complimented the lecturer for the able and interesting manner with which he had dealt with his theme. Between 17th June, 1855, and 30th November, 1856, he was in Shotts, during which period the family resided in Glasgow. After Shotts he was pastor for two years of the Second Church (the First Church was then in Reform Street) in Dundee.

In December, 1858, he commenced his labours in Carluke. During the summer of 1859 he addressed many open-air meetings in the districts around the town. Deep impressions were made, and some were "born again." Five or six weekly prayer meetings were held under the auspices of the pastor. As there was no church in Wishaw at that time, a few Evangelical Unionists travelled regularly from that town to Carluke, that they might enjoy the ministrations of our brother.

BELLSHILL.

On Sabbath, 1st April, 1860, Mr. Drummond was inducted to the pastorate of the Church in Bellshill. This was his longest pastorate. For eleven years and three months he toiled with unswerving fidelity, and his labours were crowned with a large measure of prosperity. His health was vigorous, his sermons were able and full of the gospel, his addresses at the various prayer meetings were refreshing, his talks to the children in the Sabbath-school were interesting, and his prelections in the Bible-class were truly edifying. His name

was a household word in the locality. His earnest voice was often heard in Holytown, Carfin, Motherwell, and Nackerty. He was much respected, and enjoyed the friendship of some of the ministers of other demoninations in the district. At first one of these ministers warned his people against attending any of Mr. Drummond's meetings, but that animosity soon disappeared. On several occasions that same minister exchanged pulpits with our brother. On the 25th January, 1866, he was presented with two pairs of gold-mounted spectacles as a token of regard by the members of the church in Bellshill. The presentation was made at a largely attended social meeting—the Sabbath-school annual soiree. Every one was happy, but our brother was the happiest of all, as might be inferred from the following poetical piece which he recited. We give it without abridgement, believing that it reveals in an interesting manner some of the humorous yet spiritual features of the man's character:—

Dear Friends, your gift I reckon kind—

Your good-will it expresses ;

My wishes best are now combin'd

With thanks for these my Glasses.

We're met to-night our God to praise—

To help the Sabbath classes ;

And as to heaven our hearts we raise,

We'll not forget the Glasses.

Truth, golden truth, is ever clear,

And suits men of all classes ;

More golden still it must appear,

When seen through golden Glasses.

My aim shall be to know it well—

It bears on all that passes,

To men around I'll joy to tell,

What I see through my Glasses.

The time will come—that Jordan cross'd,

Through which each traveller passes,

On earth's rough waves no more I'm tossed,

I'll need no more my Glasses.

Among the glorious hosts on high—

Yon ransomed, holy masses—

Nought e'er can be to dim the eye,

Or cause the use of Glasses.

From thence my thoughts to earth may stray,
And see my lads and lasses,
And hear some one exulting say—
“These are my father’s Glasses.”

When we all meet in yonder throng,
Which all our thoughts surpasses;
More sweet, more loud, may be our song,
As we think on the Glasses.

It was in the Bellshill E. U. manse on the 25th November, 1869, that his beloved wife finished her course and fell asleep in Jesus.

SHOTTS—HIS LAST PASTORATE.

It is not a thing of general occurrence for a minister to be invited to return a second time to the pastorate of the same church. In the summer of 1871, Mr. Drummond, after an absence of fifteen years once more became the pastor of the church in Shotts. A few of the members, who enjoyed his ministrations during his former pastorate, were delighted to have the opportunity of sitting again at his feet. One veteran member, since deceased, used to say of our brother that he seemed to be up in heaven during the week, and came down on Sabbath to give them the gladsome news. How sweet to that respected member must have been the services on the Lord’s day, and how highly he must have esteemed his pastor as an ambassador for Christ, when he felt constrained to express himself in such a beautifully affectionate manner. Mr. Drummond gave on the Sabbath evenings a course of well-prepared lectures on the Pilgrim’s Progress. These lectures attracted large audiences. He was elected a member of the Parish School Board in 1873. His vigour and sprightliness began to wane during his arduous labours in Shotts. At times, taking gloomy views of the state of the church, he became very depressed in spirit. Notwithstanding the kindly feeling manifested towards him by the members, he began to think he needed more rest than he could obtain there, and that a change for him was absolutely necessary. He concluded his labours in November, 1874, having accepted a call to the church in Westhill, near Aberdeen. Man proposes, but God disposes. As will be seen from the last page

of our sketch, the call to the Church above came to him when he was on his way to that northern village.

HIS SERMONS.

Mr. Drummond was most conscientious in preparing his sermons. As a general rule he began his preparations on Monday, and had all finished by the Friday evening. Saturday was spent in a free and easy manner, reading, for example, *The Christian News* and other periodicals and magazines. He had little or no difficulty in committing his discourses to memory. Reading his manuscript, which was closely written in small characters, once over on the Sabbath morning, was sufficient to give him confidence and freedom of delivery. Towards the latter years of his life he had upwards of fifty sermons in his memory, any one of which he could utilise when necessary. When officiating in a strange pulpit, he was never sure what he would preach on, till he got a sight of the people.

What was the character of his sermons? They were pre-eminently and always evangelical. He "determined not to know anything among men, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." He abhorred sensationalism, and he never tried to please those with "itching ears." His constant aim was to make plain the way to a true peace, to a noble life, and to a celestial destiny. All his illustrations were designed to magnify the glorious gospel of the blessed God. As he grew in years the conviction deepened in him, that the need of sin-polluted and law-condemned men was only to be found in the precious blood of Jesus Christ. He was a diligent and pains-taking student of the Bible. His discourses were made to gush out of the passages chosen. He invariably stuck to his text, and opened it up in a lucid, deeply interesting manner. To the listeners the verse became more and more attractive, more and more luminous. We have met with many who remember with remarkable vividness and with a sort of tumultuous joy some of his sermons. How many can speak of his sermons on these words in Isaiah lxiii. 1, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness

of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." How very many still speak of his singularly felicitous and thrilling sermon on these words in Rev. iv. 3, "And there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald." We subjoin a few sentences here of the latter sermon, which had a second edition published in 1865. "The rainbow forms a complete circle. In this it differs from the rainbow of nature. The rainbow in the heavens is always only a half circle, and could not go round about anything. The rainbow in connection with the government of God goes round and round the throne. There is much force and beauty in this. It represents the universal character of the atoning work of Jesus. God, in looking from his throne upon man, sees him through the rainbow, whichever way he turns. . . . Everywhere God sees man lost, ruined, undone; but everywhere he sees him as a being whose sins have been atoned for by Jesus."

What was the character of his preaching? It was good, ever good. He was a born preacher. He was seen at his best in the pulpit, which was at once his throne and his home. He had neither a commanding appearance nor great oratorical talents, but he was able by his intense earnestness and lively animation to stir and thrill the hearts of his hearers. Sometimes he rose to great heights of rapture, and on these occasions the people would become fired with an enthusiasm that could drive all before it. One day he was preaching from Romans v. 7, "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die," and at the close a man who was deeply touched rose and said, "Let us pray." The man himself led in a fervent and solemn prayer. An old Evangelical Unionist told us that he never went to hear Mr. Drummond without getting good; he was sure to hear something he never heard before. Another brother told us how he remembered, with pleasure, his lectures on Old Testament prophecy. Before the days of the Evangelical Union he supplied the pulpit of his brother-in-law, John Duncan, who was at that time a Chartist preacher in Dundee. After the sermon an old woman came running after him and said, "Eh, man, that's a grand gospel 'at ye preach. Could ye no come aye an' preach to us?"

PASTORAL VISITATION.

The natural diffidence, which characterised Mr. Drummond, made pastoral visitation not so congenial to him. He felt uncomfortable when he entered a house and found the mother engrossed in the whirl of household duties. His modesty and gentleness caused him to shrink back, as if he were guilty of the sin of intruding without a right. Even when the family were aware of his coming, and ready to welcome him with the utmost cordiality, he would act like a dumb man; often for a painfully long time perfect silence would reign. It was like drawing water from a deep well to get him to start a friendly conversation. The maturity of years did not seem to remove this deficiency in his pastoral work. During a course of revival meetings in Ayr many years ago, the Rev. Hugh Riddell endeavoured to work improvements on Mr. Drummond in this respect, but in vain. It is said that these two were distributing tracts; the latter brother declined to go alone—when Mr. Riddell, coming to a certain door, said to the housewife, “Here is the minister who is to preach to-night in such a hall; I’ll just leave him to talk the matter over with you for a little,” and before Mr. Drummond had time to think of his predicament Mr. Riddell was hastening on to the next house! When the talk was once set a-going, Mr. Drummond was soon able to let the friends see how well informed was his mind, and how rich was his experience, even in the school of affliction. In visiting the sick and the dying he neglected not to point the sufferers to the Cross of Christ, to the warm sympathies of the great High Priest, and to the blessed consolations of God the Father.

DENOMINATIONAL WORK.

No man in the Evangelical Union was more ready to assist in carrying on the necessary work. There was not a lazy inch in him. It might be said that he was over-righteous in obligingness. His heart and soul were in the Union. He loved it from the first of time, and he loved it to the last. The Union and Mr. Drummond “were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.” We

have already stated that he was President of the Union in 1847-48. At the close of his chairmanship he read a paper at the Conference in Ayr in September, 1848, which called forth the hearty thanks of the assembled brethren. The subject of the paper was entitled, "On the Work of the Holy Spirit in Conversion." In 1867-68 and 1870-71 he was member of the Evangelical Union Commission, which committee takes a general interest in the affairs of the denomination throughout the year. He was a member of the Theological Hall Committee in 1873-74. For half a dozen years he was a useful member of the Home Mission Committee. He never made speeches in the committee, but his counsel and advice were always received with deference. In response to the desire of the committee, many a weak and struggling church did he visit and cheer with his inspiring sermons. Often were we with him in Home Mission deputations, and we always admired the calm and judicious manner he dealt with difficult and sometimes painful ecclesiastical cases. The old minute-books testify with what uniform regularity he attended committee meetings. Others might be absent, and others might be late, but our brother was a model for regularity and punctuality.

ATTENDING SOIREES.

Our denomination has the credit of popularising church-soirees. The *esprit de corps* of our members has been helped by our numerous social gatherings. We believe that each church of the Union has had at least one tea-meeting every year. Mr. Drummond had large experience in addressing such meetings, and his services were often called into requisition. His speeches were greatly relished. Sometimes he put himself to the trouble of preparing a special speech for a particular gathering. In the early years of our movement he gave an address at West Calder. The chairman called upon him at 9.50 p.m. It was a cold snowy night, and many were anxious to get home—but so powerful was our brother's address, that though he spoke for fully an hour on "Peace with God," the audience remained spell-bound to the close. Well do we remember his speech at the Conference Soiree in the City Hall, Glasgow, in 1862. The large hall was packed,

and it was indeed a soul-enrapturing sight to see how the audience literally revelled under the eloquence of the brave little man as he showed that our denominational discouragements were indeed, when properly viewed, our denominational encouragements. He brought down the house, as the saying is, when he demonstrated that the good effected in the revival, which was then experienced in America, and in these isles, was effected by the very truth which the Evangelical Union was sworn to proclaim. Thundering applause also greeted the following sentence—"We view the late revival as a public and striking testimony from God on behalf of the truths for which we contend." At our own ordination soiree on the 23rd October, 1862, in Muslin Street Church, Glasgow, Mr. Drummond gave a genial and humorous speech, which is remembered in the locality to the present day. On being introduced, he said his subject was *hood*, and went on to speak of a hood that might be fashionable, well-fitting, might wear well, etc. Once he gave an interesting address in the E. U. Church, Coatbridge. He took the word Coatbridge, and divided it into Bridge and Coat, taking the former as an illustration of the plan of redemption, and the latter as an illustration of the robe of righteousness which was unto all and upon all them that believe. On another occasion we heard him give a capital speech on "Hope, the anchor of the soul." He held up before the auditors a large picture of an anchor drawn by himself. He was a first-rate teller of a story, and specially was he rapturous in those stories that exhibited how a sinner might decide for Jesus, and go on his way rejoicing. As chairman of his own church soirees, he was wonderfully blythe and happy. Still he had not a passionate fondness for soirees. He dreaded the reaction. It was exceedingly painful for him to see persons clapping their hands at the noble sentiments expressed by the speakers, and yet these same persons would, perhaps, be regularly irregular in their attendance on the ordinances of the church.

AS A TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

Mr. Drummond was a consistent abstainer, and was ever ready to raise his manly voice in denouncing the unhallowed

liquor traffic, and in advocating the principles and benefits of temperance. As a straw in the stream indicates the direction thereof, so the following facts indicate the attitude of our brother in relation to this all important question. While still a resident in his native town, Leith, and subsequent to his marriage, he was one day walking along the bulwark at the back of the pier, when a huge wave swept him into the sea. Not being able to swim, he at once gave himself up as lost, and remembered no more. Fortunately the harbour-master was close at hand, and, after much effort, he succeeded in rescuing the drowning man. Life appeared extinct, and though he recovered somewhat, for a long time his life was hanging in the balance. His medical attendant declared that his temperate habits had very materially conduced to his complete restoration to health and strength. Upwards of twenty years ago, there were temperance sermons preached every Sabbath evening in the City Hall, under the auspices of the Glasgow Abstiners' Union. The most eminent teetotal ministers willingly gave their services to this laudable object. We were present one evening when the Rev. David Drummond, of Bellshill, officiated. The capacious building was crowded with a respectable and deeply attentive audience. His text was in 1 Cor. ix. 12,—We “suffer all things, lest we should hinder the gospel of Christ.” Our brother on that night was in a fine glow, and earnest and pointed were his appeals to his hearers to keep far away from giving any countenance to the accursed traffic, lest they should hinder the triumphant progress of the gospel of Christ.

One day a person called upon him at the manse, and requested a line of character. Mr. Drummond sat down at his desk to write it out, but after dipping the pen in the ink, he paused, and looking in the direction of the man, quietly inquired as to what he was going to do with the character. The man replied, that as he was an applicant for a public house license, he intended to hand the certificate to the Justices of the Peace on the following day. Our brother dashed down the pen, and, springing to his feet, said,—“You have come to the wrong shop for that; I would sooner be at

the expense of a rope to hang you with." The would-be publican left the manse dreadfully crestfallen.

At one period in his ministerial life Mr. Drummond was prostrated by fever, and when, apparently, sinking from exhaustion, his physician ordered him to take a glass of wine, he refused. "But," said the doctor, in a persuasive manner, "you must take it, sir, or you'll die." "Well, I'll die, then, for I won't take it," said our heroic friend; and he did not die, but recovered. In a little book, which is filled with outlines of sermons and lectures, we find a temperance address, dated 20th August, 1872. In that address are the following questions, all of which are answered in an able and convincing manner,—1. Do you drink because you have money to spend? 2. Do you drink because it is social and friendly? 3. Do you drink because you require the drink for your own benefit? 4. Do you drink because it is customary? 5. Do you drink for the sake of recreation? In January, 1873, Mr. Drummond, when in Shotts, was presented with a handsome timepiece by the members of the John Loudon Lodge of Good Templars, as a mark of their esteem for his valuable services in connection with the Lodge and the Temperance cause generally. He often addressed Good Templar meetings, and spoke with great power and pathos at many of their soirees.

We have one more incident to tell in connection with his temperance labours. One night he was speaking about the necessity of getting the nation, through its Parliament, to prohibit the liquor traffic, and, warming up in his peroration, he gave utterance, in solemn tones, to the following words:—"I may not live to see that day, but when it becomes an accomplished fact, I will mount the heavenly ramparts and shout 'Hurrah!'"

HIS LITERARY WORK.

The initials "D. D." for thirty years were very familiar to the readers of our denominational literature. Our brother had the pen of a ready writer. His articles show a vigorous mind, a taste for theological research, and a dash of originality. They cannot be said to be profoundly philosophical, but they are all readable and instructive. He was too often in con-

nection with the operative classes, and too familiar with their woes and wants, ever to feel disposed to rise up into the misty land of dry metaphysics. He was ever practical, because his heart was ever full of that love which "glows with social tenderness and feels for all mankind." *The Day-Star*, a monthly magazine to promote the revival of religion, the first number of which appeared in November, 1844, and the last in July, 1876, has a large number of pithy little papers, brimful of the gospel, from the pen of "D. D." *The Christian News*, a weekly newspaper, the first number of which was published on the 5th of August, 1846, still holds on its way, and has also an immense number of sermons and articles with the initials "D. D."

In September, 1854, the first number of *The Evangelical Repository*, a quarterly theological magazine, appeared. The early volumes were edited by the Rev. James Morison, D.D., and the later volumes (from March, 1872) were, and continue still to be, edited by the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, D.D. Mr. Drummond began to contribute articles to the *Repository* in March, 1859, and the last one appeared in June, 1874. As these contributions were prepared with great care, and may be regarded as his best, we here give the titles of those which appeared between the years 1859 and 1874,—“God will have all men to be saved;” “Jesus a Propitiation;” “Conversion;” “Difficulties of a Limited Atonement;” “Christ’s Temptation;” “The Writing upon the Cross;” “Symbolic Manifestations at Christ’s Baptism;” “Golgotha—Calvary;” “The Mystery of God’s Will” (March, 1866); “The Lord’s Supper;” “Fellowship with God;” “Jesus Glorified in His Sufferings;” “The Fulness of Christ” (March, 1870); “One Church, One God, One Lord;” “The Fatherhood of God” (June, 1872); “The First Word of the Risen Saviour” (December, 1873); “Love, where still we find it.” The last article appeared six months before his death. We quote a few sentences from it:—“This is a theme of immense grandeur, and fitted to fill us with awe as we approach it. We can know so little of the divine mind, and are able to comprehend so little of the comparison between his love to us and our love to him, that we almost fear to touch it, lest any words of ours should throw a dimness over

its lustre. Indeed, the love of God for us must rise so infinitely beyond anything like love in us, that we can do little more than exclaim in wonder and admiration, 'Herein is love.' . . . When we look, then, at this sacrifice made for us by the love of God, and think how little we can sacrifice for him, even when we love him most, we must come to the conclusion that love in all its grandeur is seen, not in our love for God, but in God's love for us."

But he contributed to other periodicals. In the columns of *The Christian Times*, a weekly religious journal, begun in 1861 and stopped in 1867, edited by the Rev. A. M. Wilson, then of Airdrie, but now of Bathgate, numerous articles from his facile pen appeared. We have before us, while we write these lines, the articles on certain portions of the Book of Revelation which appeared in 1865. We subjoin some of the headings: "A Door Opened in Heaven," "The Throne," "The Elders," "The Lightnings, and Thunderings, and Voices;" "The Seven Lamps of Fire," "The Sea of Glass," and "The Four Living Creatures." He also wrote some excellent articles for *Forward*, a magazine which was launched in April, 1867, by the Rev. Dr. William Adamson. This vigorous monthly had an existence of some five or six years. *The Dew-Drop*, an illustrated monthly magazine for the young, which began in 1848, was the only E. U. periodical which knew not the familiar initials of our industrious brother. There was another periodical to which he would have contributed had he been spared. He anticipated the publication of the *E. U. Record* with great interest. We may state that the first number of the *Record* was published in March, 1875, and the last in October, 1879.

The only book our brother ever published was entitled, "Lost and Found; or God and the Sinner: Being a Brief Exposition of the Parable of the Prodigal Son." A second edition appeared in 1865. It is an admirable and thoroughly practical explanation of the narrative in Luke xv. 11-32. In the introduction Mr. Drummond says:—"No part of the Word of God is more rich in gospel truth, and nowhere is this truth more beautifully exhibited. All the words of Christ are true to nature; nothing is put in for the sake of mere painting, or

only to make a picture. In all his sayings, everything is touching, and everything is true. So grand, and yet so simple, is this parable, that it has always been one of the favourite portions of the Sacred Book. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the Saviour's subject—God's reception of the sinner just as a sinner. The prodigal comes back with nothing but his filth, his rags, his wretchedness. He has nothing of his former riches and grandeur: all is gone. He comes, the picture of the deepest degradation and misery—yet with what joy the father receives him! No coldness, no bitterness; nothing is manifested but the warmest and most tender affection. All, too, that is to make him blest for the future is provided by the father—the robe, the ring, the shoes, the fatted calf, the happy home. How full, how satisfying all this provision, notwithstanding the part which the son has acted. How beautifully does all this represent the love of God in receiving sinners!" The book has 116 pages, and is divided into twelve chapters.

Mr. Drummond was the author of some of the tracts, the circulation of which was legion during the first twenty years of the Union's history. There is an interesting story told in relation to one of these tracts. It was entitled, "Must I go to Hell?" Strange to say, it fell into the hands of one of the most degraded and abandoned women in Newcastle-on-Tyne. She read it over and over again. What was the result? She was convicted of sin, converted to Jesus Christ, and became a most exemplary character. So grateful was she to the writer of the tract which had been the means, by God's blessing, of saving her soul, that she acquainted him as to her happy change, and as to how it had been brought about. Only when we come to stand before the Lamb in the celestial paradise shall we know the number converted by the sermons and articles of our brother. "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

HIS LAST DAYS.

In speaking about his labours in Shotts, we have already stated how his strength was gradually becoming weaker. His

pastoral duties were pressing heavily upon him, yet at times he seemed wonderfully vigorous. He attended the annual soiree of the Bellshill Church in October, 1874. He was glad to meet with so many of his former flock, and felt quite at home. He gave a thrilling and memorable address on these words—"Rooted and grounded in love." Those who were present have told us how the whole audience seemed electrified by the speech. About this time, having two or three attacks of illness, he consulted a medical man, who told him that his heart was affected, and that he must get rest and careful nursing if he would prolong his life. He decided to accept the cordial and unanimous call which he received from the church in Westhill. He thought that in that quiet and sequestered village, and in the midst of an intelligent and warm-hearted little band of Christians, he might spend very pleasantly the evening of his life. He also decided before setting out for the North to take to himself a help-meet. On Friday, the 11th of December, at Uddingston, he was united in marriage to an esteemed member of the church in Shotts. On the Monday following they came into Glasgow with the view of starting next day for Westhill, to which all the furniture had been meanwhile sent. On the afternoon of the same day, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond met the Rev. Dr. Adamson and the Rev. A. M. Wilson on their way to attend an induction soiree in Bellshill. They were staying on Monday night with a friend in the north-western district of the city. About 11 o'clock he turned seriously unwell, the doctor was instantly sent for; but, notwithstanding all the means that were adopted, he quietly fell asleep in Jesus about 1 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 15th December, 1874.

In the course of Tuesday night his remains were taken in a conveyance to Bellshill, and placed in the chapel where his voice had been so often heard, and where only on the previous night a happy soiree was held, at which Dr. Adamson and Mr. Wilson spoke as to seeing Mr. Drummond on that very afternoon, and how full of hope he was in the prospect of beginning his labours on the coming Sabbath in Westhill. A heavy fall of snow took place on the Tuesday night, which considerably retarded the speed of the vehicle from Glasgow. It

was amid the early hours of Wednesday morning when the corpse reached Bellshill. Some of the friends there were waiting its arrival. On Thursday the funeral took place. The place of interment was Bothwell parish churchyard. In addition to the more immediate relatives there were the Rev. George Wisely and the Rev. David Greenhill, Motherwell,—who conducted the solemn exercises, and a few of the Bells-hill brethren. It was a cold, bleak day when his remains were taken to their last resting-place. The grave is near to the south-eastern gable of the old church. A neat monumental stone, shaped like the letter **U** turned upside down, marks the spot. The stone, which was erected after the death of Mrs. Drummond in 1869, contains the following:—

Erected by
the
Rev. D. DRUMMOND,
Minister of the E. U. Church, *
Bellshill,
In Memory of
MARGARET DICKIE,
his wife,
who departed this life
in the hope of the Gospel,
25th Novr., 1869,
Aged 63 years.
REV. DAVID DRUMMOND,
Died 15th Decr. 1874,'
Aged 68 years.

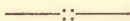
“Them also who sleep in Jesus
will God bring with Him.”

ROBERT HOOD.



REV. NISBET GALLOWAY.

THE REV. NISBET GALLOWAY.



ONE of the most thoughtful discourses by the late Dr. Bushnell is upon "Unconscious influence," or the influence we exert without intending it. This kind of influence is being constantly exercised whilst we live, but it does not die with us. It is true of all the departed as well as of Abel, that although they are dead they yet speak. But this posthumous influence may be intensified and made more potent for good when the thoughts, words, and deeds, are chronicled in print.

"For words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

The press thus becomes like the angel of the life, and speaks to men, saying—"Thus and thus did this good man act, go thou and do likewise." If the departed one took the side of the weak when in the right, and battled for the truth, was not the position a brave one and worthy of being followed?

The subject of this brief memoir was born in Glasgow in 1819, and was the seventh child of a family of eleven. Although born in the West he spent the early years of his life in Whitburn, near Bathgate. We have no record of his boyhood, but he had constantly placed before him the consistent life of a worthy father, and he received the rudiments of a good education—two things which are potent factors in the programme of a true life. His immediate ancestor was a man of strong convictions, and travelled some twelve miles every Sabbath in order to worship in a church whose creed was in harmony with his own. Many, no doubt, condemned the elder Galloway for travelling such a distance when he might have worshipped in churches nearer home. But he would have his reasons, and may have argued thus: I have but one short life, and it is my sacred duty to stand up for truth, for God's truth; nothing curses men like error, especially religious error; and nothing

blesses them like truth, especially religious truth. The possession of this truth is a sacred deposit: it is not for myself alone, but for others, and must be handed onwards as we do the bread at the sacrament. The churches around me have misrepresented the character of God; they say in their creed that God has foreordained whatsoever comes to pass, thus making him, logically, the author of sin; they—those churches—have limited his love and his provision of mercy for men. To worship in them regularly, to be identified with them, would be to become a partaker of their sin. In these circumstances, whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist.” Some such train of thinking may have passed through the mind of Mr. Galloway, sen.; but whatever may be the truth on this point, the lonely travel of the father Sabbath after Sabbath was fitted to produce a deep impression on his son’s mind of the paramount importance of standing up for religious conviction. All honour to the memory of this good man who had the *grit* of genuine manliness in his nature!

CONVERSION.

How was Nisbet converted? Of this we have no account. Although quite intimate with him, we never learned how it came about. It may have been by the teaching of his father or his mother, by a text, or through the medium of a sermon, or by the gradual dawn of truth upon the mind. The late Thomas Binney on one occasion said to a number of young people, “It is a shame for you to need conversion.” And this in many cases is true in the sense in which Mr. Binney intended to apply it. Children brought up in religious homes should gradually grow up to love and serve the Lord. When this is not done, it is a shame to need conversion. The great question, however, is not how did conversion come about, interesting although it is, but this: Is the man a true Christian? Does he take the Lord for his Saviour? And does he follow in his steps?

DETERMINES TO STUDY FOR THE MINISTRY.

In whatever way he came to the truth—whether gradually or otherwise—he made up his mind to study for the ministry.

This may not have cost him much trouble. Fired with a youthful enthusiasm, he may have resolved to devote himself to the noble work of telling the story of the Cross to his fellow-men, and of pouring the balm of consolation into wounded hearts. To many, however, the adoption of the ministry as a profession has great difficulties. There is, of course, a pleasant side. It is pleasant to reside in a quiet manse, to be esteemed in the parish, to preach only once or twice on Sabbath to an "admiring congregation," and to be free from the worries of business, and to have all this "*ad vitam aut culpam*." But this is the view of the youth. A minister's life, especially among Dissenters (yet not confined to them), is anything but a bed of roses. He has to meet and combat the diotrephian spirit, to denounce wrong patronised by members of position, and he may have to leave his church and residence, and go out like Abraham, not knowing whither he goes. It is urged against Dissent that the minister is deterred from speaking out the truth lest he should offend the rich. This may operate upon weak minds, and Dissent may have such timid men in its pulpits. True; but a fixed salary by the State, apart from the Scripture bearing of the question, has a tendency to make men careless of the flock, and be more anxious for the "meet" of the hounds, than to discharge their ministerial duty.

Apart from the right of the matter, each side has its advantages and disadvantages. But after such considerations have been set aside, or perhaps never entered into the calculation, there still remains to an earnest youth such questions as: "Am I the kind of man fitted to enter this office? Have I received a call from the Lord? Is it his mind that I should seek ordination? May I not do more good outside the ministry than in it? These questions come home to an ingenuous mind, and make the young man ponder before he enters upon the office. We would not, for wise and good reasons, put our imprimatur upon the sentiment, that if a man wishes to go to the theatre, let him go; but if a man can keep out of the ministry, he should keep out of it. To enter upon this office a man must feel that he has got something to say to men which he can better do in the ministry than out of it.

Whatever may have been the reasons which induced Mr. Galloway to enter the ministry, he entered the Glasgow Theological Academy in 1839. The tutors in this institution were two gentlemen of high excellence and culture—viz., Rev. Dr. Wardlaw and Mr. M'Kenzie. The Congregational churches at this period were in the front rank of progress. The minds of the people were stirred with the great question of Disestablishment, which issued in the Disruption. A revival wave had also passed over the country. In one of the Churches—that of the United Secession—a doctrinal discussion arose in regard to the doctrines propagated by Rev. James Morison (now Dr. Morison). He was accused of holding opinions contrary to those enunciated in the symbolical books of the denomination. His principal error—so called—was in holding that Christ had made an atonement for the entire family of Man. This controversy shook the United Secession Church to its foundation. Although for a time Mr. Morison had to bear the *odium theologicum*, yet the opinion for which he battled so strenuously has come to be recognised as truth by the very Church which condemned him (see "Declaratory Statement," 1879). The Congregationalists were, no doubt, deeply interested in this discussion. Mr. Morison held at this time substantially their position—that of the Moderate Calvinists. It was found, however, to be untenable either in philosophy or on the ground of Scripture, and Mr. Morison and his friends, actuated by that love of truth which characterises the ingenuous mind, moved forward to the position now held by the Evangelical Unionists—viz., that the Divine Father loves all men, that the Divine Saviour died for all men, and that the Divine Spirit gives converting grace to all men. The discussion now shifted from the United Secession into the churches of the Congregational Union. The students of this denomination—nine of them—sympathised with the full orbéd view. This, however, did not meet the views of the good men then in power, and the "nine" were expelled the Academy.

Mr. Galloway had left the Academy before the trial and expulsion of the students, but he had imbibed the views for which they had suffered, and his was too honest a mind to put the light under a bushel. Having received "a call" from the

Independent Church in Forres, it was requisite that he should be ordained or set apart to the pastoral office. A rumour, however, had been spread that he was not *sound*, and that he sympathised with the views of the expelled students. The ministers of the denomination living in the quarter having ascertained his opinions, refused to ordain him. Matters were thus at a dead lock, when the difficulty was got rid of by the Rev. Messrs. A. Munro and Laing coming kindly forward to do the work that the brethren in the quarter had refused to do. The congregation, with one exception, stood by the young minister, and he laboured in this town for some four years. Forres is pleasantly situated and the climate is one of the best in Scotland, but the town lies far off from the great centres of population. He would naturally feel isolated, and be made to understand, if he did not before, that any man who dares to think for himself must pay a penalty should his theological finding not be in harmony with the prevailing creed. This, however, is a mere trifle when compared with the sufferings of others in a past age. That he did good work here we have no doubt, from what he did elsewhere. A minister labours for three or four years in a place and no record is kept of what he did, but in the higher record every good deed will be fully chronicled. There it will be found that such a sermon flashed conviction upon a mind that issued in the conversion of a man who became a burning and a shining light, that this backslider was reclaimed, and that a poor, depressed pilgrim was cheered in his home journey.

“ Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o’er the land.
Thou can’st not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.”

Whilst labouring in Forres Mr. Galloway received a call from the E. U. Church, Muslin Street, Glasgow. This church was one of the five which had been cut off from fellowship with the other city churches. This excision as well as the

expulsion of the students is now, we believe, generally regretted by Congregationalists. It gave a blow to the Independent denomination from which it has not yet recovered. The invitation of Dr. Fairbairn—an old E. U. minister—to become the Principal of their Theological Hall was a proof that the action of some forty years ago was deemed a mistake. There are tokens that the two bodies will in due course be united, and we apprehend that when this takes place the religious progress will take a step in advance.

After due deliberation, Mr. Galloway saw fit to accept the invitation from Muslin Street. The following are extracts from his letter of acceptance:—

“BELOVED BRETHREN,—I have now much pleasure in informing you that the decision come to by the church last Sabbath has enabled me to accept the kind and unanimous invitation you gave me to become your settled pastor. This I most cordially do. Believing from what I have already seen that you will esteem it not only a duty, but a privilege, to render your pastor comfortable to the extent of your ability, so that he may be without carefulness among you.” He concludes as follows:—“I would merely add, further, that I shall ever seek, with earnest solicitude, to promote your best interests, and labour for your edification, consolation, and spiritual improvement to the extent of my ability. I shall ever look upon it as incumbent upon me to feed the church of God, and along with this to use every spiritual effort to bring the thousands to the knowledge of Jesus. Hoping that the union now formed shall long be owned and blessed of God, and that abundant success shall attend our efforts,—I remain, beloved brethren, yours in the gospel,

“NISBET GALLOWAY.

“17th July, 1848.”

Mr. Galloway was inducted on 6th April following this acceptance. Services were held in the City Hall in connection with the induction, and the Revs. R. Morison, J. Kirk, P. Mather, W. Scott, and R. Simpson were present on the occasion. The churches assembling in Blackfriars Street, Muslin Street, and Trades' Hall observed the Lord's Supper.

It was doubtless a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. This noble example of Christian union is worthy of being followed, and might be so in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Kilmarnock.

Mr. Galloway laboured for fourteen years in connection with the Muslin Street Church. The difference between a country and city charge is very great. The former has certain special advantages over the latter, especially to one brought up in the country. It is pleasant to have a little garden of your own, with its neatly-trimmed box border, and bearing its annual crop of roses and other lovely flowers. It is pleasant, too, to walk out into the green fields, to hear the murmuring of brooks, the hum of bees, or the singing of birds. It may be said of nature as of duration—it has a soothing power, quieting the restless pulse of care.

“He wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.
Come wander with me, she said,
Unto regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.”

But the chief advantage of the country to a minister is the time afforded to study. There is, as a rule, more of this in the country than in the city. Yet to an earnest man who has got something to say to his fellow-beings, and strength to say it, the city is the prime sphere for this. Here men live fast, and ten years of active city life is equal to twenty in the country. As a matter of course, a minister in the country may work harder than one with a city charge; but there are more calls upon a man's time and resources in the city than in the country. In the country, dogma and modes of doing things get stereotyped. You constantly see the same faces and hear the same old opinions, and woe be to the man that dares to differ from those around him. In the city this iron despotism of custom is considerably relaxed, and the preacher constantly meets with the most *outré* ideas—with atheism, pantheism, and materialism. To meet and grapple with

erroneous opinions a minister must read much, and make himself acquainted with the grounds of false systems of doctrine; yet upon the whole—"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Some time before and after Mr. Galloway was inducted to the pastorate of Muslin Street church, the controversial spirit ran high in Scotland, especially in the West. To meet and overturn certain erroneous opinions, it was determined by the E.U.'s to deliver a course of lectures upon deeply interesting subjects. Mr. Galloway was selected to deliver the first of these, and the subject assigned to him was upon "The Nature and Extent of the Atonement." It was with the latter portion of this subject that the Atonement controversy had been mainly about. Scripture and philosophy had been laid under tribute to support the respective theories. We give our limitarian friends credit for sincerity in holding the views they did, but their error regarding the *extent* of the propitiation arose from a false philosophy respecting its *nature*. It was wise, therefore, to consider this fundamental point, which Mr. Galloway did in his lecture. It had been assumed that the atonement secured the salvation of all for whom it was made. If this were so, then since all are not saved, the work of Christ must of necessity be restricted. As the subject is of permanent interest, we give a brief summary of Mr. Galloway's views:—

First. That the atonement of Christ is represented in the Scriptures as the propitiation, or satisfaction which he rendered to the righteous Moral Governor of the universe by his obedience until the death of the Cross for the sins of the world, in consideration of which God can extend mercy to the guilty, and be just when he justifies him who believeth in Jesus. It is thus represented by Paul (Rom. iii. 24-26). . . . Is the holy moral law not magnified and made honourable? And is the glory of the Supreme Lawgiver not vindicated even in the freely pardoning and justifying of the guilty? . . . *Secondly.* That it is not to be regarded as a commercial transaction, but as a *moral equivalent for the sufferings due to the world on account of sin* (Rom. iii. 24-26; Gal. iii. 13). The righteous Lord can now, if he chooses, in

view of the death of Jesus as a propitiation for sin, consistently extend pardon to the guilty, and receive back into his favour the vilest of the vile who believe in that propitiation. *Thirdly*. That the atonement, though thus all-sufficient, does not necessarily, in itself considered, secure the salvation of those for whom it was made. This proposition he proved by showing that sin, although atoned for, requires nevertheless to be pardoned. This could not be if the atonement was the literal payment of the sinner's debt. Another consideration which proves that the atonement was not the payment of debt is that although the atonement has been made the justification of the sinner is still a matter of grace (Rom. iii. 24). A third argument against the debt theory is that the actual salvation of the sinner is conditioned on his faith. But if the atonement secured the salvation for all for whom it was made, why condition salvation upon faith? *Fourthly*. The Scriptures represent the destruction of those for whom Christ died as a possible thing (Rom. xiv. 15; 1 Cor. viii. 10, 11; 1 Peter ii. 1). If the death of Christ secures the salvation of those for whom he died, how, we ask, could the apostle write in such strains?

Such is a brief summary of the views brought forward by Mr. Galloway upon the nature of the atonement; and, when this is clearly apprehended, the question of the extent presents really no difficulty, as it required the same atonement for one as for unnumbered millions.

During his residence in Glasgow, Mr. Galloway was a member of the various committees connected with the denomination, as the first Hymn Book Committee, the Commission, the Home Mission, and Theological Academy. In 1856 he was chosen to fill the Presidential Chair of the Union. Regarding his work in Glasgow, we have, comparatively speaking, no memorabilia. There was an unhappy controversy in the church regarding the pastor wearing a pulpit gown. We have no wish whatever to enter into the merits of the controversy. It has long since passed away, and probably there was error on both sides, as there very often is in such like controversies. Men, good men too, will risk the peace of a church for insignificant trifles which are dignified with the name of

"principles." We knew a stickler for independence of opinion who brought a serious charge against his minister because the latter read what is called the "warrant" for the Lord's Supper, or the account of it, from Matthew instead of reading it from Corinthians! Luther's mind regarding pulpit dress is a good example to show those who have very nice notions upon the subject. The reformer was told one day that one of the preachers would not preach without a cassock. Luther replied, "Well, what harm will a cassock do the man? Let him have a cassock to preach in—let him have three cassocks if he find benefit in them." So with the gown—wrong, no doubt, to agitate for it, although numbers were known to be against it; but for ourselves we should say, Let the minister have three gowns rather than break up the peace of the church about the matter. When will men learn to be tolerant of each other's peculiarities?

The agitation about the gown very likely led to Mr. Galloway's resignation, which took place upon the back of it, or not long after. He had laboured for fourteen years in connection with the church, which is a great deal longer than many ministers stay in their charges. His successor (Rev. R. HOOD) says of him, "During that time he proved himself to be a man of sterling worth, and a singularly able expositor of the Word of God. Those who sat at his feet were refreshed in spirit and built up in their most holy faith. Not a few still cherish a warm regard for his earnest ministrations. The church during these years had many fluctuations, numerically, financially, and otherwise. There were seasons of sunshine and years of cloud." What was true of our departed friend is true of many other ministers, and, for that matter, of Christians generally.

A man of such solid worth could not long remain without a pastorate, and Mr. Galloway received two "calls," one of which he accepted, viz., Dunfermline. The church here had been for a time in a rather low condition. As a rule it is far more difficult to raise a dead or dying cause than to begin a new one. Various reasons may be assigned for this which will suggest themselves to the reflective mind. When Mr. Galloway came to Dunfermline he was in the prime of his

manhood, and threw all his energies into his work, and he did not labour in vain. Our old friend, Mr. David Reid (he who stood up for Mr. Morison in the United Secession Church), must often rejoice in the better land to see the seed of the word which he planted and fostered still bearing fruit.

Regarding his work in Dunfermline, the Rev. James Foote, his successor, says, "Mr. Galloway was greatly respected here. After coming to Dunfermline I used to meet, and do occasionally still meet, with persons not connected with our church, *but* who profess to have got good from Mr. Galloway's sermons. One winter he delivered a course of sermons or lectures on doctrinal subjects which were well attended, and did a great amount of good. His visits at the sick bed were highly praised. By the town's people generally he was held in high esteem as a Christian gentleman. His Bible-class was the making of some young men who are doing service for the Master, although some have fallen asleep. . . . I am told that you were at his farewell soiree. If so you will remember how sorry the people were to part with him. His resignation took them by surprise, and it is believed here that he very soon regretted leaving Dunfermline. He was very anxious for a new church, and money was being collected with that object in view, but the cautious, canny folks here thought the undertaking too vast for their resources, and decided not to build. At this Mr. Galloway was discouraged, and it is thought led him too hastily to accept the call to Dalkeith. 'He was a good man, Mr. Galloway,' is a remark often made when reference is made to him. His expositions of Scripture were rich and edifying. As a student I have preached here to a mere handful of people. His six years' labours gave the church a standing in the town it never had before."

Upon Mr. Galloway leaving Dunfermline he received an address beautifully written on parchment, and which testified to the good he had done, and to the sorrow of the people in parting with him. The following are extracts from it: "Before your coming amongst us we had been subjected to a very trying ordeal which had nigh extinguished our hopes, and led us to entertain the thought of allowing the cause here to go down altogether; but our hearts were gladdened, and our

hopes revived, by the welcome intimation that you had accepted our unanimous call to become our pastor: and ever since the cause has assumed a promising aspect. You have laboured with so indefatigable a zeal for the extension and promotion of Christ's kingdom, and God has so owned your labours that the church has been made to grow and wax strong in the Lord our Righteousness. The fact of 140 being added to the church under your pastorate shows how remarkably successful you have been in this part of God's vineyard. During the six years we have been associated—as pastor and people—true and brotherly love has existed. We have co-operated in the good work, and the utmost harmony has prevailed.” The address goes on in the same laudatory strain—which reflects credit alike upon the pastor and the people. Blessed indeed is that church which works with its minister in promoting Christian work! We think our good brother erred in leaving a sphere where God had blessed him so signally.

Mr. Galloway, as intimated, resigned the pastorate in Dunfermline and went to Dalkeith in 1868. There are several considerations which make this country town a desirable residence. It is well built, is in the midst of an industrious and thriving population, is surrounded with beautiful scenery, and within a few miles of the Metropolis of Scotland. The E.U. cause, however, has never been very prosperous in it. It began in a neighbouring village, Bonnyrigg, and was transplanted to Dalkeith in the hope, we presume, of being more successful, having a larger population to work upon, and being more central. Transplanting, however, is a somewhat dangerous operation, and the church is still comparatively small. There are, however, just now connected with it a considerable number of highly intelligent and respectable people, and it is to be hoped that it will grow and increase yet more and more.

Mr. Galloway's stay in Dalkeith was very brief, since he left in 1869. He may have found the moral *soil* hard, and had become depressed in not seeing the same results he had witnessed in Dunfermline. Whatever may have been the cause he accepted an invitation to Dumfries. The E.U. church had been formed there by him after a season of revival effort

conducted by Rev. G. Salmon. In the forenoon of Sabbath 5th January, 1862. Mr. Galloway, having conducted the devotional services, intimated the object for which they had met, viz., to form a church of those sympathising with the Evangelical Union. The secretary read out the names of those conversed with, and who had been approved—fifty-three in all. The parties named responded by holding up their hands. Mr. Galloway then prayed and declared the church formed, and addressed the members upon the duties devolving upon them. The brethren then took their seats at the Lord's table, and after the ordinance received the right hand of fellowship. It was a hallowed season and filled the hearts of the friends with gladness. After accepting the invitation to become the pastor, Mr. Galloway laboured in Dumfries until 1872. The success attending his labours must have been fairly good, as it was proposed to build a new chapel. The plan, however, was never carried out, and Mr. Galloway deemed a change advisable. The E.U. cause in Dumfries is now extinct, but it died hard, and if the Home Mission had had plenty of funds it might have been preserved still.

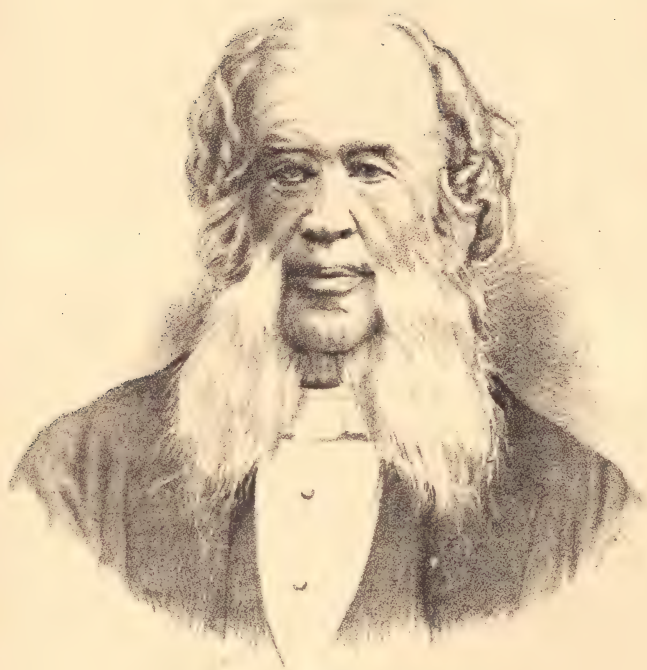
The next sphere of labour to which Mr. Galloway went was Westhill. It is a small place, but the members are of a highly intelligent character. His stay here was also brief, as he very soon removed to Newburgh in Fife. The church here was one of the United Presbyterian causes in the town. It was weak, and it was thought better if it would unite with the other U.P. church. From a U.P. standpoint this no doubt was highly desirable, but the people objected, and matters were so manipulated that they were kept without a pastor. In these circumstances a deputation waited on an Independent minister, but the interview came to nothing. The Rev. A. M. Wilson was then communicated with, and he referred them to the present writer. In due course a lecture was delivered upon the Doctrines and History of the Evangelical Union, and the result was that the church left the communion of the United Presbyterians. They placed themselves under the guidance of the Dundee E.U. District Association. Being district secretary we one day asked a brother if he could tell us who *could* be got for Newburgh. He mentioned Mr. Galloway's name,

and he became shortly afterwards pastor of the church. This was his last earthly sphere of labour. It was a good thing for the church that it secured the services of one who was no young untried man, but one who had spent his life in the Master's service. During the short time that he laboured here, he commanded the respect and esteem of the people, and gave strong aid to the cause with which he was associated.

He was for several years Editor of the *Day Star*, and contributed freely to its pages. We had marked several portions for transcription but must forbear.

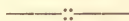
Such is a brief memoir of our respected brother. He nobly stood up for what he deemed the truth, and battled for it to the end. He was not long ill, and may be said to have died with "harness on his back." He was what would be called a tall man, and well formed, and had an imposing appearance which commanded respect. In conversation he took his fair share, but would allow a loquacious friend to take the lead. He was not a fluent speaker, but sensible, which is a prime quality in man. He is gone, but the good which he did remains after him. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them."

ROBERT WALLACE.



REV^d FERGUS FERGUSON SEN^r

THE REV. FERGUS FERGUSON, SEN.



THE late Rev. Fergus Ferguson was born in Auchterarder, Perthshire, on January 29th, 1799. His father was a draper in that small Scottish town, which then, standing on the highway between Stirling and Perth, afforded a stopping place for the numerous coaches that ran from the South to the North of Scotland. His mother's name was Mary Carriek, a native of the district, where the family to which she belonged is remembered by some of the old inhabitants. We need not tell our readers that the name Fergus, which literally means *strength*, is a familiar name, and even a famous one, in Scottish history. It was a family name in the Auchterarder circle; for although the father of the subject of this memoir was called James, he again had a brother called Fergus Ferguson resident in the Crieff direction, from whom it is probable that the distinguished minister of the same name in the Presbyterian Church is descended.

My father had many boyish memories of school-days in Auchterarder, in which the usual number of pranks and practical jokes figured prominently. Candlemas seems to have been a great holiday in the beginning of this century at public schools, where, instead of learning their lessons, the scene of daily instruction was turned into a bloody cock-pit; and the boy was thought quite a hero to be envied by the rest, who was rich enough to bring his Gallic bird as a contribution to the savage fray. Another story he used to tell of the school was this, that one day a shepherd boy came down from the hills, whom no one knew, uncouth and ungainly to a degree, having lacked the comparative polish which village life afforded. The hill boy of course was at the bottom of the class, as being the last arrival. The word "Aaron" was given out to spell. Some said, "A-r-o-n;" others guessed, "e-r-o-n;" but the shepherd boy was marched triumphantly to the top

of the class after he had exclaimed, in the broadest Doric, "The muckle Aw and the wee Aw r-o-n!"

I remember, also, a wonderful guess or conundrum with which my father used to puzzle us in our youthful days concerning the place of his nativity—"How could Auchterarder be so small a place, only a single street on the roadside, and yet have a hundred and twenty bridges?" We used to think that absolutely impossible, our minds running on the great bridges at Glasgow and the Ross bridge at Hamilton that spanned the Clyde. The answer turned out to be this, "That a little rivulet ran down one side of the single street, and every house on that side had a flag-stone in front of it that crossed this very little stream, and thus it was that Auchterarder had a hundred and twenty bridges!"

When my father was eight years of age, a great calamity befel the family. My grandfather had been from home on a journey, and had caught cold. Fever supervened, and after a few days' illness his wife was a widow, and her five or six children orphans. What made the bereavement all the more bitter was the fact that, before the body had been carried away to its long home, a letter came from the head-office in Edinburgh appointing the deceased to a lucrative situation in connection with the Excise at Port-Glasgow, which would have raised his family to a position of considerable comfort and prosperity.

"All things work together for good;" and the benefit that resulted to my father from this family grief and disappointment came in the fact that he was henceforth to be reared, not in a village, or a provincial town, but in the great and growing city of Glasgow, with all its elevating, and especially its ecclesiastical, influences. His mother's brother, Mr. David Carrick, held an important situation in that city as Supervisor of Excise. This gentleman, being himself unmarried, struck in opportunely and acted a father's part to the fatherless. He brought his sister and her children from Auchterarder to Glasgow, himself superintended their education, and thereafter did his best to get them settled for life.

My father received at this stage of his life only what would be called a fair commercial education. A worthy gentleman

often met me on the street, only a few years back, who would point over to a certain window in Brunswick Street and say, "It was there your father was taught writing in an evening school, in which I also was a pupil." To the day of his death he regretted that he had not received in youth a more liberal education; but notwithstanding it was wonderful how he put to admirable use the respectable education which he really had acquired. As he grew up to be a young man he lived at stated intervals of time with his uncle, and kept his books. He has often described to me how he attended with the worthy Supervisor of Excise the Barony Church on the Lord's day, and listened to the ministrations of Dr. Burns, at that time the incumbent of that parish, and grandfather of the Messrs. Burns, who are now at the head of the great Cunard Steamship Company.

But there was another man who began to fulminate his thunder-bolts of eloquence over Glasgow, just about the time when my father was passing from boyhood into manhood. I refer to the renowned and immortal Dr. Thomas Chalmers. In the year 1816 he had been called from the rural parish of Kilmany, in Fife, to the Tron Church of Glasgow.

My father joined his church before he emerged from his *teens*, and became a Sabbath-school teacher in one of the numerous Sabbath-schools which that remarkable man—as remarkable for his evangelical energy as for his pulpit eloquence—had established in the Saltmarket of Glasgow, and indeed 'all round about the neighbourhood of his church. I remember one day, after I myself had entered the University, with what interest my father pointed out to me on the coast of the Frith of Clyde, the late David Stow, Esq., who did so much for Sabbath-schools and education in general, and remarked, "That excellent man was the Superintendent of the Sunday-school in which I taught, in connection with Dr. Chalmers's church."

It is quite pertinent to my purpose to refer to the vehement eloquence of the renowned minister of the Tron parish; for my father unconsciously learned that peculiar pulpit style, which he afterwards adopted, from Thomas Chalmers. The late Rev. A. C. Rutherford, of Falkirk, remarked to me that when-

ever he heard my father preach, just about the time when the Evangelical Union was first formed, he said to himself, "Surely Mr. Ferguson was in the habit of hearing Chalmers; for the power with which he speaks, and indeed the manner and the tone which he assumes, are exactly those of the great Glasgow Demosthenes."

I cannot minutely narrate the progress of my father's Christian experience. He never gave me a detailed account of it. I am rather, on the whole, inclined to believe that the work of grace in his heart was a gradual one, and that in some respects it was encouraged by the revulsion, which, as a young man, he felt from not a little of the inconsistency and unworthiness of conduct which he found to be exhibited by many professing Christians of that day. For example, I heard him say that the first incident that gave him a distaste for Presbyterianism, and made him incline towards Congregationalism, was the bearing and the utterance of the elder of the district to whom he had been sent for his token for admission to the Lord's table at one of the Communion seasons in the Tron Parish Church. This gentleman was a lawyer of some standing in the city of Glasgow, and on reading the letter which Dr. Chalmers had given my father, and by which he was authorised to grant the token, elder though he was, he swore a pretty round oath at the very illegible hand-writing that was known to be one of the great preacher's characteristics. The young man retired from that lawyer's office deeply distressed in his mind, and saying to himself, "Surely an office-bearer of a Christian church, who hands round the sacred elements of the Eucharist, should not be a blasphemer, nor should he take the name of God in vain."

Another man deserves to be mentioned here in connection with the religious experience of the subject of this brief memoir. In East Campbell Street there was a large Presbyterian or Burgher church, as it was then called, over which two ministers presided as colleagues, Rev. Messrs. Kidston and Brash. Mr. Brash had not long been settled in the congregation, and had a considerable fame at the time as a pulpit orator. He drew crowded congregations on the Sabbath evening, and was indeed so distinguished that he was known

by the soubriquet of "Wee Chalmers." Well, I once heard my father tell a lady that almost the first deep religious impression that led to his personal decision for Christ was made upon his mind by an evening sermon which he heard Mr. Brash preach, from the text, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Some companions had accompanied him to the church; and when the service was over they were waiting for him at the door intending to go for a walk, and, in all probability, carry on light and unprofitable conversation; but so deeply impressed had my father been by the discourse to which he had listened, that he declined to accompany them, and remarked that he wished to go home and think over what he had heard.

His marriage deserves to be mentioned here; an event which took place when he was a young man of twenty-one years of age; for it was my mother's preference for Dr. Wardlaw's ministrations and the Congregational communion that ultimately decided him to leave Dr. Chalmers's ministry and join the church of the former divine, which assembled then in West George Street, and in a building now occupied as the business premises of the North British Railway. My mother had, as a young woman, been brought under the influence of Dr. Wardlaw, and had a great love for his ministry, and the ministry of his associates and fellow-workers. Their ante-nuptial contract in so far as church attendance was concerned, was to this effect, that they would have seats in both churches; that they would both attend in the forenoon in the one place, and in the afternoon in the other; and that as the one was a member with Chalmers and the other with Wardlaw, they would neither of them make any change, but take the communion separately. This was a state of things that was not likely to continue; and as my father's mind had already been unsettled on the subject of purity of communion especially, and as he moreover began to be not a little drawn towards the polished and cultured, though quiet, eloquence of Dr. Wardlaw, it was not difficult to persuade him in about a year after his marriage to leave the Presbyterian communion and seek fellowship with the Congregational, then, as still, much in the minority in the land. Still he always had a great

admiration for Chalmers, and would go to hear him on any great discourse being advertised. He has often told me how, when Edward Irving was colleague in St. John's (the new parish to which the great orator had removed), the audience was only small although select; but when Chalmers was preaching the crowd was not only something wonderful, but something dangerous. He heard the last sermon which the latter preached before he went to St. Andrews to be Professor of Moral Philosophy there. He passed between the rows of military that were keeping guard on the occasion. The text impressed him from its felicitousness, as well as the discourse itself, from its eloquence. Much had been said against the distinguished divine for leaving the preaching of the gospel for the sake of teaching Moral Philosophy to twenty or thirty students in "the East Neuk of Fife;" but whenever the text was given out, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, skill part from my right hand," it was at once plain, from the tone and manner of the speaker, as well as from the powerful paragraphs that followed, that the Moral Philosophy he would teach, would all be baptized at Calvary, and that he would seek to serve Christ by filling the hearts of his students, the future ministers of the country, with the love of the Lamb, as the best Moral Philosophy they could practise.

Between this year, 1822, and 1829, I have little to remark concerning my father's life, save that his family increased, and his business cares also; for his uncle had put him and his younger brother into business for themselves. All this time he was a regular attendant on Dr. Wardlaw's ministry, and also at the prayer-meetings and business-meetings of the church, where he learned from the example of that celebrated manager of men how to conduct himself in the house of God, when ultimately, in the course of years, he also became a pastor of a Congregational church. I have often heard him describe the pleasure with which he heard the great London ministers of that day, who occupied, now and then, the West George Street pulpit, and others besides, such as M'All of Manchester, Russell of Dundee, etc., etc. M'All of Manchester was a man who sometimes was so carried away in prayer that he would forget the advance of time. Being in the spirit of

prayer one forenoon in West George Street church, he actually prayed for three quarters of an hour; but nobody wished the prayer to stop, it was so powerful and heart-elevating and exalted an outpouring of a sanctified soul. My father always recollected the start that Dr. M'All gave when he looked at the clock, and how, after giving out a hymn, he descended the pulpit stair, approached Dr. Wardlaw's pew, and was for some minutes in earnest and regretful colloquy with him, as it turned out afterwards, offering to dismiss the congregation without a sermon, and humbly begging pardon for having made such a mistake. But Dr. Wardlaw, wisely judging that the people did not regret the length of the remarkable prayer at all, urged the preacher to go back to the pulpit, and give the whole discourse he had intended, assuring him that his audience would stay in the building as long as he chose to preach.

My mother's health having failed about the year 1829, and it having been recommended that she should live in the country, my father purchased a house between Hamilton and Blantyre, about nine miles from Glasgow, and, with his four children, removed to the neighbourhood of that town, in the middle ward of Lanarkshire, in the year just mentioned. Although I was only four years of age at the time, I remember distinctly the journey from South Wellington Place, in Glasgow, to Burnbank, near Hamilton, on the day of migration, with the face of an eight-day clock in the gig beside us, for which there had been no room in the waggons that preceded eastward at a slower pace. Thus it happened that all my youthful memories cling and cluster about the old town of Hamilton that surrounds the palace of the Duke of that ilk. It so happened that there was a small Congregational church in Hamilton that owed its formation to the first itinerancies of the Haldanes in the close of last century and beginning of this. These good men had been called "Missionaries," and that name was as frequently given to the few people who met in what was termed the Black's Well meeting-house as the name Independents.

It can, indeed, hardly be said that there was an Independent church in Hamilton; for it was only half a church, if

even a complete half. The minister lived at the village of Larkhall, four miles distant, where his humble manse was located, contiguous to his humble church, to which, indeed, it held the relation of "a but and a ben."

This good old bachelor minister, of the name of Alexander, preached the one Sunday in Larkhall and the other Sunday in Hamilton, so that the latter society was, as I have said, only half a church, the Larkhall people being better off than the Hamilton people, because they had the minister all the week among them. There would not be more than twenty people on a Sabbath-day in the school-room in the Black's Well when my father and mother first worshipped there. In truth the state of things was so discouraging that they hesitated a good deal, leal and loyal Congregationalists though they were, whether to cast in their lot with the little Independent Society or join the United Associate Church, under the pastoral care then of a very spiritually-minded man, the Rev. Thomas Struthers, of Hamilton. They even went the length of taking seats in Mr. Struthers's church; and for about a year divided their interest between the Presbyterian and the Congregational Society. One of my boyish memories is that of seeing Mr. Struthers walking round and round our garden, engaged in earnest conversation with my father; for the Presbyterian minister was very anxious to induce the somewhat influential Congregational layman to join his church. My father, however, stood out resolutely for purity of communion, insisting that every church member should be asked to give a reason of the hope that was in him, and should be something like the saints and faithful brethren in Christ Jesus who composed the early churches which the apostles had founded, besides insisting upon the fact that every church mentioned in the New Testament seemed to be independent of all superior ecclesiastical control. This strong conviction ultimately prevailed; but it was quite plain that some change must needs be introduced into the way in which things were conducted in the Hamilton church. The double-working of Larkhall and Hamilton must needs be discontinued. The good old Mr. Alexander must be kept in Larkhall. Some improvement should be made upon the little building in which the church

in Hamilton met. Young men from the Glasgow Theological Hall should be brought up to preach as candidates on the Lord's-day, and the Head of the Church besought to grant them a minister after his own heart and after their own heart too. Surely they would be able to pay a young man an adequate salary, and thus, having a minister of their own resident in their midst, whose whole time, moreover, would be devoted to the cause, they might expect to succeed. A little opposition was offered in certain quarters to these proposals; but ultimately the scheme was approved of, and the candidates began to preach.

Well do I recollect how these young men would come to our house every Saturday evening. Sometimes my brother and myself would be sent out to the gate to cry up to the coach as it passed, "Are there any students of theology here?"—a question, by the way, which is still needed to-day in all the depth and significance of these words. We boys enjoyed the society of these young unfledged divines. When I met Dr. Kennedy, of Stepney Church, London, last October, at the jubilee meetings in Manchester, I said to him, "I believe I used to sit on your knee when I was a boy of six or seven years of age, when you came to preach at Hamilton." The venerable doctor surveyed my somewhat rotund figure, and wittily answered, "Well I would not like to have you on my knee now." I could here record a long list of these preachers, some of whom have become distinguished, both in this country and in other countries, in which would fall to be included the name of the excellent Dr. Munro, of Forres, who still aids the Evangelical Union both by his voice and by his pen. At length the Rev. John Moir was called and settled in 1834, a gentleman who is mentioned in Dr. Livingstone's memoir as having been the first to produce religious impressions under God on the mind of that great man, who, although brought up in humble life at Blantyre Works, now sleeps as to his body in Westminster Abbey, while his spirit rests with God, at the close of a remarkable career. I think I see his excellent father, Neil Livingstone, who was a Nathanael without guile, and the mother, and the sisters, and the brothers of the renowned traveller, and the great traveller himself, then an un-

pretending lad, slip into their seat in that little meeting-house, that would not hold two hundred people when crowded to the door. I think I see them meeting with us for a very humble refreshment at the interval of worship in a school-room in Patrick Street, in Hamilton, and I think I feel the pressure of that great traveller's hand as I would walk home with mine in his at the dismissal of the little company in the afternoon. To Mr. Moir I am indebted for my first lessons in Hebrew, and also for having read with me a book of Livy's history by way of preparing me for the University of Glasgow. He now lives in New Zealand without a charge.

It is my business, however, more immediately to write my father's biography, or rather to show, in a few concise paragraphs, how he, who had started life as a merchant, was led to become a minister of the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Having realised a comparative competence, and having retired from business when a comparatively young man—although he was still a kind of sleeping partner in a muslin manufactory in Glasgow—he could not altogether remain idle. His natural energy began to be manifested in the political proceedings in the town of Hamilton that resulted from the passing of the first Reform Bill in 1832. His new fellow townsmen began to understand that he could address a public meeting with considerable fluency and power. He was asked to stand for the Town Council in Hamilton at the first election after the passing of the Reform Bill, which not only reformed Parliamentary, but Municipal, elections. He was returned at the head of the Liberal party, and lost the Provostship only by one vote. He became a zealous supporter of the Liberal, or rather Radical, candidate who contested the Falkirk Burghs in opposition to the nominee of Hamilton Palace, the late Mr. Gillan of Wallhouse, near Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire—Hamilton, I may observe, being one of the Falkirk Burghs. I remember that Mr. Gillan stayed in our house after he became member of Parliament, and how, with a beating heart, I was set up to recite "Lord Ullin's Daughter" to him in the course of the evening. My father was the chairman of his committee for the town of Hamilton, and was warmly thanked by the member for the burghs for the help he had rendered him on the occasion of his return.

Soon after this time, what was known as the Voluntary controversy shook Scotland from the one end of it to the other. My father was elected president of the Hamilton Voluntary Association, and in that capacity required to take the chair at all the great and stirring meetings which were held during these years. His speaking powers were drawn out by this controversy more fully than ever, and it was now that he began to feel that he had in him the ability to wield great influence over a large assembly. When the late Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, lectured in Hamilton in the course of his crusade against Church Establishments, my father was called to the chair by acclamation at eleven o'clock at night, to hold the balance between him and the astute Mr. Leckie, of Barrhead, who followed the doctor through all the country at that time as the paid agent of the Established Church party, and debated with him at the close of every lecture. On that occasion the debate did not end till two o'clock in the morning.

But there was another movement that drew my father fully out into the important field of the Gospel ministry. I refer to the revival of religion which sprang up about the year 1838, and was called "The Kilsyth Revival." He had done not a little religious duty even before this time. He had taught a Bible-class every Sabbath in the interval of worship in the Black's Well meeting-house, of which David Livingstone and his brother and sisters were members. But the religious excitement which now began to prevail drew him out to yet more public labour. He was asked to conduct a meeting every Sabbath evening at the village of Quarter, among the Duke of Hamilton's miners. Every Sabbath afternoon when church was over he would go out to the house of Mr. Ord Adams, the overseer of the Avondale Colliery, and after tea would be conveyed by one of the horse waggons up the banks of the river Avon, and past the ruins of the storied Cadzow Castle, to this village of Quarter. For two successive winters he conducted these services, and received his first public presentation in the shape of a large Family Bible and some other books from the gratified inhabitants.

He began now to feel that he could make and deliver a very

fair discourse ; yet he had no idea of the public life that lay before him. By this time Mr. Moir had left for Arbroath, and the Rev. John Kirk had come to Hamilton in his place, a man who, doubtless, has left his mark on Scotland in more ways than one. My father was not a little benefited by listening to Mr. Kirk's earnest discourses, and also by the religious impulse he received from his unwearied evangelistic zeal. About this period the air began to be filled, moreover, with controversy as well as revival excitement, the two running on for years hand in hand together, not hindering, but rather helping, one another, although at first sight some might think this congruity to be impossible. Young James Morison had been brought before the Kilmarnock Presbytery for the *great sin* of preaching that Christ had died for every man ! My father and Mr. Kirk warmly sympathised with this young Presbyterian martyr. I remember still with what eagerness the first pamphlets which issued from the Kilmarnock press were read in our house, and what earnest debates were conducted, especially with some lady friends who were opposed to what began to be called the Kilmarnock Heresy Case. My father went down to Glasgow, and attended all the debates in Gordon Street Secession Church, and came home day after day deeply impressed with the piety as well as with the learning and the power of the young minister, and also with the truthfulness and scripturalness of the theological position which he had taken up.

About twelve men had joined the Congregational Church in Hamilton, who lived at Bellshill, the centre of a mining district that lay between Airdrie and Hamilton. They began to grow a little tired of the distance of four long and exposed miles from their homes to their church. They had requested my father to come over and preach beside a saw-pit on a Sabbath evening. I accompanied him, and still recollect how one of the mail coaches between Glasgow and Edinburgh passed through the crowd that was gathered round him, in the middle of the discourse. The people were so deeply impressed with the sermon that they entered into negotiations almost on the spot as to regular Sabbath services. There was a small school-room, they said, just two shops made into one, near the toll-

house, and if he would come there next Sabbath-day he would have a good congregation to preach to. The opening seemed providential ; and although our house was four miles distant from the village, yet, as my father kept a small conveyance of his own, that was not an insuperable objection. And thus it was that the ministry began in the year 1840, which for thirty-two years was conducted uninterruptedly, first in Bells-hill, and afterwards in Aberdeen, by a man who had now reached his forty-first year, and really had never obtained what would be called a collegiate or strictly theological education. He had of late, no doubt, been reading much in theology. With the writings of Dwight he had made himself familiar. Finney's books and magazines he had eagerly devoured ; while he had subjected all Morison's tractates to a very thorough examination indeed. He had also learned the rudiments of the Greek language, and with the help of the Englishman's Greek Concordance could do a little in the way of the investigation of the original Greek text of the New Testament. Still he is a remarkable instance of a man who, by force of character and natural qualifications, was drawn out unexpectedly to do the work, first of an evangelist and then of a pastor, and did it well, without what would be called the training of the schools. No doubt his work would have been still better done with that training ; but as it was his success was extraordinary.

From the first the audiences in the school-house at Bellshill became deeply impressed and began to be swayed, not only by the power of the speaker, but by the power of the Holy Ghost. They who came to scoff remained to pray. Men hardened in sin began to weep like children for their sins ; but when they heard that the grace of God was free, and that salvation was a gift to be received as any other gift might be received, they rejoiced as men rejoice who find great treasure. Being most of them miners, they knew what it was to sink for coal and find it at last after much doubt and anxiety ; but after much doubt and spiritual anxiety they found a far better pearl than the black diamond they were so familiar with in the bowels of the earth, and they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. The lion became the lamb ; the raven became the dove. I have before

my mind's eye at this moment the faces and the names of men who had been the terror of the neighbourhood, and of course yet more the terror of their wives and families, but who, by God's blessing on my father's preaching, became the meek and lamb-like, subdued, renewed sanctified children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus, a blessing to the neighbourhood, a joy at home, and trophies of the saving grace of God.

The school-house at Bellshill, of course, became too small for the audience, half of whom on a good day would be outside and listening to the words of eternal life that came from the open windows. Ground was at length procured in the neighbourhood for a church, and plans and specifications were drawn out, which I remember holding in my hand before the building was erected. It was built after the model of the new Hamilton meeting-house; for Mr. Kirk had also found the old Black's Well building too small for him. The chapel my father got built still stands on the road side between Bellshill and Holytown, with the inscription in front of it, "Congregational Church, 1842." It was opened in the October of that year by Dr. Wardlaw; and I still recollect the worthy doctor's concern on reaching the place—for he held up his hands in consternation in the vestry and said, "I verily believe I have forgotten to make provision for my own pulpit. What will the people do in Glasgow?" The people in Glasgow, of course, were put about; but happily they laid hold of a student who was going into the church with a black necktie on, and constrained him at the eleventh hour (or rather at five minutes before it!) to occupy the pulpit.

Then began the ministry which lasted from 1842 to 1846, and produced, in truth, a remarkable effect upon the whole country side. In the first place, I have to remark that my father was ordained as a Christian minister in March, 1843, by the imposition of hands, Dr. Wardlaw delivering the ordination charge, and the Rev. Thomas Pullar, afterwards of Hamilton, Ontario, addressing the church. It may be asked, Why did Dr. Wardlaw ordain Mr. Ferguson although he had passed through no university or theological curriculum? The answer is, I think, creditable to the liberality of spirit of the eminent doctor. He was quite a scholar himself, and knew very well

that in all ordinary circumstances a certain amount of scholarship is desirable—nay, indispensable. But he had the good sense to know that every general rule has its exception, and he had no hesitation in coming to the conclusion that my father was an exception to the general rule. He regarded his commercial training as to some extent a preparation for the work of the ministry, and having heard him speak with power himself on more than one occasion, and besides, having received credible evidence of the remarkable success which had attended Mr. Ferguson's ministry in Bellshill, in the conversion and ingathering of many souls, like Barnabas of old, when on his visit of inquiry to Antioch, he saw the grace of God and he too was glad, and virtually said, "Let no man forbid that the hands of ordination should be laid upon the head of one whom God has already owned by the best of all signs and witnesses—namely, converted men and women—to be his servant and ambassador."

Bellshill, of course, was a mere village as it is still; but as I have already said, it was the centre of a great mining population. The chapel would hold 600 people when the gallery was opened at the one end of it; and as months and years rolled on the people began to be attracted from the surrounding villages of Motherwell, Newarthill, Carfin, Holytown, Chapelhall, Carnbroe, and even from Coatbridge, three or four miles distant. I have seen 400 and 500 people on a good summer day gathered into that house, and as many as fifty of them hailing from Shotts Iron Works, ten miles distant. It may be asked, How had a place like Shotts Iron Works been brought under contribution? The answer to this question involves a description of my father's mode of procedure. He would fix upon a village like Newarthill or Chapelhall or Shotts Iron Works for a fortnight's protracted meetings. He would preach himself night after night, conversing with anxious inquirers at the close, and reach his own home in the little conveyance that began to be called the "gospel chariot" about midnight. Great excitement was of course produced in these villages by such exertions, and on the Lord's-day considerable contingents would attend. As Shotts was about ten miles distant from his house, he did not return from his work

there till the Saturday ; and it was after such a season of protracted labour that the fifty people, some on foot and some in carts, attended on the occasion already referred to. Nay more, they not only attended, but actually joined the church. The late excellent Rev. Andrew Scott, of the U.P. Church, Bonkle, near Cambusnethan, admitted that my father drew away forty of his best people, including his most intelligent elders. These ultimately became the nucleus from which the Evangelical Union church at Shotts Iron Works was formed.

It grieves me, however, to have to say that into the midst of this revival work the apple, not only of controversy, but of ecclesiastical discipline was thrown by the action taken at the instance of the excellent Dr. Wardlaw himself. He agreed with Morison as to the extent of the atonement of Christ ; but whenever Mr. Kirk with my father and Dr. Morison himself went the length of saying that the influence of the Holy Spirit was resistible, and that the election of grace was conditional, considering these Arminian positions to be unsound, he instituted the ecclesiastical proceedings that issued in the expulsion of nine students from his Theological Academy, of whom the writer was the youngest,—as well as the disownment of five Congregational churches in the neighbourhood of Glasgow by the four Glasgow Congregational churches, two of which rejected communities were the churches in Hamilton and Bells-hill. My father regretted extremely the severance of the friendship that had long subsisted between himself and Dr. Wardlaw, and all the more that that eminent man had acted very kindly and tenderly towards him at the time of his ordination. Still the interests of truth were paramount ; for, as the letters which were sent by the church in Bellshill to the Congregational churches in Glasgow still prove—and these were written by my father's own hand, although afterwards approved of by the church—he did not see how he could preach an earnest gospel on any other footing than that of conditional election and the honest striving of the Spirit of God with every hearer of the gospel. Like the Apostle of the Gentiles, he could not consult on a matter like this with flesh and blood, but was determined to know no man after the flesh, if that mere human acquaintance would stand between him and the proclamation

of the world-embracing grace of God. I remember walking with him in the streets of Glasgow one day when a gentleman passed him without recognition, whom he had known well both as a city merchant and as an office-bearer in Dr. Wardlaw's church. He remarked to me, "It is rather hard to be looked down upon by these men; but I care not for their frowns when my conscience is at rest."

I cannot write this paragraph without recording my gratification that things are changed now, and that the Congregationalists of Scotland generally regret the ecclesiastical proceedings I have just referred to, and are, generally speaking, proud to regard the churches of the Evangelical Union as sister churches.

My father's fame began to spread as an earnest preacher of the gospel in the district of Lanarkshire in which his lot had been cast. Having been asked by Dr. Morison to supply his church in Kilmarnock for a Sunday, quite a *furor* was created by his pulpit power. The warm-hearted people of Ayrshire thought they had never altogether heard more thrilling addresses.

Of course their own minister was peerless in his own walk of learning and eloquence combined; but my father's practical power was, to say the least of it, greatly admired. Besides that, he had souls for his hire; and some remember the day of his preaching as the day of their spiritual birth. Similar effects were produced in the town of Falkirk when the Rev. A. C. Rutherford asked him to exchange pulpits with him in the year 1843. He conducted a series of revival meetings in that town in the same year, and so great was the impression produced that a Grangemouth captain almost leaped into the pulpit when the blessing was pronounced, sat down beside the preacher and cried out, "If it's possible for me to be saved to-night, I am determined not to leave this pulpit till I have found the Saviour." That man now has £600 a-year as the captain of an ocean steamer that plies between Liverpool and Canada. But a trial lay before the pastor of Bellshill that seemed to present for a while an almost insuperable difficulty—namely, the request to preach in the city of Glasgow, where he had so long lived and was so well known in commercial

circles. It was when the church was formed in the Trades' Hall in Glasgow, in 1844, over which I still preside, that this request was preferred to him. Concluding, however, that Glasgow sinners were just like others, and that the gospel that was the power of God unto salvation in Bellshill among the miners would have the same effect, through His blessing, among the merchants, he agreed to go. The effect produced by him was as great as had resulted in other places. No more acceptable preacher took the platform in the Trades' Hall during the summer and winter of 1844 and 1845 than the minister of Bellshill. He may really be called one of the founders of the Evangelical Union; because, along with the Morisons, Messrs. Kirk and Guthrie, and others, he did not a little, besides his own pastoral labours, to make openings for the new Evangelical Union churches in all the important centres of Scottish population. Even in Edinburgh, with all its polish and refinement, he was warmly welcomed, as Bailie Stott of that day used to testify, and Bailie Lewis of the present day still remembers and freely asserts.

I must now, however, state how it was that my father was removed from Bellshill to the city of Aberdeen, in August, 1846. Although churches in sympathy with the "new doctrines" had been formed in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and other important centres, up till this time no progress had been made north of the Tay, and as yet the majority of our preachers had not even seen the beautiful city, with its suburbs, that stands between the Dee and the Don—what we might call the Scottish Mesopotamia that has been immortalised by the poetical effusions of Dr. Walter Smith.

Three gentlemen—Messrs. Shearer, Kelles, and Cornwall—had attended the ordination of the Rev. John Kirk in Edinburgh, in November, 1845, and had preferred a very earnest request to the principal ministers in the movement, to direct their attention to the Granite City. It was in March, 1846, that the preaching station was opened. An old chapel had been rented in St. Andrew's Street, capable of holding 800 or 900 people when crowded. From the first the meetings were remarkably well attended; and it was quite plain that the new movement was a success. This was rather surprising,

inasmuch as Aberdeen had been thought as hard to move mentally and theologically, as its granite was hard to chisel. But some way or other, whenever the "new views" were explained to the citizens of the North in all their God-honouring beauty—the free and world-wide love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—the Father loving all, the Son atoning for all, and the Spirit striving with all—that aspect of theological truth seemed to meet the approbation of a large number of Christian people in all denominations. Consequently, the old church in St. Andrew's Street was crowded to the door from the first, especially at the evening service. When, however, such men as Morison, Kirk, Guthrie, and others—whose names had been sounded abroad in connection with ecclesiastical disputes—preached, the congregations were large in the morning, and the afternoon also. Whenever the Aberdeen friends heard my father preach, they unanimously declared that this was the man for Aberdeen. His direct and practical home-thrusts to the sinner; his clear illustrations and telling anecdotes, and besides his practical appeals on Christian consistency addressed to the believer, carried all hearts captive.

A very intelligent lady of the Baptist denomination told me that, when she first heard him use the expression, "a satisfied God," it was new to her. She believed in Jesus; and yet she had never seen clearly that, through his propitiation, God was "a satisfied God." This view of truth struck not only her but many more; and, consequently, when in the midsummer of that year, a proposal was made to form a church, the leading brethren were surprised at the numbers of those who gave in their names as the adherents of the cause.

The congregation in Bellshill were grieved to lose him who had been not only the founder of the church, but also, under God, the father of their souls. Mr. Ferguson, however, felt really that he had got a call from God—not for money, but for men—to that northern centre of population, where the field was so much larger than his former one among the scattered mining villages of the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire. He was conscious of the power God had given him in addressing an audience; and he longed and burned with a holy ambition to be the means of forming and maintaining a large Chris-

tian church in such a city as Aberdeen. He had often been grieved at the migratory habits of his mining adherents. For a shilling a-week more, they would lift all their goods and chattels, and be off to Dalry, in Ayrshire, or Dunfermline, in Fife; and he thought his work would be more permanent in such an important locality as the "Granite City" undoubtedly was.

I had been present as a hearer at my father's ordination, in Bellshill, in 1843; but I had the pleasure, as an ordained minister, of taking part in his induction, in Aberdeen, in the month of August, 1846. As many as sixteen ministers took part in it—indeed, one of the newspapers of the city rather sarcastically remarked, that "the little denomination had gathered together all its clerical representatives for the sake of making a good appearance, and taking the place by storm"! I forget at this date what portions of the solemn service were assigned to the Messrs. Morison, senior and junior, Kirk, Scott, etc.; but I remember that I preached the opening discourse that Thursday forenoon, from Romans i. 16: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

Travelling to the North was, however, a different thing in these days from what it is now. When I first went to Aberdeen, in March, 1846, I had to leave Glasgow on the afternoon of a Friday, remain in Edinburgh all night, and take the coach at six o'clock in the morning; cross the Frith of Forth; drive in the coach through Fife; cross the Frith of Tay in a ferry-boat; get a little dinner in Dundee, about 2 P.M.; and then travel through Forfar, Laurencekirk, and Stonehaven; and I remember that we rattled down the stony streets of the "Granite City" at 10 P.M. But on the occasion of my father's induction, the summer steamer was plying between Granton and Aberdeen. The ministers who were to be engaged in the public service left Edinburgh in the morning, and were in front of Aberdeen at five o'clock in the afternoon. What a welcome we received from the earnest friends of the cause! There they were at the uttermost point of the harbour, where the pier juts out into the sea, Messrs. Cornwall, Kelles, and Shearer, with hats off, cheering and huzzaing because the brethren had arrived with their future pastor. It put me in

mind of the old days when a Paul, a Barnabas, a Timothy, and an Apollos, were welcomed at Troas, or Tyre, or Ptolemais, by the delighted disciples of the primitive churches.

Left to himself, after the Morisons, Kirk, his son, and others had retired, my father found that hard work lay before him. No doubt, a nucleus of sympathising friends had gathered around; no doubt, considerable congregations hung upon his lips Sabbath after Sabbath; but the opposition in the general public, even the Christian public, was immense and intense. The good ministers of the city had exaggerated ideas of the views of the new party, and of course gave expression to these exaggerated ideas in what must now be regarded as mere caricatures of the doctrines of the Evangelical Union. Because we said that man had a God-given and a God-sustained power to believe the gospel; and that it was the sinner's decision that made the difference between the saved and the unsaved—not the withholding of essential grace on the part of God, these gentlemen represented us as *making the sinner save himself*. This charge was rung from almost all the pulpits in the city, from day to day, against the St. Andrew's Street Church. It was quite a common thing for ministers to say that we were worse than the Roman Catholics; and that they would far rather see their hearers going to the Church of Rome than to hear the preachers of the "new views"! The antipathy spread from the pulpit to the pew, and my father often referred to the fact, that one day he was literally hissed in the street by some decent looking people whose zeal was evidently without knowledge; yet strong in the consciousness of doing his duty, and that he was located in Aberdeen in the providence of God, he went bravely and fearlessly on, determined in the strength of Jehovah to breast every difficulty, and ultimately to overcome it. It was positively wonderful what he accomplished between August, 1846, and December, 1849, the three years and five months during which he laboured in the old St. Andrew's Street Church. He actually preached three times every Sabbath without interruption. Nor was it ordinary preaching. He had all the vehemence of the most celebrated orators, if not their exalted conceptions, or polished periods. In fact, I do not hesitate to say that, although he

lived to be in his eightieth year, if it had not been for the pulpit exertions of this period and subsequent years, so admirable was his constitution, he might have lived to be a nonogenarian.

One of the parish ministers of Old Aberdeen, in the course of visitation, came upon an old woman who, during these first years of my father's ministry, sat under his preaching as an attached and admiring adherent. After the first civilities had been exchanged, and he had come to know to what communion she belonged, he asked her how she managed to get to Aberdeen on Sundays. And when he was informed that she left in the morning, and did not come home till late at night, after having heard her minister three times, and that this went on every Sunday, he began to question her thus :

"You do not mean to say that your minister preaches three times all the year over?"

"I not only say that, sir, but I say this: you and I are speaking in the month of January; well, I assure you, that I heard Mr. Ferguson preach every Sabbath-day last year, from January to December, three times each day. He was three times every day in the pulpit; and I was three times every day in the pew!"

The minister held up his hands in amazement, and said, "I never heard the like of that all my life; and I do not believe that the same thing could be said of any other minister, and of any other hearer, in broad Scotland."

But such was the fact, and such were the herculean exertions which the pastor of the E. U. Church in Aberdeen put forth at the period of its formation.

The Rev. James Byres Laing, first editor of the *Day-Star*, was then minister of a Congregational Church, two miles out of the city, and being thoroughly in sympathy with the "new views"—in fact, one of the first ministers who cast in his lot with the movement, he accompanied my father on his summer holiday in 1847 up the Dee. But what was the holiday? Simply a running up to Braemar, and running back in time for Sabbath-work.

Although, as I have said, Mr. Ferguson felt deeply the hostility of the general body of the citizens, he was very happy

in the society of his own attached people. While the majority of them belonged to the working classes, there were a few of the "better sort" whose homes not only afforded him relaxation of an evening, but whose intellectual acquirements yielded him an occasional treat. For example, Mr. David Dunn, the author of an admirable tractate, published about this time, entitled "The Consistency of Moral Government with the Grace of God," was a man of wide culture; and I have myself enjoyed amazingly his descriptions of men and manners in Aberdeen in the beginning of the century, in which Dr. Kidd, the Professor of Hebrew, and pastor of Gilcomston Church, figured prominently. Mr. Duncan also, father of Dr. Matthews Duncan, now of London, with all his family, joined the infant church, whose reminiscences of early Congregationalism, both in the city and county of Aberdeen, were rich and racy.

But the question which pressed heavily on my father's mind about this time was the erection of a new chapel. As I have already said, he had built a church in Bellshill, and yet he was long-headed enough and managing enough to get the miners to pay for it before he left them. He counted up how much they spent for tobacco every week, and asked them if they could not give as much for the cause of God as for these empty and unavailing fumes. The worthy miners could hardly believe that the aggregate sum spent upon the "weed" amounted to the sum stated; but the occupant of the pulpit was a good arithmetician, and there was no escaping from the summation of his figures. Here, however, was another new church to be faced; but a building that would suit the city of Aberdeen required to be about three times as dear as that which suited the highway-side near Holytown. But there was no help for it, as the St. Andrew's Street Church was old and frail, and there had been repeated alarms about its possibly coming down about the ears of both preacher and hearers. Mr. Ferguson was happily able to head the subscription list with a good gift himself; and, thus encouraged, his people were not backward. In the beginning of 1849 a fine site was acquired in St. Paul Street, and in the month of December of that year a handsome edifice, capable of holding about a thousand people when crowded to the door, as often was the

case, was opened for divine service. I never shall forget the day I had the honour myself of preaching the first sermon in that building. The text I chose was Canticles ii. 4—"He brought me to his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." My father preached in the afternoon, and the Rev. William Scott, formerly of Free St. Mark's, Glasgow, then warmly sympathising with the Evangelical Union, preached in the evening. The audience at night was so great that an overflow meeting was held in the old St. Andrew's Street Church, which the writer of this article also addressed. No one who looks at the handsome building could suppose that it was reared for less than £2000; but the season was exceptionally favourable for the erection of a cheap edifice, and the minister's admirable business habits and business knowledge kept down all unnecessary expenditure.

And now that we have to leave Mr. Ferguson alone again in Aberdeen, what shall we say of his ministry? That extended in an unbroken series from January, 1850, to the Spring of 1872 in this St. Paul's Street Church. In the first place, I have to remark that he began to find twice a-day's preaching enough for his ordinary ministrations. But whether should he preach forenoon and afternoon, or forenoon and evening? At that time only the Episcopalians had evening services; and, consequently, it was thought that if the afternoon diet should be given up, a greater crowd would be collected at night than might be expected in the afternoon. My father was thus among the first in the Granite City to adopt what may be called the English system of morning and evening services. For a time it worked well; but when afterwards almost every other church in the city followed suit, he rather regretted the change—for although in the winter evenings the arrangement still worked well, he found that in the summer evenings the people were inclined to walk abroad rather than come within the walls of a stone building.

In a year or two the membership of St. Paul's Street Church ran up to the height of about 500; and the audience for twenty years kept at the very respectable pitch of seven or eight hundred. It was wonderful that a man who had received, as I have already said, no regular university or

theological training, could have kept up a congregation so long. An evangelist with a few sermons going from city to city can easily make an impression for half a year or so; but let him remain in the same place for about twenty years, and verily his powers would be tested. Mr. Ferguson solved the difficulty by hard conscientious working. He was an early riser, and about the year 1852 he resolved to write his discourses fully out and read them. He had been accustomed hitherto to use what is called a skeleton, that is, a few pages of notes fully thought out, but the filling up left to the inspiration of the moment. He felt, however, when he saw intelligent and well educated people sitting before him, from Sabbath to Sabbath, that he was not happy without his manuscript, and without the consciousness of full and elaborate preparation. In the summer mornings he would get up as early as four or five o'clock, and have a large portion of a discourse written out before breakfast time. In the winter months he might not rise till seven o'clock; but still he was always early in his study. When I first heard him read his discourses, I confess that I was a little disappointed. What they had gained in finish they had lost somewhat in power and point. I felt disposed to exclaim with the man in the gallery who first heard Wardlaw read,—“Loose him, and let him go!” But as years rolled on, and I became accustomed to the new mode, I began to see the wisdom of it. The early style was well fitted to gather the church; but the later style was better adapted to the feeding and the maintaining of the church. Besides, I confess that the read discourses were sometimes as powerful as the spoken ones used to be, especially when the preacher delivered a course of narrative sermons, say on the life of Wesley, or on the life of Whitfield. About the year 1860 he got into the habit of announcing beforehand such a course for the winter months. His chapel was completely crowded during such a series, night after night, by delighted audiences. The discourses, as inserted in the *Christian News*, were reproduced in some of the English Wesleyan Journals, and did not a little to extend his name and influence.

This may be the best place for mentioning the fact that my father's preaching in Aberdeen was largely blessed both to

the conversion of promising young men, and their being induced to choose the office of the ministry. The Rev. Dr. Bruce of Huddersfield, one of the leaders of English Congregationalism of the present day, did not hesitate to announce, when giving an account of his own conversion at his ordination in that important Yorkshire town, that it was by hearing my father, during the first years of his Aberdeen pastorate, that he was brought to a knowledge of the truth, when a student at the university, and led to think of becoming a Christian minister. The Rev. Joseph Boyle, first of Leith and then of London, could tell the same tale, as also could Dr. Anderson of Tooting, near London, and Professor Barbour, now occupant of Dr. Dwight's chair, at Yale College, Newhaven, America. In fact, he was often delighted by receiving such a letter as that which Professor Barbour wrote him from the United States, many years after he had removed to that country, claiming him as his father in God, and the agent by whom all the spiritual and material advancement he had received had been communicated to him.

All through the successive years of that Aberdeen ministry my father may be said to have acted the part of a kind of bishop in the North of Scotland. The church in Fraserburgh was always glad to have him with them at their special gatherings. The churches in Forres, in Blackhills, now called Westhills, and also in Montrose, from time to time, referred to him any perplexities that had risen up in the course of their congregational proceedings. In fact, I heard only lately one of the Montrose friends relate, with tears in his eyes, how signal the services were which Mr. Ferguson had rendered that church in some critical periods of its history. I should also state that a warm friendship existed between him and the now venerable Dr. Munro, who has done so much for Scotland in the way of establishing hydropathic institutions—for it cannot be denied that that gentleman largely originated such institutions in our country. He was pastor of a Congregational church seven miles from Aberdeen when my father first went north. Their brotherly intercourse remained unbroken up to the time of my father's death.

My mother died in 1856, and for three years my father

remained a widower. The members of his family, however, had all left his house for spheres of their own; and in the year 1859 he married a second time. His choice was Miss Margaret Cornwall, an esteemed member of his church, whose uncle, the Rev. Ebenezer Cornwall, was well known in Scotland at the time of the first Kilsyth revival as minister of Jedburgh, and afterwards was well known in London as the pastor of a flourishing Congregational church, and the author of several very readable theological works.

Just about the time of his second marriage President Finney from America visited this country, and my father had the great satisfaction of entertaining him and Mrs. Finney in his own house. For the President of Oberlin College he had a warm regard, inasmuch as his writings had done not a little to induce him to devote his own talents to the service of the Lord. He never forgot the happy weeks during which that distinguished Evangelist and his excellent wife lived in his house, addressing nightly in St. Paul's Street Church the congregations that hung upon his lips. Mr. Finney, in turn, reciprocated his regard, as the few sentences he devotes in his autobiography to Aberdeen abundantly testify.

My father was always welcome when he came south at the time of our Annual Conference in October. He frequently spent a Sabbath or two at that time in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bellshill, Hamilton, or Kilmarnock among his old friends. The memories of former days always drew interested audiences to hear him. The Kilmarnock people never forgot a discourse preached by him in the summer of 1857, soon after the execution of Palmer at Stafford. He held that criminal up as a warning to young men in paragraphs so powerful that they influenced the lives of not a few, and left impressions that are still uneffaced.

When my father had entered the twenty-first year of his ministry the idea began to be entertained that some testimonial should be publicly presented to him in recognition of the important work he had done in the city. Accordingly at an enthusiastic meeting held in the City Hall, Aberdeen, on January 21st, 1867, silver plate of the value of upwards of £100 was presented to him, with an appropriate inscription.

A year or two before this time several brethren, influenced by a laudable desire to extend the cause in Aberdeen, seceded and formed a separate church. It now meets in John Street, a commodious chapel there having been purchased and fitted up for use. It flourishes under the pastorate of Dr. Alex. Stewart, between whom and my father cordial relations subsisted to the last.

About the year 1870 my father began to feel for the first time that he was not what he had been. One day in his study a fit of unconsciousness, or want of memory, came over him for some minutes. When he recovered he called Mrs. Ferguson into his room, and told her what had happened. They both agreed that he should think of soon asking for a colleague. The idea then conceived did not, however, ripen into a full resolution till the year 1872, when, in the month of June, he resigned his charge, and asked the congregation to appoint a successor. No candidates were heard, but direct communications were at once opened up with the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, of Bathgate; and as he seemed quite inclined to comply with the offer that was made to him, arrangements were entered into for his induction in the month of August, 1872. I need not here dilate upon the characteristics of his remarkable ministry in Aberdeen; but, suffice it to say, that far from being jealous of his great and growing fame, my father was enabled with perfect happiness to say like John the Baptist in his day, "He must increase and I must decrease."

It was, indeed, a fine sight, as it has been described to me, to witness the senior pastor, or rather the pastor-emeritus, presiding at the church meeting, and earnestly calling upon the assembled brethren to add £50 or £100 to the young man's salary, although that would make it a far greater salary than he had ever himself received. It is generally thought a very trying thing for a man to sit and listen to a successor, who, in many respects, excels him; but this feat Mr. Ferguson in his old age was enabled to perform to the glory of the grace of God—a circumstance which we think gives a rounded symmetry and a holy heavenly beauty to the close of his career.

Mr. Ferguson had been President of the Evangelical Union

in the year 1859 ; but after he had retired from the ministry in favour of Mr. Fairbairn, it was thought that it would be a graceful thing to elect him once more to that honourable position. Consequently his name occurs in the register as President for the second time in the year 1872. His business habits stood him in good stead in discharging the functions of this post ; and, besides, his brethren were happy on that occasion as well as on others, by giving him all the honour they could, to manifest the respect that was due to one who had led in their midst a long and consistent life, and had devoted his mature manhood as well as his declining years to the good of the denomination.

My father's health did not show any additional signs of failure till he was about 76 years of age. The tendency to faintishness, to which I have referred as coming upon him in his 70th year, had hardly manifested itself again after he was released from the cares of pastoral life. He had got cold, however, in the spring of 1876, when preaching anniversary sermons in the south country ; and as the summer of that year advanced his feet began to swell, and he had a decided attack of heart disease, which alarmed his physicians and friends not a little. He recovered from this illness, however, so completely, by God's blessing on his physician's skill and the means used, that he was able frequently to occupy a vacant pulpit in Aberdeen or its neighbourhood, or even relieve Dr. Fairbairn by an occasional discourse at his holiday time, or in any other emergency. This was a sphere of work he very much enjoyed after he was laid aside from regular pulpit duty—viz., the giving of help to other ministers of the Gospel of all denominations. He often used to remark upon the difference, yea the contrast, between the treatment he had received in the beginning of his career at Aberdeen and the manner in which he was received by the Christian public in general and Christian ministers in particular as his life drew towards a close. One day there had been a hitch as to the presidency of a daily union prayer meeting, and two of the most influential ministers of the city of Aberdeen set off somewhat hurriedly to Mr. Ferguson's house to bring him down to occupy the chair, in virtue of his being the oldest

minister in the city. This mark of respect touched him extremely, and he often used to refer to it afterwards as an experience which he never really thought he would live to enjoy.

I should perhaps have referred to the fact sooner that although my father demitted his charge fully when Dr. Fairbairn was called and entered upon his Aberdeen ministry, the church, with the new pastor's full consent, would not allow him to be entirely severed from all connection with the pastoral office. The name "honorary pastor" was assigned him in the church records—if, indeed, the title was not expressly coined for the occasion, as some allege, the word never having been in ecclesiastical use before. Dr. Fairbairn also insisted upon his dispensing the Lord's Supper alternately with himself, so that the people knew if the young pastor presided at the communion the one month, the ex-pastor was to preside at the beginning of the next month. My father also visited the sick when specially asked to do so, although he felt very unwilling to discharge any pastoral functions at all lest Dr. Fairbairn should fancy that he was intruding into his proper domain.

I happened to be north in the city of Aberdeen on the first Sabbath of September, 1876. The chapel had been painted and beautified, and I had been invited, along with the Rev. Robert Hislop, then of Kilmarnock, to assist in re-opening services. I found that my father was in tolerably good health; but I was painfully conscious of the fact that his memory was failing. He would ask the same question repeatedly within an hour or so at the same individual, and it was but too evident that the silver cord was being gently loosed and that the golden bowl was soon about to be broken.

In June, 1877, Dr. Fairbairn left Aberdeen to be president of Airedale College, near Bradford, and on November 11th of the same year, Rev. Alex. Brown, formerly of Galashiels, was inducted as pastor of the church. The same cordiality and consideration characterised my father's feelings and conduct towards Dr. Fairbairn's accomplished successor; but, alas! the time of his removal from the church below to the church above was rapidly drawing on.

His last public act was to dispense the Lord's Supper a fortnight before he died. After discharging that duty and making that public appearance, he was able to walk to the city of Aberdeen, from his residence, and transact business only on one occasion, when, indeed, he was observed to walk at his usually brisk pace; but some cold he had contracted either then or soon afterwards hurried his end. After spending some days of considerable distress he very suddenly dropped down dead in his own residence, 12 Mount Street, at half-past eight o'clock on the morning of March 25th, 1878, being 79 years and two months old. He did not fully realise the fact that he was so near his end; but we may say concerning him what John Newton said of a friend—"The great thing is not how he died, but how he lived." To him most emphatically to live had been Christ, and therefore to die was gain. His sudden death produced considerable sensation in Aberdeen and throughout the country, the two city newspapers giving long obituary notices, which were more or less fully copied into the Dundee and Glasgow and Edinburgh newspapers. The funeral was attended by a large and representative body of citizens; and when I saw Established Church, Free Church, United Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist ministers all being marshalled to follow his remains to the grave, headed by the venerable Principal David Brown, of the Free Church College, once more the remarkable contrast rose up before my mind between the light in which he was regarded when he first came to the city and the respect shown to him on the day of his burial. Dr Fairbairn came expressly from Airedale College to preach his funeral sermon, which he did before a crowded and overflowing audience on the Sunday evening after the interment. The ample eulogy which he pronounced upon the subject of this biographical sketch did credit to them both.

I had intended to give several specimens of my father's style, selected from his contributions to our denominational literature. I have only room left for one quotation from his charge delivered to Mr. William Bathgate (afterwards Dr. Bathgate) on the day of his ordination to his first charge at Shotts, on 12th December, 1844. His text was, "Make full proof of thy

ministry" (2 Tim. iv. 5); and, after an appropriate introduction, he thus continued:—

"In the first place, the words involve something personal as regards yourself; and this again suggests the idea—

"1. Of self-cultivation. Cultivate your own soul; let personal religion be your first business, if you wish to commend religion to others. A farmer who is to urge a system of good husbandry on others, must cultivate his own land well,—his must be a Model Farm to which all can look as a pattern; if his own ground is neglected his instructions will be despised. Personal holiness is indispensable in a Christian minister. The water of life must have a pure channel through which to flow, otherwise it will be polluted in the passage, and thus injure rather than benefit those to whom it is conveyed. Character is indispensable in a public man, but especially in a Christian minister. It is related of the celebrated Rowland Hill, that on one occasion he was to advocate the claims of a benevolent Society from the pulpit of one of the fox-hunting parsons who disgrace the southern hierarchy, and that as the gown could not be found, the incumbent wished the service postponed. Mr. Hill, looking the stickler for sacerdotal robes right in the face, said with all solemnity, 'Sir, I can preach the gospel without a great many things, and among the rest, I can preach without a gown, but there is one thing I cannot preach without, *and that is a character.*'

"2. Of Secret Prayer. Begin every day with God. You remember the advice that good man, the late Mr. M'Cheyne of Dundee, gave to a friend—'Never see the face of man till you have seen the face of God.' The Apostles were men of prayer: 'But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word.' Acts vi. 4. You will observe that prayer is placed first, 'we will give ourselves continually to prayer,' and then to the ministry of the word; and one reason appears to be that prayer prepares the minister's own mind for preaching. You will never plead God's cause half so effectually with the sinner, as when you go fresh from pleading the sinner's cause with God. It is at a throne of grace you catch the spirit of God's compassion for lost souls, and thence you go to them for God, with the same mind in you which was in Christ Jesus.

"Suppose a father to have a son who has rebelled against him—he has sent a letter to the rebel urging him to repent and return, but he refuses; you go to the kind-hearted father to speak about his rebel son—he tells you he still loves him in spite of all his rebellion. You see that parental regard still heaves his bosom, you catch his spirit, and leave his presence with the same mind in you that is in him towards his son—you go fresh from the sire to the son, and so effectually enforce his claims, that the rebel submits and returns, and thus the spirit of the father gets access to the stubborn spirit of the son through you, and subdues it.

“Further, I believe most positively, that wherever the gospel is simply and clearly stated, the Holy Spirit leaves every hearer without the shade of an excuse for remaining in unbelief. I at the same time believe that there are degrees of the Spirit’s influence put forth at one time which are not put forth at another, and as I cannot tell how much the *degree* may depend on persevering and believing prayer, I entreat you to pray without ceasing, the more especially as the Lord has promised to ‘give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.’

“3. The study of the Bible for the benefit of your own soul. We are all apt, my brother, to study the Bible *professionally*—to search the Scriptures for something for other people, and to be so engrossed with this, as often to forget that we are bound to search them for ourselves. Let me urge on you and myself, the duty of setting apart some portion of every day for the prayerful perusal of the Scriptures for the benefit of our own souls, and let no other duty, however urgent, interfere with those hallowed hours of self-cultivation and holy communion with God, through the medium of his own word.”

It is not needful that I should at any length sum up the chief characteristics of my father’s mind and ministry. These are sufficiently prominent in the very fore-front of his life and career. Looking at his portrait one day as it hung in the best apartment of one of his church members, an eminent minister of the gospel said, “I see indomitable perseverance inscribed on that countenance.” No doubt that was one of the most marked features of his character. Another was his strict conscientiousness and sterling honesty. I may remark here that at one time of his life my father lost a good deal of money by the collapse of a company in which he had taken shares, having been encouraged to do so by the high esteem he had formed of the business abilities and the Christian character of the chief shareholder. When one of his fellow-sufferers was hinting to him that he might adopt a rather questionable mode of procedure to avoid what seemed to be almost impending ruin, a course which this friend, indeed, himself pursued, my father remarked, “I am willing to sell my coat, but I am determined to keep my character.” Take him all in all he is a very favourable specimen of a consistent, earnest, and hard-working minister, and as such we hold him up for the imitation of the aspirants to the ministry who may read this narrative. There are, moreover, peculiarities in the case that make it stand out from the ordinary run of minis-

terial biographies, on which account, indeed, we believe it will henceforward be all the more valuable. Every rule has its exception, as I have already remarked, and the exception is generally supposed to uphold the rule. Here was a man who had reached middle life before he began the ministry, and whose only training had been that which fitted him for commercial life. Yet he not only became a minister, but a very successful minister, and that, too, in the face of the greatest discouragements. He was not backed by any powerful Presbytery, nor supported by a great and popular demonstration. On the other hand, he was the outcast abettor of misunderstood principles that were everywhere spoken against, yet he held the banner aloft for twenty-five years of a free and world-wide gospel before a large and influential congregation in the midst of a city that had always been known for its peremptory disallowance of anything like a departure from *soidisant* orthodoxy. We believe that when other ministerial biographies are comparatively forgotten an honourable place will be left in such annals for the life and labours of the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, Senr., of Bellshill and Aberdeen.

FERGUS FERGUSON, JUNR.





REV^d JOHN GUTHRIE, D.D.

THE REV. JOHN GUTHRIE, M.A., D.D.



CHAPTER I.

1814—1839.

Birth—Parents—Boyhood—Entrance to the University—Degree, M.A.—
Theological Hall—License to Preach—Call to Kendal.

DIVERSITY gives beauty to the kingdom of Nature, and it has its use in the kingdom of Grace. When Jesus Christ gathered around him those men who were to plant and water the Church he came to establish, he did not select them of the same manner, build, and spirit. They were diverse in their external form and circumstances, and were as different in the peculiarities of their minds as they were in physical appearance. The apostles differed from each other in intellectual grasp and ability, power of will, strength of intuition, sensitiveness of heart, and quantity of moral and mental being. These diversities were all required to enable them to operate on a diverse and many-sided world. Through them the gospel was to be presented to every creature; and each one, be he James or John, Peter or Paul, would make it known in substance the same, but so far modified by the channel through which it was presented. This was a necessity of the case, and had the effect of not only presenting a full gospel, but also of reaching a larger number of people than it could have done if only one type of preachers had been employed. A like necessity has existed at all times, and disciples of different mould and manner have been employed in the service of Christ in all the religious movements of the past designed for the enlargement of the kingdom of God, and the fuller enunciation of the truth. This has been markedly the case in post-apostolic times, during those crises when a new ecclesiastical departure was to be taken, and a higher position

gained. Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin, were very different men, but were all of use in accomplishing the Great Reformation. John Wesley and George Whitfield, in manner and thought, were diverse, but were both powerful in awakening souls to consider their condition in the sight of God, and in restoring evangelical life and truth to a large section of the Church. In the Disruption movement in Scotland, which ended "the ten years' conflict" inside the Kirk, and originated the Free Church, there were a Chalmers, with his burning, evangelical enthusiasm—a Candlish, with his subtle, powerful eloquence—a Buchanan, with his practical, business mind—and a Cunningham, with his massive, theological thought. So, in the lesser sphere of "the gospel movement," as it used to be designated, which has been organised in the Evangelical Union of Scotland, there were diverse minds, all animated by the one spirit, holding substantially the same views of Divine truth, and seeking the one grand end. James Morison was the moving spirit. His father, Robert Morison, was in the background, but still a force of practical wisdom, of eminent service. John Kirk, the evangelist, by way of pre-eminence, had an important place none other could have filled. And John Guthrie, combining many excellencies in his own person, had no small share in the work, and receives, and will receive, no small share of the honour. A sketch of his life will confirm and deepen this conviction.

It was a life characterised by thought and work in the highest and holiest of all causes, unselfishly and devotedly rendered, and my regret is that, under the conditions in which I write meantime, it will be impossible to do more than limn, and that, too, imperfectly, one who was every inch a truly honourable, Christian man.

That part of the kingdom of Scotland which lies north-east of the Forth, has been the birthplace of many men whose names are recorded in the history of their country, because of their characters, words, and works. Amongst these the name of John Guthrie will, in the future, have an honourable place. He was born in the quiet, sluggish sort of village of Milnathort, Kinross-shire, which is situated not far from Loch Leven, on the 30th of January, 1814. It has been said that he was descended from

the Guthries—James and William, cousins—who played no unimportant part in the history of Scotland during “the killing time,” when to be true to conscience not unfrequently involved the sacrifice of liberty or life. Whether this be true or not cannot be decided, but it is certain that he possessed much of their spirit and unction; and the description given of William Guthrie as a “man of a most ready wit, fruitful invention, and apposite comparison, qualified both to awaken and pacify conscience, straight and zealous for the cause of Christ, and a great light in the West of Scotland,” aptly applies to the subject of the present memoir.

John Guthrie’s parents were among the village notables, and respected for their consistency and weight of character. The father was engaged in trade, was well read, shrewd, and somewhat blunt in manner, public spirited, and took a lively interest in the affairs of both Church and State. His mother was gentle, pious, and possessed of common-sense, which means much in the country of Scotland. There were six children, three sons and three daughters—John being the third born—who were carefully tended and trained in the fear of the Lord. The home was one in which God was revered, the practices of religion respected and observed, virtue prized and manifested, and the fullest social life enjoyed.

Under this roof the infant grew into boyhood, and full of pranks and fun that boyhood was. While genial and loving, the young spirit had a side which revelled in the characteristic exuberance of village life. Those who knew him declare he was a sprightly boy, with much of his mother’s meek and gentle spirit, yet withal possessing a boy’s vigour and daring, ever and anon displaying a considerable vein of humour, and quite up to the mark for boyish frolic and a holiday prank.

When of age, he was sent to the Subscription School, where, under the eye of the master and his elder brother James, he was initiated into the mysteries of education, which at that period was less complex and minute than it is now. In those days there were no standards, inspectors, grants, and school-boards, nor were the masters required to give so much superfluities of learning; but what they did, they did well—laying a good, substantial, though not in some cases a very ornate foun-

dation, which the mentally industrious could build on in after years. John Guthrie must have profited by the tuition he received, for he soon distinguished himself in more ways than one.

He was one of the founders and a most active member of a literary and theological association, which met for the reading of original papers and discussion once a-week. Principally at his suggestion the members started a MS. monthly magazine, which was conducted with spirit for twelve months, and was read with avidity in all the manse in the neighbourhood and by the principal families of the place. Of this magazine he was the sub-editor, and as the recognised poet of the circle he supplied several pieces of high literary merit as well as some prose contributions full of promise. Study to him was a delight, and his progress was rapid, he being able to enter the University of Edinburgh at the beginning of the session of 1831 when a little over seventeen years of age. This change from the quiet of the Kinross-shire village, with its quaint ways and rude simplicity, to the bustle and intellectual activity of Edinburgh, was relished by the young student. His whole nature was stirred to its depths; plans were laid for future action, and hopes of brightness, star-like, shone in the young bosom. At last he had taken a step out into the great world, and had left the home and its hallowed influence behind. On the large arena he met with kindred spirits who, like himself, had a life's mission to fulfil, and had come hither to prepare for the struggle. The intellectual and religious atmosphere was bracing, and the historic associations of the grand "old romantic town" served as food to the imagination.

The entrance of a country youth, who has received his education in a village school, into a large city and a university has a widening and quickening influence, and young Guthrie experienced this to no small degree. When he entered the College its chief Chairs were filled by men of erudition, genius, and some of them of world-wide reputation. Professor Pillans occupied the Chair of Humanity, and taught Latin as if he had a dash of the old Roman in his constitution. Professor Dunbar presided in the Greek class, and under him the Milnathort student ardently set himself to work to master the

language in which Homer wrote his immortal poems and which the apostles employed to make known, by inspiration, the will of the Lord. At school he had a passion for mathematical study, but this gave way when he attended the University to a love for classics and philosophy. In the Greek class he was acknowledged, both by the Professor and his fellow-students, as a successful scholar, and in acknowledgment of this he was awarded several honours. Of Professor Dunbar, John Guthrie used to tell the story with great glee, that he was sometimes a little humorous with his class, and in these moments he lost all control over his students. On one such occasion, when all was romp and noise in the class-room, the worthy Professor threw up his hands despairingly, and with an injured, comical smile, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if you won't let me go on, I shall be compelled to stop!"

The Chair of Moral Philosophy was filled by the immortal John Wilson, "Christopher North," whose lectures were outbursts of glowing eloquence more than calm philosophical discourses. In many respects the student was like the professor, and we are certain that no more rapt pupil ever sat at a master's feet than did the finely poetic John Guthrie at the feet of Professor Wilson. The impress this son of genius made on his mind and style may be seen in those works which flowed from his pen in classic purity and beauty. The faculty divine, with which he was gifted in no small measure, was developed by Wilson's influence, which could not have been other than both deep and lasting. At the end of the fourth session the student had passed through his curriculum with honour and success, and took the degree of Master of Arts in 1835—a degree much rarer in those days than ours. What had begun so well at school was carried on with increasing fervour at the University. John Guthrie was no ordinary student, and he carried his studious habits all through life, and became an accomplished classical scholar, and the master of several modern languages.

The question as to what profession John Guthrie should enter had been settled before he had left home. The family attended the Anti-burgher Church under the pastorate of the Rev. William Leslie, and were attached to their denomination.

An elder brother, James by name, was a young man of parts, and took a good position in the circle of his companions both on account of his abilities, culture, and what these implied. Disease, however, had marked him out for its victim, and ere his sun had reached meridian, it set in the shadow of death. This event had a solemnising influence on John's mind, and led him to consider the things of the soul and God. As in more cases than this, the death of the one was the life of the other; and the removal of the beloved brother to his rest above brought more of heaven into the experience of the one left behind. There is reason to believe from the way John cherished the memory of his departed brother, that the impressions produced for good were never lost, but deepened as the years increased. His father being treasurer to the congregation, his student son had free access to the manse, of which he availed himself, and this had a certain effect in shaping his future course. These and other influences determined the ministry of the gospel in the Anti-burgher Church as the office to which he would aspire.

Having prosecuted his literary and philosophical studies at the University for three years, he entered the Theological Hall in the autumn of the year 1834, along with James, now Dr. Morison (son of the Rev. Robert Morison, of Bathgate), and William, now Dr. Ritchie, to prosecute his theological studies. This was a new sphere for thought and study, and one which had many attractions to such an one as our student. The Hall had been newly reorganised. The teaching staff consisted of four professors, Drs. Brown, Balmer, Duncan, and Mitchell, men of considerable mark. The chief of the four was Dr. John Brown, a divine of superior scholarship, exegetical acumen, and liberality of doctrinal views. Dr. Balmer too had broken away from the narrow limits of the Confessional Theology, and had views as to the extent of the atonement which were fundamentally antagonistic to the Calvinistic form of that doctrine. In the inaugural lecture of that year, Professor Brown created no little enthusiasm by condemning, with eloquence and fervour, the practice of placing man-made creeds in the place of the Bible—worshipping the former to the detriment of the latter.

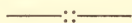
The doctrine of the atonement as taught in the Hall, was what is known in the history of doctrine as the Amyraldian doctrine, which was formulated to meet the difficulty of those who felt that, if they could not say Christ died for all, they could not consistently preach the gospel to all. Even this imperfect exposition of the truth on this all-important topic, was felt to be in advance of the limited dogmas of the Confession of Faith. Nor could it be made known by itself. The Christian system is so inter-related that if a liberal view of one part is obtained this will extend to many other matters connected therewith. Indeed, in many ways the prelections of the United Secession Professors tended to theological progress, and it could not be expected but that the seed they sowed in the kindly soil of earnest, pious, and logically-minded young men would bring forth fruit. The doctrines advanced were discussed among the students, thought over and prayed over, and became starting points of inquiries which did not terminate when the sessions of the Hall were over. There were indications in the class-room that the students were practically putting the doctrines of the Professors into practice, and examining the various doctrines of theology for themselves. Divergence between the Professors and two of the students, one of whom was John Guthrie, emerged in the course of the curriculum on the doctrine of the divine Sonship of Christ, a doctrine few Calvinists had ever doubted or denied. This straw showed how the current of his thought was flowing, and the independent way he studied the Bible and the doctrines of our holy religion. What of God's truth he could know, he determined to know at first hand, and traditional faith had to give place to firm, personal conviction. With the ardour of a young Melancthon he forgot the forces of the old Adam, and, imputing the generosity of his own heart to others, he could espy no barriers in the path of a useful career as a preacher of the gospel.

All the time Mr. Guthrie attended the University and Hall, he gave himself to his studies, seeking as his companions only those who were students in reality and maintained a good character. He was never the companion of fools, and did not fritter away his time in the society of the frivolous and vain.

When the session was over he returned to Milnathort and employed his time as teacher in the Subscription School, and as superintendent of the Sabbath school of which he had been a pupil. In both spheres he did efficient service, and imparted to the latter an impetus which, when combined with other influences, sent forth no less than six individuals who, for a longer or shorter period, have ministered in the gospel to their fellow-men—most of whom remain to the present, though some have fallen asleep. During his sojourn at home he was the centre and sun of a circle of young men who belonged to the church of which he was a member, and who had aspirations after the ministry. The youthful band met every Saturday afternoon in Mr. Guthrie's house, where they had tea and bracing social enjoyment. On these occasions wit sparkled, intellect was stimulated, and innocent mirth abounded. John Guthrie was the chief musician of the party, and in his efforts in this direction he was aided with a second by another student who still lives and is a Christian minister. As might be expected, when so meet companions, full of energy, spirit, and life were assembled for a little relaxation, the proceedings were not of the quietest and dullest description. There were frequent outbursts of joyous, genuine mirth; of laughter which was an expression of real emotion. The stimulants used were those of friendship only, for the intoxicating cup was never touched by these Christian young men. It could not have been otherwise than that the Saturday evening gatherings would be no inappropriate preparation for the sacred exercises of the sacred day. Student-life is, when rightly employed and regulated by principle and Christian faith, like the beginning of summer—bright, fresh, throbbing with power, and radiant with sunshine: so John Guthrie and his Milnathort companions must have felt as they sat round the tea-table, or wandered on the banks of Loch Leven on these Saturday afternoons. But, like all else of the hither-side of things, these seasons passed away, and each one had to take his own way.

Having passed through the prescribed course of literary, philosophical, and theological study, he applied for a license to the Dunfermline Presbytery in the early part of the year

1838, which was granted by the reverend court, which thereby declared that in their judgment he was a properly qualified person to preach the gospel and take the pastoral charge of any church to which in the providence of God he might be called. If firm faith in Christ, devotion to his Church, accurate and extensive scholarship, philosophical and literary attainments, were qualifications for the work of the sacred ministry, John Guthrie was worthy of the position of Probationer. He had passed through the preliminary drill, and had, by studious days and thoughtful nights, reading of books and conversation with his fellows, learned how to use the weapons of his warfare. He was ready for the divine call to unsheathe his sword and enter into active battle with sin under the Captain of Salvation. "Here am I, send me, Lord," were the words of his heart. Whither he was to go was soon determined. Being sent to preach in the Secession Church, Kendal, Westmoreland, rendered vacant by the Rev. H. Calderwood going out as a missionary to South Africa, Mr. Guthrie was chosen as pastor, and ordained to the office on the 29th February, 1839. The ordination was a fit culmination to one part of his life, and the appropriate beginning to another. The lesser circle of the student gave place to the larger circle of the pastor.



CHAPTER II.

1840—1842.

Kendal—Study—The Synod of 1841—Protest against Rev. James Morison's Suspension—Religious Experience—Atonement Controversy—Synod of 1842.

It was with solemn feeling and anxious thought that Mr. Guthrie sat down to his work in the sphere to which he believed he was divinely called. The town of Kendal is a delightful place of residence, situated about fifty miles south of Carlisle, on the banks of the river Trent. It is a gateway to the lake district of England, with its mountains, waters, and picturesque scenery. Among its chief buildings are a

church and a free school, which was endowed with some exhibitions to Queen's College, Oxford. It has been noted for its trade; and its important manufactures give work to a large number of people. Many of the inhabitants are well educated, religious, and benevolent; and there are several families who have been known for their works of faith and labours of love. The "Scotch Church," as it was called, over which Mr. Guthrie had been placed, was one with a history, which extended back to the sixteenth century, and its members were mostly composed of Scotchmen, who had gone thither, married, and settled down in the place. They had carried with them their love of Presbytery and Presbyterian modes of thought and worship. When Mr. Guthrie was settled among them the membership was not over one hundred, and the building in which they met in Wool-pack Yard was plain and unattractive. The field, however, could not be said to be a bad one for a servant of the Lord to begin his work in. If it had not the advantages of a large city, it had none of its dissipating influences; if it had not the stimulus of thought of a University town, it had opportunities for quiet study, meditation, and prayer, without which no ministry can be long successful. While Mr. Guthrie identified himself with the movements of the place, and attended and took part in the proceedings of the Philosophical Society, he devoted himself with zeal to study, more particularly those themes which had captivated his attention when attending the Theological Hall. He turned with eagerness to those works of English Nonconformist divines which discussed the doctrines of the nature and extent of the atonement and affiliated subjects. The volumes of Dr. Payne of Exeter, Dr. Jenkyn, and the Congregational Lecture of Rev. Joseph Gilbert of Nottingham, were studied and mastered. The way these writers treat the doctrine of the atonement is different from that of Scotch Calvinistic writers on the same subject. They all hold the same doctrine, but each treats it in a different way. Gilbert's treatise is one which deals with fundamental principles, and his Lectures are a storehouse of suggestive thought. They were highly estimated by Mr. Guthrie, who took many occasions to recommend them to students, and who returned to

their consideration with renewed interest. When beginning his ministerial career he wrote out an abstract of Jenkyn's classic work, and he admired both the writer's style and the manner in which he discussed the questions bearing on Christ's work. While directing attention to these and kindred studies, he did not confine himself to this one theological subject, or to theology generally. General literature and science received more than passing notice, and much care was bestowed on the preparation of discourses for the pulpit. Everything seemed as if the ministry of Mr. Guthrie would be one of progress and of abundant results. He was beloved by his people, respected by all who knew him, earnest to do good, with a well-equipped mind. Above all, he had made the Bible a familiar book, was thoroughly versed in its contents, and made his closet a frequent meeting-place with God. He had caught from intercourse with his College and Hall companion and bosom friend, Mr. James Morison, much of the evangelical spirit which animated him as a preacher that led Mr. Guthrie to glory in the Cross, and to point the sinner to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Thus furnished he was a workman who needeth not to be ashamed, but who only required opportunity and time to do yeoman service in the cause of the gospel. I have often wondered what the outcome of his life would have been if no impediments had been in the way other than those common to gospel ministers. That there would have been rich and varied fruit, is certain; but there would perchance have been less fragrance; for the struggle endured by the true soul makes it stronger in its loves and purposes, in its sweetness and influence.

For a year the Rev. John Guthrie carried on his pastoral work with zeal and evangelical warmth in the Wool-pack Yard of Kendal without outward events of an important nature. The dew of youth was upon him, and the energy of a young spirit newly consecrated to the work of the Lord was in him. He preached, attended to his pastoral duties, and carried on his private studies with considerable success. We have nothing to record of his experiences, private or public, for that year. When June, 1841, came it opened a new

page of his history, and one which was manifold and diverse in its issues. He went to the Synod of the Secession Church, which was held in Glasgow, and there found his trusted companion, fellow-student, and fellow-labourer in the gospel, the Rev. James Morison, of Clerk's Lane Secession Church, Kilmarnock, at its bar as an appellant against the finding of a charge of heresy against him by the Ayrshire Presbytery. The storm which had been gathering had at length burst forth, and the thunderbolt of ecclesiastical action was directed to the young Morison in the first year of his ministry.

The doctrine of the Atonement, both as to its nature and extent, had engaged the attention of not a few in the churches of Scotland, and more particularly the Secession Church. They had been stirred by the teachings of the "Marrow men," who themselves had received spiritual life by the perusal of the "Marrow of Modern Divinity,"—a volume, the object of which "was," as Dr. Ker notices, "to clear away the barriers which are so often raised between the sinner and Christ in the shape of certain conditions—such as repentance or some degree of outward or inward reformation—and to present him immediately with the words, 'Whosoever will let him come,' assured that, in heartily receiving Christ, full repentance and a new life will follow."

There were serious difficulties of a practical nature experienced by those who aimed at the conversion of their fellow-men, as to how they could preach the gospel in sincerity to all, if Christ died for only those who were belonging to the supposed unconditionally elected of God. These difficulties were felt at that particular time as possessing greater force, for the spirit of revival was abroad, and sinners were asking in earnestness, in many parts of the country, "What must we do to be saved?" Mr. Morison published a tract in answer to this question, in which he advocated an universal atonement, cleared away the barriers the soul raised between itself and the Saviour, and urged, with burning earnestness, the immediate duty of faith in Christ. Some of his brethren in the Presbytery descried heresy in the little work, and after Presbyterial proceedings, the record of which cannot be read without a sigh, found the writer guilty of theological errors, and other matters. He

appealed to the Synod, and appeared at its bar in his own defence.

The trial is one which belongs to the ecclesiastical history of this country, and largely determined the direction of theological thought in Scotland towards truer, milder, and more scriptural conceptions of God and man. Mr. Morison, notwithstanding his eloquent and masterly defence, was suspended from the functions of the ministry, and was afterwards declared to be no longer connected with the United Secession Church. It was added—and the addition shows the spirit of the men who were leaders in this transaction—"that all ministers and preachers in this Church must consider themselves prohibited from preaching for Mr. Morison, or employing him in any of their public ministrations."

This ecclesiastical tyranny roused the soul of the Kendal pastor, and he was true to the occasion. Such scenes as these are testing times, and many have been the friendships which have failed just here. The condemned one is ostracised, pointed to as dangerous, disowned by the Church that is loved, and by the men whose names and position were wont to be venerated. Some like Peter fail in such an hour, and turn the corner sharply, and mutter as they go, "I know not the man." John Guthrie was not made of such stuff. He was true as steel, and whoever would falter in the hour of trial, he would be found faithful. As a young, inexperienced man he could not do much, but what he could do, he did. Along with the venerable father of Clerk's Lane pastor, he protested against the suspension of Mr. Morison, but owing to his ignorance of the Synod's forms, he was too late in presenting his reasons of dissent to get them engrossed in the Notes of the Proceedings. The reasons were two in number, firmly and clearly expressed, and leave no ambiguity in the mind as to where their author stood. He protested against Mr. Morison's suspension—"1. Because in reference to the first head of charges, the subscriber, without pledging himself to Mr. Morison's modes of expression, is convinced that the opinions charged against him as erroneous and inconsistent, are agreeable to the Word of God, and not inconsistent with the main scope of the Standards of the Secession Church; that his explanations of Faith, Repentance,

and Prayer, instead of tending, as has been alleged, 'to unsettle and distract the minds of gospel hearers,' are scriptural distinctions most important to be known, and have a direct and most forcible bearing on the conversion of unbelievers; that how unimportant soever such distinctions might be in the adjustment of a theological system, they are of the utmost consequence in the work of converting sinners, and of 'rightly dividing the word of truth'; and that, moreover, the stamp of the Divine approbation has been already affixed to the very views referred to, in the many cheering and signal and unquestioned instances of conversion, of which Mr. Morison in his recent labours has been the honoured instrument."

This Protest was the first step into a field of conflict taken by the Kendal minister, and which was more or less occupied by him till near the end of his earthly journey. Though the most amiable of men, with a large, generous heart, Mr. Guthrie was a man of war, and wielded, if not a good Jerusalem blade, a bold Jerusalem pen, from whence proceeded onslaughts on error, defences of truth, and dashes into the domains of the devil, which few could excel.

He left the Synod and Glasgow, and returned to his quiet home in Westmoreland, realising that the call for active service in the gospel had come, and that he must obey it at all hazards.

Mr. Guthrie had no sooner returned to his church and pastoral duties than he felt most keenly the degradation to which the Synod had sunk, in prohibiting ministers from associating in Christian work with Mr. Morison. If he tamely and silently acquiesced in this utterly unchristian ukase, he would share in the dishonour, and belie every principle of his religion. He therefore straightway set to work to disown, as far as he was concerned, the deed, and to prepare a memorial to the Synod of 1842 to get it repealed. In this attempt at right action he was cordially supported by the Session of the "Scotch Church" over which he presided, who, along with their minister, forwarded a petition to the Synod, that it would rescind their act of prohibition anent Mr. Morison, for this among other reasons—"That since Mr. Morison withdrew [had been deposed] from the Secession Church, he has enjoyed free and abundant inter-

course with ministers of other denominations, equally zealous with ourselves for the purity of the faith, and equally zealous in the extension of the glorious gospel, men, some of whose names will be found identified with signal revivals of religion in our land."

Meanwhile, the work of grace and education was going on in Mr. Guthrie's own soul. The doctrines he preached to others had been experimentally realised to be, in his own case, the power of God unto salvation. The witness was in himself that they were of the Holy Spirit, and this was also corroborated both by the deliverances of the great leaders of the Reformation and the inspired apostles. Paul's epistle to the Romans became invested with a new interest, and the key expression used in its thesis—"the righteousness of God"—became to him, as it did to Luther when he was emancipated from the bondage of Popery, a well of living water. This phrase was studied in company, or by means of correspondence with Mr. Morison, and as its full import became clear to his mind he rejoiced in it as in hid treasure. I remember, long after this period, having a long and earnest conversation with him on this same subject. As he spoke on it, its biblical meaning, its power in the Reformation period, and its divine adaptation to meet the wants of unrighteous men, he became sublimely excited, and poured forth in richest streams words of fire enveloped with love. It was evident that it lay near his heart and was wrought into the woof and warp of his spiritual experience. Right or wrong conceptions of this he often said, as did the reformer, were the standards of a standing or falling Church. Those who go back to such rock truths as these are fit to stand before any power, secular or sacred, which fidelity to the Master requires them to face. They are made strong in the Lord and the glory of his power.

The "Atonement Controversy," as it has been called, had taken hold of a large number of minds in Scotland, and the movement had its chief centre, as Dr. Cairns says in his "Life of Dr. John Brown," in the United Secession Church. Since the expulsion of Mr. Morison the agitation had increased, and it was feared by the leaders that the casting over of one Jonah would not save the ship. Those in power (and it must be

remembered that the Church of Rome is not the only one which is governed by a few rulers called leaders) were aware that breakers were ahead, and the greatest energy must needs be displayed to allay the feeling and conviction opposed to the old form of faith. James Morison had become a power in Scotland second to none; his church was the centre of an extensive and genuine revival, whose fruits were unto eternal life; his labours were unwearied and appreciated by thousands; and the theological treatises he issued had provoked thought all over the country. It was also known that some ministers, among whom were his father, the minister of Bathgate, and Mr. Guthrie, and many of the office-bearers and members sympathised with him in his evangelistic views and labours. "Morisonianism" was in many mouths and the dread of it in many hearts. This was the state of matters when the reverend fathers and brethren of the United Secession Church met in Broughton Church, Edinburgh, in May, 1842. Thither Mr. Guthrie repaired with serious thought, calm yet determined to be leal to conscience and to spiritual freedom, that he might give his support to the cause of a free gospel, and support the memorial from his church praying for the removal of the interdict referred to above. In the first week of the session the Rev. Robert Morison, of Bathgate, was brought before the court, and the like treatment meted out to him that had been meted out to his son the year previously. He was first suspended, and because he would not cease preaching the gospel at the order of the Synod, they deposed him from the ministry in their Church. This was not a hopeful sign for the memorialists and their spokesman. The tide ran high in the direction of putting down the so-called heresy and destroying the power and position of the heretics. Nothing daunted, Mr. Guthrie presented himself, on the second week of its sittings, before the Synod on behalf of the memorial, and delivered an address of upwards of an hour's length which might have convinced the reverend court, if persuasive eloquence, earnest appeal, and logical argument could have accomplished that result. The whole subject was traversed and the various points taken up and handled in a masterly manner. Though surrounded by those who, in many cases, had no friendly feeling

to the Morisons, he identified himself with them most loyally, and showed that in their doctrine they were supported by men of standing in various sections of the Christian Church. Rising with his subject, addressing the Moderator, he said, "Sir, who shall prescribe to any man forms of expression? Who shall dictate to me how I am to speak, if I take care that it is only God's truth that I speak? Who shall presume to regulate my language any more than to shape my gesture or looks when dealing with sinners on the awful realities of heaven or of hell? Who shall dam up the outlets of the soul, because they take a direction in one man which they do not take in another, thus applying a forced process to what nature declares free, and making no allowance for peculiarities of mind and temperament? Sir, if I make these self-evident remarks, it is because I have often heard Mr. Morison's expressions condemned, where I looked, and looked in vain, for some generous admission, some mitigating word as to the burning earnestness which leaves the impress of his glowing soul on every page he writes, on every word he speaks. Thus, on a careful consideration of Mr. Morison's alleged errors, we see nothing in them on which to ground the interdict of which we complain. If that interdict says or implies that Mr. Morison is a heretic (and what else is its language?) then, as an individual member of this court, I am bound in conscience to contradict it. I must declare, and will declare, that, speak for whom it may, in branding Mr. Morison as a heretic, it does not speak for me." Brave words, but so far in vain. A discussion followed, but the conclusion was settled ere the subject was brought on. The prayer of the memorial was refused, and on the minute book of the United Secession Church the interdict stands till this day—a memorial of narrowness and bigotry, utterly unworthy of a Protestant Church. Corporate bodies will sometimes do what individuals would shrink from; and progress comes by the sacrifice and labours of the individual, and not the action of corporate bodies. If anything like advancement is to be expected, it must be looked for at the hands of those who dare to be right with two or three. This John Guthrie was determined to be. In returning once more to the Westmoreland town, he felt that the battle was not lost, but, so far

as he was concerned, only begun. He had uttered his first word in the Synod, but he had not uttered his last.

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CHAPTER III.

1842—1843.

Revival Work—Church Work—Publication, “New Views True Views”—
“New Views ; How Met.”—Reply to Mr. Howard—Synod of 1843—
Protest against Suspension of Rev. A. C. Rutherford—Charged with
Heresy—Defence—Suspended—Deposed.

It is a severe trial for a young, loving nature to feel itself getting beyond the sympathy of those whom it had been taught to respect. Ties are snapping and bonds are being broken, in such a condition, which are both strong and sacred, while an emotion of solitariness is experienced which hides for a season the face of the sun, and makes life somewhat sad. This takes place even where a consciousness of right is enjoyed, and when the Father’s smile descends like dew upon the mown grass. It cannot be altogether avoided when old, hallowed associations and friendships are broken or breaking up.

Mr. Guthrie, as he returned to his work after the Synod of 1842, must have passed through a crisis of this kind, and it would be a sore trial to his large and tender heart. As he meditated on the position taken by his Church, and the one he had for conscience’ sake been morally compelled to assume, he felt that he could no longer hold to the old forms of belief, or honour those who had, in their ecclesiastical contentions, exhibited such a domineering spirit. This feeling was greatly intensified when he received an official document, called “Doctrinal Errors condemned by the United Associate Synod of 1842,” to be read out of the pulpit. With reluctance he obeyed the mandate of the supreme court of his Church, but at the same time took care to let his people know that he did not homologate the confused statements of the document. Above everything, he desired to let his brethren of the Presbytery know his mind on all the various so-called errors. Though far from well, and unable in consequence of ill-health to attend the

Presbytery meeting, he forwarded a letter to be read to the brethren assembled, containing reasons why he could not assent to the declaration which had been authoritatively issued. This is exceedingly like his honest methods, for he scorned to be thought to sympathise with what he looked upon as error, though popular, when a few words would let the truth be known. Whatever would be the consequences, his conscience must be kept void of offence, and, if possible, the enemy was to receive no advantage from his hiding the light he received under a bushel : friend and foe must know what he thought as to the truth of God and the gospel of his grace.

Notwithstanding his weakness of body, at the invitation of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, he assisted the Rev. Henry Wight, the Rev. John Kirk, and the Rev. James Morison, at a series of evangelical services, in some of the larger towns of Cumberland. Those meetings were largely owned of God, to the gathering in of the wandering ones, and the revival of believers. Some of the converts of these days still live, and stalwart Christian men they have been. Even this work was not allowed to pass without being taken notice of by a rampant Presbyterian of Maryport, the Rev. William Bookless by name. In a letter to the Presbytery of Annan and Carlisle, this doughty ecclesiastical shepherd complained that Mr. Guthrie had invaded his territory, and preached the gospel without the consent of the Moderator ; and to climax the delinquency, he had done so associated with Mr. Morison, of Kilmarnock. Satisfaction was demanded, and if it were not rendered, it was to be inferred that further proceedings would be taken to bring the peccant brother into a better and more submissive frame of mind. This was met in a bold, almost defiant spirit on the part of Mr. Guthrie, who let the Presbytery of Annan and Carlisle know that they had no jurisdiction over him, as he belonged to the Presbytery of Lancashire, and that they were to mind their own business. His own Presbytery passed over the consideration of the complaint, which had been forwarded to them, owing to his being unable to attend ; and thus the matter ended. The Presbytery took no formal proceedings against Mr. Guthrie at any time, and he was esteemed by most of its members.

In his church relations he had at this period both encouragements and discouragements. In his pulpit ministrations he dwelt upon those aspects of divine truth which engaged his whole soul at that time, and which brought out the fulness and freeness of the gospel. Christ for every man and every man for Christ, was the burden of his message; and the gift of righteousness through faith was presented with unction and persuasive power. Some were attracted and won over to Christ and to the church; others who had imbibed the Calvinistic system and clung to it were repelled, and placed themselves in opposition to their pastor. Their opposition he met with argument and Bible statement in a firm, but Christian spirit. He left all with whom he came into contact in no uncertainty as to his faith regarding the doctrines of grace. Publicly and privately he proclaimed what he knew of the way of salvation—of God's method of justifying the ungodly through faith in his only-begotten Son. The Press was also brought into requisition, an instrument which has been of all-important service in the cause of a liberal, evangelical theology. The doctrines with which the Messrs. Morison and Mr. Guthrie were specially identified had been characterised as "new views," the phrase insinuating that they were unknown in the Christian Church till a recent period of her history, and therefore not true. The latter felt it was time to address the public by means of the Press, and for this purpose prepared two pamphlets, entitled, "The 'New Views' True Views, being a review of doctrinal questions and cases under discussion in the Synod of the United Secession Church," and "The 'New Views'—How Met," being a continuation of the former. These pamphlets had a wide circulation, and were read with growing interest by thousands. They were written in a flowing, earnest style, and dealt with all doctrines under discussion historically, biblically, and practically. The heart of an earnest man beats in every page, and it could be easily described by the reader that the author was not so anxious to establish his own ideas of the subjects he considered, as to establish their harmony with the Word of God. These early productions betray a well-balanced and stored mind, analytical power, and exegetical tact—characteristics which marked similar works in after days—

and cannot be read without the conviction that their writer was master of his subject, and wrote because he believed and understood. As they lie before us we look on them as the early blossoms of a tree capable of bearing fruit which was sweet to the spiritual taste, and satisfying to the hungry soul. That they proved such to many is matter of history, and that they evoked opposition is as true. They were opposed in many ways, and especially by Mr. Howard in a pamphlet, entitled, “‘New Views’ compared with the Word of God,” which he addressed “to the believers in Kendal.” This production was prompted by the apparent desire to stem the tide of error which Mr. Guthrie had in his pamphlets, according to Mr. Howard, let loose in the town of Kendal, and which contained, it was insinuated, “unrecognised seeds of error, germs of fatal poison, engendering spiritual maladies which, left to their natural course, would destroy the flock.” Mr. Guthrie afterwards, in 1843, replied to this attack, and defended his former publications. The “Reply” is a triumphant one, and would lead Mr. Howard to feel that he was in the hands of a writer who knew how to wield his pen, and expose pious platitudes put forth in the name of arguments. While firm and, as he admitted, severe, Mr. Guthrie did not forget that he was contending for the faith once delivered to the saints; for throughout the fifty-nine pages of the pamphlet there are many gems of gospel truth found. On page 51 he expounds the gospel as Paul explains it to the Corinthians in the fifteenth chapter of his first epistle. In doing so he proceeds—“Here we have ‘the gospel,’ viz., Christ’s death as an atonement for the sins of all—for the sins of the heathen Corinthians as well as for the sins of the apostle; and we have the evidence of this, viz., the resurrection, which declared that atonement finished and accepted; and, between these two connected truths, we are told that Christ ‘was buried’—this being intended to confirm both, to show that he really died, and therefore really rose from the dead. The resurrection is a truth of vital importance, and never for a moment would I abstract it from the atonement; but where, let me ask, is the conscience-stricken sinner to be pointed, if not to ‘a dead Christ upon the Cross’? Tell him Christ is ‘risen’; introduce him within the veil; and after all

you must go back with him to Calvary, otherwise the sinner will ask, What is all this to me? My conscience is transfixed and swollen with the stings of ten thousand sins. And what are we to say to him?—what can we say but this—‘Behold the Lamb of God’—behold him on the cross, lifted up for you, slain for you? There is the chastisement of your peace; there is the balm for your troubled conscience; there is the blood that cleanseth from all sin; there, sinner, is all you need for a present pardon and peace. ‘Behold the Lamb of God’—‘Look and live.’”

This is the way that the suspected heretic wrote when defending his works; and this extract cannot be read at present, when the din of the battle has subsided, and many of those who were actors in the fray have been taken to their fathers, without it being apparent that it was for practical rather than for speculative or personal purposes that the controversy was engaged in—for the love of Christ, his truth, and souls, and not for less worthy ends that the young minister stood forth to protest against the action taken by the supreme court of his Church in denouncing the doctrine of free grace and a universal atonement.

The agitation on the doctrine of the atonement had been going on in Scotland as well as in Kendal during this year, and of the ecclesiastical proceedings taken in the case of the Rev. A. C. Rutherford, of Falkirk, Mr. Guthrie was no uninterested spectator. Mr. Rutherford had dissented from the Synod’s document, “Doctrinal Errors Condemned,” when it was before the Synod in 1842, because, for other reasons, it declared it to be an error to say that the atonement of Christ in itself secured the salvation of none. It was relegated to his Presbytery to take up his case, which it did, and having found that he still contended that the atonement of itself did not secure the salvation of any, he was suspended from the ministry. Having appealed to the Synod of 1843, his case was to come up at the forthcoming meeting. Mr. Guthrie looked forward to it with the assurance that it would also decide his future relation to the United Secession Church. Mr. Rutherford’s doctrinal position was his own, and he determined to stand to his

conviction at all costs. With foreboding feelings, yet with a calm mind, he repaired to Edinburgh, where the Synod was to meet, ready to do his duty, and to endure such suffering as he required to pass through for truth's sake and Christ's. The meetings were necessarily exciting, and were attended by the chief doctors, professors, and ministers of the denomination. The Rev. Andrew Elliot was Moderator, and did his part of the business in the spirit of candour and fair play. When Mr. Rutherford's case came on on the 9th of May, Mr. Guthrie was present ready for any service he could render. It did not please the reverend court to discuss at any length the appeal against the suspension of the Presbytery. The appeal was dismissed and the judgment of the Presbytery confirmed. For protesting against and declining to submit to the authority of the Synod, Mr. Rutherford was declared no longer a minister of the Secession Church. Mr. Guthrie, along with two or three others, anticipated this, and had resolved to record their dissent against the suspension, and had prepared their reasons for doing so. Whether others did actually present them or not, we know not; but in the case of Mr. Guthrie he did not falter to read his grounds of dissent in the presence of an astonished assembly. His courage was equal to the occasion, and is worthy of the scenes of the Reformation period. As these Reasons of Dissent are of value, both as a historical document and in order to fully understand the after proceedings, we give them here. They were as follow :—

“First, Because the alleged error, on the ground of which Mr. Rutherford was suspended by this Synod, is not an error; for if the atonement, as an atonement, secures the salvation of one, it must, as an atonement for all, secure the salvation of all. But it does not secure the salvation of all, there being many for whom it was made who finally perish. Therefore the atonement, as an atonement, cannot strictly be said to secure salvation to any.

“Second, Because Mr. Rutherford distinctly admitted, in his reasons of dissent given in at last meeting of Synod, and subsequently in his statement of doctrine laid upon the table of his Presbytery, and further in his pleadings at the bar of Synod, at its present meeting, that, viewed in connection with

the divine purpose of application, the atonement does not secure the salvation of all who shall ultimately be saved."

"When these reasons," writes Dr. Guthrie in a lucid narrative he has given to the world, "were read in open Synod the members looked at one another. Then one after another began to speak, in the way of thinking aloud. Most gladly would they have let them pass, and be done with; for they were tired of cases, and wished from their hearts that the whole controversy were now hushed up. But how, they asked, can we permit these reasons to find record in silence? They flatly contradict the Synod's decision. They declare point blank that what the Synod had declared an error is not an error. If we let this pass we shall stultify ourselves. And yet these reasons alone constitute a basis uncomfortably sharp-edged and precarious. What, then, shall we do?"

The question was one which could not, in harmony with ecclesiastical law and usage, be easily answered, and might have baffled the fathers and brethren had not the Rev. Mr. Pringle, of Newcastle, intervened. He had been reading Mr. Guthrie's pamphlets, and had judiciously thought that they might be of use in the course of the Synod's proceedings. He had, therefore, brought them in his pocket, and when the dismayed and bewildered court paused for their way to be broken up before them to judicially lay hold on the dissentient, Mr. Pringle rose and directed attention to the two pamphlets he exhibited, which he presumed, or supposed, contained heretical doctrine. He moved that a committee should sit on the author of the Reasons of Dissent then read, and his two tracts. Apparently greatly relieved, the Synod adopted the motion, and forthwith Mr. Guthrie was taken in hand by the committee, and examined, not on what was before the court in a legitimate way, but what was dragged in as if to secure without fail his condemnation. This procedure was unconstitutional, and would have been condemned if proposed in any other Presbyterian Church in Scotland. Mr. Guthrie, writing concerning it, says, "This expedient of tagging on to my Reasons of Dissent—which were all the Synod at that stage had any business or concern with—a new ground of procedure, to eke out their scanty materials of indictment—and a ground composed en-

tirely of assumed and supposititious matter, and vamped up at the instance of an individual member of Synod—was as gross an act of ecclesiastical tyranny as any church court could commit. It was worthy of the worst days of the Inquisition. I wish to put this solemnly on record, at the distance of thirty years, when all heat and resentment have long died away, as my deliberate judgment, were death to meet me next moment, of the character of this procedure at the instance of Mr. Pringle.”

In this verdict most persons who love fairness and order will agree. Before the committee the suspected errorist appeared, and though all is not known that transpired there, enough is known to keep up the character of all such committees. The conclusion is generally foregone, and their efforts are directed either to produce a retraction, by threats or cajoling, or a verdict of guilty. On the 9th of May, the report of the committee was given in to the Synod, and condemned Mr. Guthrie. Its first paragraph runs thus:—“The committee find that Mr. Guthrie, in his first reason of dissent, maintains that what the Synod has declared, in the case of Mr. Rutherford, to be an error, is not an error, and has thus placed himself in direct opposition to the deliberate and solemn finding of this court.”

It was announced that the case would be taken up at the evening sederunt, next day. The intervening period was employed by the accused in more ways than one. Notwithstanding he had taken his stand most decidedly all along against the opinions of the majority, and on the side of those who had been condemned and disowned by the Synod, Mr. Guthrie was much beloved by many of his ministerial brethren. Those who had his friendship used their influence to persuade him to yield a little; impressed upon him that there was no use sacrificing his chances in life; that the contention was more about words than realities; and that he was blinding himself as to the path of duty by his friendship to those who had been found to believe erroneous doctrine. If he would only yield a little, modify his expressions, and use the words the Synod had approved of, the action of the court would be modified, if not altogether in his favour.

His position at that moment was not unlike that of his namesake, James Guthrie, regarding whom it is recorded : on one occasion, when the prospect of persecution for the truth was most menacing, Mr. Pollock, the minister of Perth, a jocose man, said to him one day—"We have a Scotch proverb, 'Jouk that the wave may gae o'er you.' Will ye jouk a little, Mr. Guthrie?" "Mr. Pollock," replied the other, gravely, "there is nae jouking in the cause of Christ." So our Guthrie had one answer to all the friendly advices tendered to yield a little—"I have got too profoundly convinced, and too deeply interested in the vital points in dispute to feel one moment's hesitation in regard to the path of duty." He did not belong to the "jouking" order of men. Having deliberately and prayerfully taken his ground, he could say with the apostle of the Gentiles, "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

When the case was called between five and six o'clock, the large church was crowded to overflowing. The excitement was great, and popular feeling ran high in the galleries, while the members were grave and anxious. Mr. Guthrie, after a few introductory words, plunged into his subject, and grappled right manfully with the report of the committee. He went over the various points one by one, and concluded by leaving his case in the hands of the court, in the hope that their decision would be so guided, or overruled, as best to promote God's glory in the salvation of souls.

After the address was concluded came questions and cross-examination on the part of certain members of the Synod for the space of two hours. The major part of these questions pertained to the metaphysics of theology, and to the nature and order of the Divine decrees. Out of this barren waste, Mr. Guthrie records, there came "a question by the Rev. James Gilfillan, of Stirling, like a jet of living water in a desert. It was this: 'Would Mr. Guthrie be prepared to say to any individual man he met, Christ died for you?' I replied, that I hailed a question like this amid so many of a dreary and

barren character, and rejoiced in the opportunity it afforded me of testifying in this crowded house, that I feel not only free, but bound to say to any and every sinner, Christ died for you; and that if I could not tell them this without faltering, I should be keeping back from them the gospel."

Discussion followed, and speeches in support of opposite motions were made, some breathing a brotherly spirit, and others of a different description. Debate continued till the small hours in the morning, when the motion of suspension was carried by a large majority.

On the suspension being announced, Mr. Guthrie walked up to the platform where the Moderator and Clerk were seated, and read, amid breathless silence, the following protest:—"I protest against the decision of the Synod suspending me from the office of the ministry, seeing that the doctrines, on the grounds of which I am suspended, are important truths of Scripture; and I will hold myself at liberty to preach the gospel of God's love to the world as if no such act had passed." The occupants of the gallery testified their approval of this manly act by a loud burst of applause, during which the suspended minister left the church.

He had scarcely left the Synod for his lodging, when the severest sentence the Church could pronounce was passed upon him. He was deposed from the ministry, and all the ministers of the denomination were forbidden to either preach for him, or allow him to preach for them. Thus John Guthrie was thrust out of the Church of his fathers, and the Church in which he was brought up and ordained, the stigma of heresy fixed to his name, and the door shut after him.

The city was quiet, and the night was still, as he sought his abode, with a "sense," as he tells us, "of loneliness and desolation." The position was trying in the extreme, and led the servant to understand the meaning of the words of the Saviour, when he said, "I am alone, and yet not alone, for the Father is with me." Mr. Guthrie had been disowned by men, but was owned of God, who often leads by way of trial to spheres of higher life and greater usefulness.

CHAPTER IV.

1843—1846.

Theological Position—The Universalities—Formation of Evangelical Union—Sermon—Memorial from Kendal—Return and Work—Contributions to *Day Star*—"Redeemer's Tears"—"Manual of Church Government"—Marriage.

IN order not to interfere with the narrative to the extent required, we have not sought to definitely define Mr. Guthrie's theological views at this period of his life, and wherein he differed from the Church he left, and the other Presbyterian Churches in Scotland. These Churches all acknowledged the Westminster Confession of Faith; and the doctrines therein set forth were received by all their office-bearers, as in full harmony with the declarations of the Bible.

The doctrine of the Atonement, as taught in the Standards, is very definite and minute. It is, that Christ bought of the Father the unconditionally elected of men, and that for these and these alone, he laid down his life as a ransom—for them alone he made atonement. There is not such a thing in the symbolical books as a statement to the effect that Christ purchased any blessing for, or stood in any saving relation to the whole human race. The rest of mankind—other than the eternally elected and predestined to glory—says the Confession, are all passed by, all ordained to wrath. For them there is no atonement, no saving grace—in a word, no salvation! This very rigid doctrine was modified—inconsistently, I grant, but still modified—by the Seceders, and what has been called the double-reference theory was the form the modified doctrine took. "According to repeated statements emitted by the Synod," says Robertson of Stow, "the atonement has two aspects—special and general—or, in other words, he who made the atonement stands in different relations to mankind. To the elect, he stands in special relations, growing out of special engagements, in virtue of which his atonement secures their salvation; whilst to those not included in these specialities, he stands in other relations, which we term general relations, in opposition to the special relations—relations which entitle us to affirm that the atonement has such a reference to them, that

it opens the door of mercy, and constitutes to them the ground upon which salvation is offered to their acceptance; so that, if they perish, it is not because no provision of mercy exists available for their deliverance, but because they will not avail themselves of the provision which has been actually made."

This representation of the nature and extent of the atonement was denied by Mr. Guthrie, who contended that the atonement, *per se*, did not secure the salvation of those for whom it was made, and that it was made in the same sense for all men without distinction and exception. Along with this, he held the doctrines of unconditional election and irresistible grace. He was, when expelled from the Secession Church, a moderate Calvinist, and occupied the theological ground on which Payne and Wardlaw stood. Out of this most illogical system he was soon delivered, and to the end of his life he delighted to proclaim the three glorious universalities, which consist of God the Father's love for all men, Christ's death as a *bona fide* atonement for the whole world, and the gift of the Holy Spirit's influence to the human race that all might believe the gospel and be elected, justified, sanctified, and finally glorified. This theological position was reached about three months after he was, by the act of ecclesiastical separation, freed from his allegiance to the Confession of Faith and the creed he had sworn to at his ordination—a fact which proves the detrimental influence of stereotyped creeds to progress, and the necessity for liberty to growth in the knowledge of divine things.

Being cast out of the Church, Mr. Guthrie naturally betook himself to Kilmarnock, to the manse of his brother in the faith and tribulation, Mr. Morison. Their conferences together turned on things too personal and sacred to be recorded here. More public matters were also considered, and particularly the question how best they could form themselves into a Christian band for the spread of the gospel views they had loved so well, and for which they suffered so much. They had no desire to institute a new denomination, but were forced, from their position, to do so. For this purpose the four expelled ministers, with an evangelist and a number of delegates from the churches which sympathised with the movement, met in the vestry of

Clerk's Lane Church and formed "The Evangelical Union." Mr. Guthrie opened the proceedings by a sermon, on Monday evening, the 15th May, 1843, which was peculiarly suited to the occasion. He took for his text the startling words of the weeping prophet, "O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord" (Jer. xxii. 29). The discourse is one of rare excellence, and when delivered with all the fervour of the preacher, evoked by its subject-matter, thrilled the hearers. It is at once highly finished, burning with earnestness and overflowing with saving truth. In one passage he refers to a universal call to believe and a limited atonement in language befitting the circumstances in which it was originally delivered. "Whole treatises," he said, "have been written on the reconcilableness of the universal call of the gospel with a limited provision of salvation. On this point we have long thrown off all reserve, and we declare that, for any man to as much as put himself into the attitude of attempting to make any such reconciliation, is already to plant his foot on dishonest ground. This has long been felt, and more or less practically confessed. Hence the resorts of the Marrow-men, the Seceders Mair, Pringle, and others, by their 'deed of gift to mankind-sinners as such,' down to the 'general reference' of these days, all of which, though only making confusion worse confounded, at least practically confess that gospel provision must in some sort be co-extensive with gospel invitation. The Evangelical Union, now inaugurated, in the clean sweep made by James Morison of all specialities in the atonement, making it to one just what it is to another, presents the only consistent basis for the universal call; and to this, unless the gospel is to be immolated on the stony altar of the Genevan creed, all must come."

This discourse was the key-note of the after proceedings, and a becoming declaration as to the spirit, aims, and doctrines the Union desired to carry out and make known. Next day the brethren assembled for practical work, Mr. Guthrie acting as secretary. He aided in all the arrangements made and business done. He identified himself heart and mind with the new departure, and determined to do all he could for the promotion of the objects the Evangelical Union had in view. How

his first love and attachment to the new denomination were more than sustained will be seen as we proceed.

The day following his deposition Mr. Guthrie sent a letter to his church in Kendal, acquainting them with what had taken place, and placing his resignation in their hand, with the intimation that he was willing to continue to minister to them in the altered circumstances if they should so will it. That they might freely consider the whole situation unembarrassed by his presence, he did not return home till the end of the following week. The course thus adopted was honourable, and courageous as well. He had sacrificed his ecclesiastical standing for the truth, and he was now also willing to place himself in the hands of the Lord and the people of his charge as to his future sphere of labour. The church responded all but unanimously, and in a brief period he had news from the town of Westmoreland which cheered his heart and were like balm to the wounded soul. The members loved, and had good reason to love, their pastor. He had laboured among them for their spiritual well-being, caring little what became of himself. Many of them had received the truth through his agency which sets the sinner free, and by means of which he passes from death to life, and they would not fail him in the hour of trial. A memorial was sent from Kendal, dated 15th May, 1843, to invite him to remain with the Scotch Church as pastor. In that memorial the Session say, "We have heard with pleasure, in your letter to us through Mr. James Low, that you are willing still to continue our pastor; and we now beg to assure you we earnestly desire your returning, that you may continue to break the bread of life amongst us. We therefore invite you to come and continue your office of pastor over us. We are aware that this step will virtually sever us from a Church with which many of us have been long connected, and which we have been accustomed to esteem and respect; but as the interests of truth demand the sacrifice, we cheerfully submit to it. We thank God for what he has done by your instrumentality since you laboured among us. Some of those whose names are attached have to look up to you under God as their spiritual father; others have been reclaimed from a state of lukewarmness and apathy; and all of God's children

amongst us will have reason to praise him throughout eternity for having placed you in the midst of us." A few seatholders also forwarded a brief memorial to the same effect. The Sabbath-school teachers signified their determination to stand by the church in the step it had taken, and to cast in their lot with the new order of things. There were a few opponents, as there always are in such circumstances, who did not a little to break the harmony of the church, and to cry out, "A lion in the way." They were sure, they said, that Mr. Guthrie, owing to his feeble health, would not be able to continue preaching long, and that soon his life would be rounded off in death. The church property was so vested that it belonged to the Secession Church so long as any of the old members remained. This would necessitate a new chapel; a struggle, they hinted, in which the new cause was certain to come to an end. Evil prophets are never wanting when duty calls to sacrifice and hard work, and these uttered their words with no little warmth into the ears of those who had identified themselves with the new view movement. These prognostications of evil did not daunt the spirit of Mr. Guthrie and the devoted people he gathered around him. They left the church in Wool-pack Yard to the handful of people who clung to its walls, and repaired to a hall, where the services of the sanctuary were carried on for eighteen months with much success. At the end of that time, Zion Chapel was built at the cost of £1250, and opened amid much gladness of heart on the 16th October, 1844. The new chapel was dedicated to the preaching of the gospel in a solemn manner—not by sprinkling it with water, or by getting a bishop to consecrate it, but by a series of special religious services, conducted by Messrs. Morison—father and son—and the pastor. During these meetings many were led to understand the way of salvation, to identify themselves with Christ's cause, and to take a firmer hold of the ever-loving and present Saviour. Mr. Guthrie's health was uncertain, and frequently feeble during these years of struggle, work, and difficulty. Still he held on, bating not one jot of heart or hope; pressing forward in the work given him to do. A substantial and influential church grew around him, by whom he was deeply respected and much loved. Out

of the Divine Word he brought forth things new and old, to their nourishment and spiritual enlightenment. And his name still lingers in the vale of the Kent, as one which has a sacred place in the memories of those whose parents or themselves had first been brought to the Cross of Christ, and to understand its meaning, by Mr. Guthrie. He loved the place and the people; and his eye twinkled with delight, when, in after times, he called to memory the days of battle, prayer, and sweet fellowship experienced in his first pastorate.

Nor did Mr. Guthrie confine himself to preaching and pastoral work in connection with his own church and congregation. Besides the aid he rendered to the Kilmarnock Theological Academy—of which more anon—he took part, with others, in the formation of new churches, special revival services, and other meetings, which were held at various places. The people all over the country were in an anxious condition to hear what the new views were—some to criticise, and others to contrast them with the Scriptures that they might examine whether they were according to the teaching of the Spirit or not. He was ever ready, according to the strength possessed, to take a large share of the labour at such gatherings. His pen was also employed in the same service. *The Day-Star*, a penny monthly, had been started in November, 1844, under the editorship of the Rev. Mr. Laing, Cotton, Aberdeen, to which Mr. Guthrie became a regular contributor. From Kendal came some of those pieces of sacred poetry which indicate a poetic spirit and ability of no common order. The beautiful hymn, "How lovely are thy tents," was published in November of 1844—a metrical version of the 84th Psalm, which is extensively used and much appreciated in our churches. At the end of the next year he gives his immortal descriptive poem, "The Redeemer's Tears," which has been published with and without the author's name in various publications, both in this country and in America. It is delightful to think that, when fighting a hard battle, and doing work which might have taxed the strongest constitution, with a weak body, he could retire from the field of strife, and shut himself in his closet, and feel the calm influence of that inspiration of God which giveth understanding steal into his

soul and elevate his thoughts, strengthen and purify his vision, till once he could behold the Man of Sorrows on Olivet, gazing, while tears traced down his cheeks, on the doomed city at his feet. Never was the scene before, nor since, more vividly portrayed in verse than by the writer of this elevated and touching piece. Though well-known, no sketch of Mr. Guthrie could be approximately worthy of the subject which did not give

THE REDEEMER'S TEARS.

'Tis evening; over Salem's towers a golden lustre gleams,
And lovingly and lingeringly the sun prolongs his beams.
He looks as on some work undone, for which the hour has passed,
So tender is his glance and mild, it seems to be his last.
But a brighter Sun is looking on, more earnest is his eye,
For thunder-clouds must veil him soon, and darken all the sky:
O'er Zion still he bends, as loath his presence to remove,
And o'er her walls there lingers yet the sunshine of his love.

'Tis Jesus! with an anguished heart, a parting glance he throws,
For mercy's day she has sinned away for a night of dreadful woes:
"Would thou hadst known," he said, while down his face rolled
many a tear,

"My words of peace in this thy day—but now thy end is near.
Alas for thee, Jerusalem! How cold thy heart to me!
How often in these arms of love would I have gathered thee!
My sheltering wing had been your shield, my love your happy lot,
I would it had been thus with thee; I would, but ye would not."

He wept alone, and men passed on—the men whose woes he bore,
They saw the Man of Sorrows weep, they had seen him weep before;
They asked not who those tears were for, they asked not whence
they flowed:

Those tears were for rebellious man, their source the heart of God.
They fell upon this desert earth like drops from heaven on high,
Struck from an ocean-tide of love that fills eternity.
With love and tenderness divine those crystal cells o'erflow;
'Tis God that weeps, through human eyes, for human guilt and woe!

That hour has fled, those tears are told, the agony is passed:
The Lord has wept, the Lord has bled, but he has not loved—his last.
From heaven his eye is downward bent, still ranging to and fro,
Where'er in this wild wilderness there roams a child of woe;
Nor his alone, the Three in One that looked through Jesus' eye,
Could still the harps of angel bands to hear the suppliant sigh;
And when the rebel chooses wrath, God wails his hapless lot,
Deep breathing from his heart of love, "I would, but ye would not."

There is here sweetness, reverence, spiritual penetration, and deep religious truth which will make it perennial and acceptable to those who in all ages love the Lord and desire to get near his heart. Some of the lines are frequently quoted in books and sermons with appropriateness and power. Not infrequently I have heard preachers, when insisting upon God's love to the soul which follows on in the way of sin that leads to death, and depicting its final determined step out of probation to destiny unsaved, as it were, baffled, till once they seized hold on the words—

And when the rebel chooses wrath, God wails his hapless lot,
Deep breathing from his heart of love, "I would, but ye would not."

Numerous tracts were written by Mr. Guthrie in Kendal, some of which are of permanent value. A more elaborate work—"A Manual of Church Government"—a volume of 234 pages, was published in October, 1846, which has never received the attention it deserves. Those who formed the Evangelical Union had not only to consider the doctrinal principles and basis of their union, but they had to give heed also to how the churches which clung to them, and which they saw would, as the movement progressed, require to be formed, should be governed. Those who had broken away from Presbyterianism theologically, and had watched how that system had admitted of the tyranny of a majority, had no special love for its policy. Troubles were apt to arise from this source, hence Mr. Guthrie set to work and produced his "Manual," which has special reference to the office of elder. The scheme of church government advocated in the volume is that which may be called "Inner Presbytery." This method of church government, called by Mr. Guthrie "Congregational Presbyterianism," is described thus in the Preface:—"It declares each church to be independent and complete in itself; but it also maintains, as a scriptural principle, that there should be a presbytery, or eldership, in every church, 'to take the oversight thereof,' and exercise discipline, without interference or interruption, so long as they retain the confidence of the church—it being in the power of the church, in virtue of its independence, to call upon them to resign whenever they see cause.

This is the plan adopted in some of the churches lately separated from their former Presbyterian connexion, in the course of Synodical discussions, relating, chiefly, to the nature and extent of the Saviour's Atonement, and also by many of the new churches that have since been formed on the same doctrinal basis."

The volume is one which keeps close to Scripture, is lucidly written, and displays extensive reading in Church history, and sound scriptural exegesis. It deals with subjects which have not much favour in later times, though it will enrich the minds of those who read it, on sundry matters which cannot be pushed out of the way by the Christian community without loss of both light and power.

It was during this period of excitement and work that Mr. Guthrie was married to Ann, daughter of Mr. Thomas Orr, of Annandale Farm, near Kilmarnock. The family to which the young lady belonged had become earnest supporters of Mr. Morison, and were members of the Clerk's Lane Church. Miss Orr had been brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus by her pastor, and, through this practical experience, had become deeply interested in the Evangelical Union and the theological movement with which Mr. Guthrie was associated. The marriage was one in the Lord, and the home thus established was a sanctuary into which he could retire from public scenes and duties, to enjoy the quiet of social life, and the recuperative influence he so much needed to carry on the spiritual conflict in which he was engaged. His nature was genial, social, and sympathetic, and he required a Christian "help-meet," in these days of misunderstanding and struggle, to be the sharer of his joys and his sorrows.

When he took Miss Orr to her new home on the banks of the Kent, he bound himself by a fresh tie to earth; but he also, at the same time, put himself in the position of doing more for, and experiencing more of heaven. With Jeremy Taylor, whom he delighted to quote, he believed "that marriage, like a useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and fills cities, and churches, and heaven itself." He was made more fully prepared for what of hard work and trial God had in store for him, by having a wife by

his side who, for the future, was to be bound up with himself in the common bundle of life. Hand in hand, and heart in heart, husband and wife set their faces to the future, determined to follow where the Lord would lead, and to lean on him who had promised to guide them with his eye, and strengthen them by his Spirit.

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CHAPTER V.

1846—1848.

Friendship for Mr. Morison—Made Professor—Professorial Work—Anecdotes—President of Evangelical Union—Church Work—Call to Glasgow—Close of First Pastorate.

ONE of the most potent influences which was brought to bear upon Mr. Guthrie, from the time he entered the Edinburgh University, was that which arose out of his connection with Mr. James Morison. Shortly after he went to Edinburgh, he was introduced to Mr. Morison, who was one of the most distinguished students of the session, by a cousin of the latter, and became a frequent visitor to his rooms, when there was a relaxation from study. From the first he was drawn to Mr. Morison, and Mr. Morison to him; and the feeling which animated Mr. Guthrie to his friend approached nearer to adoration, or worship, than the ordinary feeling of friendship. This increased as they knew each other better, and held as they did closest fellowship by letter and personal intercourse. On both sides it was deep, cordial, and sincere. The two were, from the first to the end, like brothers, and the names of Jonathan and David come to the pen as I think of the close intimacy which existed between those kindred, and yet different spirits. Circumstances brought them into yet closer relationship than could possibly exist, so long as they were pastors of respective churches situated far apart. At the origin of the Evangelical Union, Mr. Morison saw that a Theological Academy was necessary, if the theological and evangelistic movement were to be carried on and succeed. With characteristic energy, he started one in Kilmarnock, in 1843.

The first session was attended by only four students. Mr. Guthrie took an interest in the institution from the beginning, and aided Mr. Morison in the Systematic department, in the session of 1846, when thirty-two students attended. The subjects of his lectures were, "The Person of Christ: his Humanity and Divinity, and the Union of the Two Natures in the One Person." The report of the examination for the session informs us that the short labours of the junior professor had been the means of much good to the students, and had been greatly appreciated.

The delivery of the closing address fell to the lot of the junior professor, and a genial, characteristic address it was. As it was the first address to his class, I insert a condensed report of it here :

"The apparatus of study you have, the acquisition of mental habitudes, that have an important bearing on future success ; but what are all these ? Attainments in which to take a stand and introvert a complacent eye, and say, 'Soul, thou hast intellectual goods laid up for many years ; take thine ease ?' No, verily, but means to an end,—a little stock in trade with which to commence—a little elevation from which to take an onward bound. Strange though it be, that any mind should sink down into *that* from which it is intended to soar. Such minds are to be found. It must be a small object that can make out to bury itself in an ant-hill ; and a contracted mind it must be and as cool as it is contracted, that can settle down contented and even find room for inflation, within the little globule of knowledge it has contrived to detach from the mighty ocean of truth during a few years' study at a theological hall. Your aim is *onward*, your motto that of the ancient conqueror, 'Nil reputans actum si quid superesset agendum.'

"1, Husband your time. 2, Husband your energies, and how ? By stimulants ? Many imagine so. Such is the logic which leads some of the best of students, and the best of men, to drown their senses in intemperate potations of tea, or obscure them in clouds of what James VI. compared to 'the smoke of the Stygian pit,' or bury them in the narcotic dust with which they contrive to plug, pollute, and pervert the most prominent

and protrusive feature in all their face, and therewith enact scenes sufficient to sicken a whole assembly. 3, Be active. Do as much as possible in the time. Keep everything like castle-building or waking-dreams out of your mind, as you would prevent an undermining torrent from approaching the walls of your house. 4, Consider the due proportion of time to be allowed for sleep. Sleep *fast* rather than *long*. 5, Exercise a prudent reserve towards your fellow-students. 6, Suffer the word of exhortation in your character of aspirants to the sacred ministry of reconciliation. You are about to depart to your respective spheres as ambassadors of Christ—to do what? Just what Christ would do were he present—to exhibit Christ's views, display Christ's feelings, look with Christ's eyes, seek Christ's interests, pursue Christ's aims, promote Christ's glory, and defend Christ's cause. The more an ambassador resembles his royal master, the more efficient will he be. We have no vitality, no lustre in ourselves. Our part is simply to keep close in to Jesus—to keep fast the link of faith—and then, through that as a lightning-rod, his strength comes upon us."

The students were again favoured with Mr. Guthrie's services in the session of 1847, who, besides hearing a discourse from each of the young brethren and criticising the same, lectured to them on the Atonement, Sacrifice, and the Evidences of Christianity. The office of Professor had been accepted by him as only a provisional arrangement when he was at first appointed as colleague to Mr. Morison, and it was now found necessary that a regular appointment should be made that the work of the Academy might be more extended and the studies of the students more thoroughly supervised. The Conference which met in Kilmarnock on September, unanimously agreed to request Mr. Guthrie to continue his services permanently, and it was remitted to the Academy Committee to convey formally an expression of thanks to the church in Kendal for consenting to dispense with the services of their minister during the eight weeks the classes met. Mr. Guthrie was appointed to the Systematic Chair, and afterwards to teach Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis, an office which he filled without interruption till 1861.

As a Professor Mr. Guthrie did noble and lasting work

on behalf of the Evangelical Union, the young men who sat at his feet, and the advancement of the gospel cause. He was in his element when he was unfolding some of the high themes of Christian theology and expounding the sacred oracles. Not having the learned leisure necessary for the preparation of his lectures, which must be enjoyed by any one who at all approximates the position of an ideal professor, his prelections were sometimes fragmentary, but they were never either commonplace or uninteresting. He had read much, thought much, and had a wealth of experience which enabled him to lay under contribution many rich treasures by which to stimulate the thought and direct the minds of those before him. He had, moreover, what is all but indispensable in a professor of theology, the power of attracting young men and making them feel the weight of his personal character and the depth and sincerity of his religious life and convictions. To say that he was beloved by the successive band of aspirants for the sacred ministry, whom he taught in sacred things, is not more than the bare truth. He was even more than beloved. They found in him a friend, teacher, Christian brother, and adviser all in one. At their social meetings he shed abroad a glow of genial sympathy and radiant joy which made these hours to be remembered. Some of these occasions rise before the mind's eye, as I write, which were bright with light and life. It was then that the young men could understand their professors most fully, and be led to understand the brotherhood which bound all together as members of the common household of faith. The students watched on these occasions the two professors, true yoke-fellows, when they unbent a little and allowed "the flow of soul" to take precedence of the "feast of reason." When partaking of the cup which cheers and stimulates without beclouding the intellect, Professor Morison's eyes would sparkle with delight when Mr. Guthrie expatiated, in his wonted manner, on some genial theme, or when he playfully described some scene of mirth in which he had been an actor. On the other hand, Professor Guthrie would watch his colleague with beaming countenance when he pitted himself against some of the theological athletes of the Calvinistic school of a past age, and reduced their elaborately built system to

ruins, or started some knotty question in metaphysics, such as "Why does the earth occupy this part of space?" Friendships were formed by this free and easy intercourse between teachers and taught, which continued and grew as the days and years increased. Though capable of saying some severe things, I never heard him so speak as to leave a wound of any depth behind. A student was blundering through his Hebrew one morning, and the words were not, by any means, receiving the accentuation they ought to have received. One of the fathers of the Jewish nation was mentioned in the text, and the student, who had sorely tried the patience of the Professor, was brought to a standstill when he attempted to give articulate expression to the word, by—"Stop! stop! this is too bad: if the patriarch had been here he would not have known his own name." This gave both the class and the Professor a much-needed outlet for the pent-up feelings they had but too unsuccessfully endeavoured to suppress. The only stern word I remember hearing Mr. Guthrie use to any student during the four sessions I attended the Academy, was uttered to a senior student who was closing his curriculum. During that session Professor Morison had gone abroad, and this multiplied the labours of the other Professor, who had, besides his teaching duties, to attend to the preaching appointments of the students. After much care he had arranged the places for the following Sabbath, and announced that Mr. — was to preach in North Dundas Street Church forenoon and afternoon. On hearing this, the student instantly rose and said it was impossible to fulfil that appointment. He could not preach in such an important church without more preparation than he could give between Friday forenoon and Sabbath. The Professor, seemingly hurt at the manner his kindly act was thrown back upon him, replied—"Sir, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are a senior student, and ought to be able to preach the gospel anywhere at a moment's notice. I have done my best to impart some knowledge to you during the last four years, and to polish your manners somewhat, but, I fear, without much effect. You must fulfil the appointment I have read out." The rest of the class appreciated the remarks, and thought they were well deserved. Considering

the material he had to work with in many cases, and the ways of the class at times, it was no easy task to prosecute the professorial work with an even-temper or buoyant spirit; yet this was done by Mr. Guthrie, as there are scores of his old students ready to testify, in whose memories he has, and will ever have, an abiding place.

At the Evangelical Union Conference of 1846, which met in Greenock, Mr. Guthrie was appointed to the position of President. This is the highest honour that the brethren can confer, and it is given to mark their esteem for, and confidence in him who is called upon to fill the presidential chair. He was re-elected to the same position in 1854, when the number of the churches belonging to the Union had increased, and the cause had taken firm root in the land. Mr. Guthrie was well worthy of all the honour he could receive in this direction, both for personal reasons and for the service he rendered to the denomination. Besides his professorial work in connection with the training of the students, he was engaged to a considerable extent in forming and consolidating churches, attending special services, and preaching anniversary discourses. He was also a member of the various committees, and took no ordinary part of the labour. In intricate cases, and these were, unfortunately, not few, his knowledge of ecclesiastical law and usage was of use, and his advice was much prized. No amount of labour was grudged that the work might get on, and ever and anon his chaste pen was called into requisition to draw resolutions, write out findings, prepare reports, or to shape minutes in connection with the business done. His appearance at the Conference meetings was regular, and the part he took in its business was that of a leader, who acted with generosity, dignity, and self-abnegation. He was everywhere and always ready, and his willingness to undertake work led him sometimes to have laid on him a burden of duties under which a less energetic person would have sunk. Without entering into details, which would over weight our pages, it may be said with all safety, that no one person for some years did so much of the work of the denomination as did Mr. Guthrie. And what he did, he did it willingly and well.

All this while—from 1843 to 1848—he maintained his position as pastor of Kendal Church with zeal and success. Besides the tracts and pamphlets he issued, the articles he published in the *Day-Star*, the *Christian News* (a weekly newspaper, the first number of which appeared on the 5th August, 1846), and elsewhere, were numerous. The people of his charge luxuriated in the rich gospel messages he delivered for their edification, and unbroken peace was enjoyed, with the exception of a trifling difficulty which arose among some, by his lengthened absence when attending the Academy, which was soon removed. The church under his charge had always taken a warm interest in missionary work, and this increased during the times of severest struggle, and when extra outlay required to be met for the carrying on of the usual work of the congregation.

In October, 1848, a call came to Mr. Guthrie from an infant church in Glasgow to be their pastor, which he saw it to be his duty to accept. The main reasons why he acceded to the invitation to cast in his lot with the few brethren were, that he might be nearer the centre for his academical duties, and for the good of the whole movement, which was almost, altogether, a Scotch movement. Those who, like Mr. Guthrie, join in a cause with others, have, if they be true to their mission, to sink personal considerations and advantages for the good of the whole. They have to sacrifice and sow in tears that others may reap with joy. This Mr. Guthrie generously, continuously did, and his leaving Kendal was actuated by this spirit. Though the members of his church would gladly have retained him, they offered no serious objection to his removal. Before bidding them farewell, they held a meeting, which was largely attended, to present him with a gold watch and a purse of money as a token of their appreciation. The watch bore the inscription,—"Presented, with a purse of forty guineas, to the Rev. John Guthrie, A.M., on his leaving Kendal, by those who gratefully esteem him as a pastor and friend. 'The Lord bless thee.'" Various ministers were present and addressed the meeting in suitable addresses. All the speakers, says the *Kendal Mercury*, expressed their affection and esteem for Mr. Guthrie, and their regret at the loss

of his valuable and most acceptable labours in the gospel. It is added,—“We believe the reverend gentleman will be followed by the earnest prayers of his church, congregation, and numerous Christian friends, that in his new sphere of work in Glasgow he may be abundantly successful in scattering those simple views of divine truth which he has so ably, consistently, and successfully maintained for nearly nine years in Kendal.” So closed the first pastorate of a faithful servant of Jesus Christ. He had to tear himself away from the people who stood by him when others forsook him, and who had been at his side when the clouds of adversity gathered overhead, and the barriers increased in the path of everyday life. The roots of his generous heart had gone deep into the circle of his Christian brethren. He had been with them in their hours of joy, when social feeling was freely expressed, and the sunny side of existence was enjoyed. When sorrow and mourning were their lot, he had wept with them, and endeavoured to quell their fears and assuage their grief. With the young, he had been young and playful; with young men and women, he had been as a companion; with the mature in life, he had sought to share their burdens; and with the aged, he bowed before the heavenly throne, and prayed the good Lord to vouchsafe light in the eventide. The true pastor, as Mr. Guthrie was, can never stand in the same relations to the people of a second or third charge as he does to those of the first, and his severance from them at the call of the Head of the Church is a wrench which is beyond words. Only those who have gone through it understand it. “I left Kendal,” wrote Mr. Guthrie many years after, “under emotions which I cannot attempt to describe.” If he dares not attempt the task far less shall I do so. The experience is hallowed, and must be passed by.

CHAPTER VI.

1848—1852.

Glasgow Induction—Prosperity of Church—Unitarian Controversy—Contributions to *Christian News*—Call to Greenock—Greenock Induction—Progress of the Church—As a Preacher—"Occasional Discourses."

THE removal from the quiet town on the banks of the Kent to the bustling and active city of Glasgow brought Mr. Guthrie into a new set of difficulties of the most trying nature. There are many difficulties in connection with pastoral life in the most favourable circumstances, but there are some peculiar to the pastor who, in the midst of a large city, is called upon to raise a new church, and attend to its infantile growth and development. These were experienced in connection with the one to which Mr. Guthrie came to Glasgow to minister. It was small, composed of only twenty-two members, met in a hall in an out of the way street—the Mechanics' Hall, North Hanover Street—had little or no wealth at its command—no strong institutions or funds standing behind it, and belonging to a body which had spent, to a considerable extent, its first aggressive force, and was everywhere evil spoken against. The work could only be efficiently carried on at a great expense, and this the brethren could not afford. The opposition was great, though the opportunities for good doing were many. And all such efforts on the part of small bodies were overshadowed by the larger denominations. It has always appeared to me that the raising of an Evangelical Union church in a large city is one of the most formidable tasks which any poor son of Adam could attempt; and he who does so should be prepared for difficulties many, disappointments not a few, work hard and constant, many rebuffs, and not a few tears. These must be gone through and endured in any circumstances of the kind, though the membership be true to a man, and they will be greatly intensified if there be the usual discontents and drags in the society.

Doubtless, all those things had been duly weighed when the Rev. John Guthrie left his first charge, at the call of the Lord

and the church, to undertake the office of pastor to the new church which had been recently formed in the western metropolis of Scotland. He was inducted into his new charge on the 30th of November, 1848, and was, strange to say, ordained, though a former pastor. The ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. Robert Morison, the pastor was addressed by the Rev. James Morison, and the people by the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, jun. There was a public soiree held in the evening, which was well attended, and addresses were delivered by various ministers on practical and interesting subjects. It is recorded that the addresses were characterised by great clearness, healthful vigour, impressive earnestness, and, it is added, "we trust many received spiritual benefit, and our prayer is, that the union thus formed will prove the means of progressive edification to many of God's people in this city, and of the conversion of multitudes of sinners still lying in the wicked one."

On the following Sabbath, the new pastor was publicly introduced to his charge by Mr. Morison, of Bathgate, who, along with the minister, preached to excellent audiences. These details suggest the spirit in which this mission was undertaken. Services in those days were times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of his power; and all the addresses were delivered with the idea to the conversion of sinners, and the edification of saints. The days of small things were looked upon with gladness and hope. Ministers did not ask, where shall we receive the most salary and enjoy most ease? The spirit of one and all of them, and none more so than the one who had just assumed his position in Glasgow, was that of the soldier who said, "The position of danger and difficulty is that of honour; let me have it." Where work was to be done, that was the field they desired to enter, and there they wished to gain their reward.

Thus commenced the second pastorate of Mr. Guthrie. The environments were not the most pleasant, the prospects not the most encouraging; still it was with both hope and heart that he set himself to the task he had taken in hand. In the pulpit and out of it, he displayed no little energy; and his discourses were calculated to arrest, convict, convert, and sanctify.

The meetings at the stated diets of worship grew but slowly, and various schemes were in operation to do the work of a church, which received his hearty support. At the Conference of 1849, he was able to report that the original number of members had increased to sixty-one; the Temperance cause had been attended to, and a Total Abstinence Society was formed, that something might be done to destroy the national sin of intemperance. The pastor was cheered by the success which attended his ministry, and was led to thank God and take courage.

In the month of February, 1850, the church removed to the large hall of the Athenæum, Ingram Street, which was every way a good place for public worship. It was central in position, well known, easy of access, and comfortably seated. I used to drop in occasionally on Sabbaths to worship along with the brethren, and enjoy the sermons of the preacher. The morning was generally, according to the old Scotch fashion, given to expounding the Word, the opening up the meaning of the sacred page, and drawing lessons of duty and faith therefrom; and the afternoon was devoted to sermonising. In the evening, special subjects were taken up and discussed in a popular and instructive manner. An effort had been put forth by the Unitarian clergyman of the city to bring his views to the front, and to sway the minds of a number over to his doctrines. Mr. Guthrie thought it was his duty to step forward and endeavour to counteract the influence thus exerted. For this purpose a course of lectures was announced, which immediately attracted attention. In former days the Socinian controversy had been discussed with great earnestness and ability in Glasgow by Mr. Yates and Dr. Wardlaw, and some remembered the interest which then existed. The interest in the subject was not very difficult to revive, for at Mr. Guthrie's first lecture, the place of meeting was crowded by an intelligent and respectable audience. The lecture was one of remarkable power, incisive, logical, and in some points crushing. It was a vindication of the supreme divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ and a refutation of the arguments urged against the ordinary doctrine of the person of our Lord. The second lecture was equally successful, and gave satisfaction to

many who had no sympathy with Mr. Guthrie's distinctive views of divine truth. One gentleman said that he would have travelled miles to have heard the lecture; for it had confirmed his faith in the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ, and had led him to see as he had never seen before the breadth of evidence the Scripture afforded in support of it. This was a common estimate of the controversy, and was felt to be so by the opponent, who became extravagant in his denials, going so far that Mr. Guthrie gave up replying to his statements because there was no common authority to which both agreed to appeal. Thoughtful young men were especially benefited by the lucid exposition of this cardinal doctrine of the common faith, and the influence of the Unitarian advocate was considerably weakened.

Though having an infant church to attend to, Mr. Guthrie continued to employ his pen with vigour and effect. He was a constant contributor to the *Christian News*, and scarcely an issue of the paper appeared without an article from him. A series of fifteen articles on the "Gospel as taught in Ancient Sacrifices" appeared in its pages, which were of no common order. They were expository and practical, and were read with delight and profit by hundreds. At this time, as at a former period of his life, he was much interested in the phrase, "Righteousness of God," and wrote several papers to elucidate Luther's view of the doctrine and his views on Imputation. There was also a series of five articles "On the Indwelling of the Word," which were rich in gospel truth and eminently fitted to benefit those who seriously perused them. Others, such as "On taking hold of God's Strength" and "Christ the Lord of the World," were published weekly, as well as, now and again, articles on events which were of interest to the denomination. These contributions to the weekly press he continued to supply for years without intermission. He had the pen of a ready writer and it was seldom idle. His mind teemed with thoughts he desired to express, and the exigencies of the movement with which he stood so closely identified were such that he could not remain at ease but must write. Some of the products thrown off in this way were of worth and permanent usefulness; others were only for the hour, and passed away

with the occasion that called them forth. They all displayed literary power, and a firm grasp and a deep view of the truth. One morning, after taking breakfast with him, he said, "Stay a minute, I have an article to send to the *News*,—will you take it?" "Gladly," I responded. "Wait a moment or two, then." He went into his sanctum and seized a pen, and made it run over the paper, and in a short time he said, "Here, take that and hand it in." On the paper appearing, I turned up the article and read it with curiosity, and found, to my partial surprise and delight, that it sparkled over with beauty and was full of life. Writing in this way cannot do an author justice, and yet, we fear, it was in conditions of this sort that many of Mr. Guthrie's productions were brought forth. The mind from whence they came must have been a storehouse of knowledge, emotions, and images of the richest kind.

The Academy was during these years attended to, and its work discharged with regularity and faithfulness. This necessitated an absence from the city for two months each session, which was experienced as a serious drawback to the increase of the church. Owing to the inefficiency of the supply—the preachers being the students—no accessions were made to the membership or the congregation during this time. Young churches, like tender flowers, require the most careful and close attention, else they wither and die. It took special efforts to rally the forces of the infant community on the Professor's return from Kilmarnock. These were ungrudgingly given; the result being, that in 1850 it was reported that the membership was eighty-two, and the church enjoyed uninterrupted harmony, and was conscious of no small measure of mutual confidence and brotherly love. Courageous band of Christian brothers, and worthy leader of such a band! The struggle and sacrifice were great, but cheerfully met for the Master's sake.

It was with no feeling of want of brotherly love and trust in those who had stood so true to him for nearly three years that Mr. Guthrie accepted an unanimous call he received from the Evangelical Union Church, Greenock, in April, 1851. Never was pastor more beloved by a people than was Mr. Guthrie by those who bore the heat and burden

of the day with him in Glasgow; and never were brethren more beloved than they were by their minister. They were bound to each other by ties which lasted to the end of his life, and have been sanctified by his departure. A sense of duty to the church and the whole movement constrained him to take the step he took with mingled feelings. As he told us in after days, he had a thought that other changes, for good to the denomination, would follow his removal which would give it a fresh impetus. His going down the Clyde would save the church in Greenock and enable the church in Glasgow to secure a pastor who would be better adapted than he was to gather members into the fold and secure the ear of the general public. The thought came over him afterwards, more than once, that he had done wrong in accepting the Greenock invitation. And he always delighted in the thought that he was the first pastor of the church which built North Dundas Street Chapel, and secured for itself the invaluable services of his dearly beloved and honoured brother, Professor Morison.

The reception which was accorded to Mr. Guthrie by the church in Greenock was most cordial. He was introduced to his charge on the 18th May, 1851, by the former pastor, the Rev. A. C. Rutherford. After the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was observed, the right hand of fellowship was given to the new minister. In the afternoon Mr. Guthrie preached from the words, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For God hath made him to be sin who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (2 Cor. v. 20, 21). The sermon was one of more than ordinary power and unction. The subject is one which lay close to the heart of the preacher, and he felt it exalted the position of the gospel minister, while it at the same time solemnised his mind by impressing him with the fact, that he represented the Saviour and stood in his stead. The whole discourse was replete with gospel truth, a fitting opening sermon, and was listened to with the most marked attention by a large meeting. "Seldom," said the recorder of the service, "has it been our privilege to listen to a more eloquent and masterly exhibition of the truth; and we have never witnessed

a more cordial welcome given to any one assuming the position of a minister among a people." The settlement was harmonious, and pastor and people were full of trust, hope, and brotherly esteem. The conditions for success were present, and success came—not in a rush, but gradually and continuously. There were added to the church such as were saved, and the congregation increased in a corresponding ratio. In a little more than a year after Mr. Guthrie's induction, the report sent to the Conference spoke of a considerable lengthening of cords and strengthening of stakes. The membership, which was 169, had become nearly 200; the Bible-class had seventy members; and the prayer-meeting was both large and a source of a holy and upbuilding influence. This onward tendency continued to attend his labours, and the pleasure of the Lord prospered in his hands. The regular ministrations of the pulpit were kept up with care and faithfulness, and many an opportunity was taken for extra lectures on the distinctive doctrines of the Evangelical Union, and other subjects. Parts of the Old Testament and New Testament were systematically expounded, and doctrinal discourses were delivered of no ordinary value.

It was when occupying the pulpit in Greenock that Mr. Guthrie reached his maturity as a preacher. He may and did polish some of his discourses elsewhere, but here he composed some of the best he delivered. I had the privilege of listening to a few of his sermons, and to all his expository lectures on the 1st and 2nd chapters of the prophecies of Isaiah, and on the latter part of the 5th chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and from these a fair estimate of his pulpit ministrations could be gathered. And, at this place, it may be befitting that a general idea of the preacher and his preaching may be given.

Mr. Guthrie was one of those men who had a massiveness in the pulpit which, apart from studying the head and the features, conveyed the idea of weight and solidity. When robed, he ascended the steps of his pulpit with the mein of one who was going to his throne—not with haughty spirit, but with a consciousness of the dignity of his calling. The opening psalm was read with sacred feeling, and the prayer which followed was reverential, rich in Scripture quotation, and fervent. The

hymn of praise, and the portions of Scripture read, were carefully selected, and threw floods of mellowed light on the subject of the discourse. The sermon was after a learned and solid type, rather than after the manner of the flimsy, sensational preacher, whose desire is to tinkle the ear, more than touch the conscience. It abounded, like the prayers, with passages of Scripture, aptly chosen, and with Biblical allusions. The argumentative portions were frequently relieved by literary gems, and the discursive parts were chaste and elegant. The whole service was substantial, fitted to make full and strong Christians.

Those who sat under his ministry were rooted and grounded in the faith, and rendered strong in the Word which liveth and abideth for ever. Such was his uniform manner as a preacher; but he not unfrequently buckled on his armour for special occasions, when he flashed out great thoughts in rolling paragraphs, which, like fire, kindled the hearers' souls into a flame of earnest thought and emotion. "I once heard him," writes one, "deliver a lecture on 'Disestablishment,' in the Free Tron Church, Glasgow. The church was full. The first glimpse of him revealed his usual placid, though dignified mein; but when his eye lighted on the audience, the lion was roused in him, and he nimbly ascended the rostrum, as if eager for the fray. He was at all times clear and logical, but he spoke with crushing effect that night. 'See what he can do,' remarked my friend, 'when he has an audience worthy of him.'" It was on these special occasions he was seen to advantage, and they left on the hearers' mind the impression, that if he had given himself fair play, and undertaken only ordinary work, he would as a preacher have filled more of the world's eye than he did, and been a star of the first magnitude in the ministerial profession. This position he did not reach, though some of his sermons can be favourably placed alongside of the discourses of those who have received for themselves, as preachers, more illustrious names.

Those who desire to understand his powers and graces as a preacher should possess his volume of "Occasional Discourses," which was published in 1878. Some of the sermons contained in

this volume were favourites of their author, and preached before many different congregations. Among these are "The Treble Urgency of the Gospel Call," "The Palestinian Apostates," and "Angelic Evangelism." I remember being present one Sabbath afternoon, when he delivered the second named, in North Dundas Street Church, Glasgow, to a large congregation. He soon got in full *rapport* with his audience, and carried them along with him in ever-deepening interest, as he elucidated the truth of the text. As he depicted the process by which the apostacy was begun and carried on to its terrible termination, awe filled many heart, and a sense of relief was experienced when, as by a Divine restraint, he paused for a moment meditating as to whether he would go on or not, and then said—"But enough. The shade of the word, 'impossible,' is now as deep as doom. We can understand it all; and yet there is no fatalism in the case—no sovereign necessitation—no limitation, or withholdment of aught needful on the part of that God who is no respecter of persons, in the gospel any more than in the law, who, for the Saviour's propitiation is a well-pleased God to us all, and who will receive the chief of sinners, the persecutor, the blasphemer, the very apostate, if he will but return to Him and live."

John Guthrie was, when fresh and in the full spirit of his office, no ordinary preacher; and in all the places where he laboured, he succeeded in laying solid foundations on which others have built with success. He sowed with no sparing hand the seed of the kingdom of God, and the harvest has been, and will be, unto eternal life.

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CHAPTER VII.

1852—1858.

Controversy on Calvinism—On Secularism—Denominational Work—Two Remarkable Addresses—The Garrisonians—A New Hunting Song—Literary Work—"Life of Arminius"—Tappan on "The Will"—"Doctrinal Declaration."

THE Christian minister is a warrior, and has not unfrequently to enter the arena to defend the truth as it has been made

known to him, and to attack the strongholds of the enemy. He has to wield the sword of the Spirit, and use the shield of faith. In certain seasons this is more necessary than others, and in certain circumstances it is all but inevitable. This Mr. Guthrie felt, and much of his time and strength was spent in earnest controversy. Though the most peaceful of men, and of a liberal disposition, he was a warrior, and somehow delighted in the contest, and displayed therein an intellectual prowess of the first order.

The Evangelical Union was essentially a theological movement. It was anti-Calvinistic to the core, and was set right in opposition to the historical or orthodox creed of the Protestant Church of Scotland. The old faith had many defenders and expounders, and these made desperate and successive attempts to keep out the new views of God, the gospel, and man from the minds of the people. They virulently, in some instances, opposed the so-called "Morisonian" party, sought in many ways to ostracise its adherents from common Christian work, and, to prove that they were essentially heretical in the faith. Along with other ministers, and some devoted laymen, Mr. Guthrie stepped to the front to defend his doctrinal convictions, and to give reasons for the hope which was in him, with meekness and fear. He aided in this work, in the years 1854-55, when a special attack was made on his party by the agents of an association which had its centre in Glasgow. At the request of the Evangelical Association, he delivered a lecture on "Faith," in the Trades' Hall, to a large meeting, and discussion was allowed at the close. He also lectured in Paisley, and at the close had a lengthened discussion with Mr. Alexander Jamieson, who was the approved defender of Calvinism, and who was testified as to ability by the late Dr. Candlish and others. Mr. Guthrie displayed both tact and talent in the debate, and more than held his own with his doughty opponent. As the interest in the controversy had spread to Greenock, he arranged to deliver a series of lectures on Sabbath evenings, in his own chapel, on the history and development of the Calvinistic doctrine of Predestination. The subject was handled in a masterly style, and tended much to enlighten the public as to the origin of Calvinism and the

nature of its doctrines. The times were exciting, and the deepest earnestness pervaded a large section of the community in the West of Scotland, who desired to know the truth regarding the doctrines discussed. They had been received without much thought for centuries, and when doubts were awakened, they were instantly dismissed as emanating from the Evil One. By means of the Shorter Catechism, which was taught in every school, along with the Bible, the dogmas of Geneva became the part of the common education of the whole population. When these dogmas were questioned and brought to the touchstone of the Bible, many of the people were surprised to see the slender ground on which they rested and aroused to examine whether these things were true. Mr. Guthrie, both by voice and pen, when in Greenock, did no ordinary service to the cause of an anti-Calvinistic evangelical theology. He opposed error, and endeavoured to fill its place with truth. "I do not believe in mere negative controversy, mere demolition," he said; "it does no lasting good. Suppose you take and pump all the air out of the room, if you succeed in your undertaking you will have done something, but what you have done will be speedily undone, except you put something in its place. So, only destroy Calvinism in the minds of the people and it will rush back, except you place the truth where it formerly held sway." This method was the one Mr. Guthrie practised in all his encounters with the defenders of the old system of the orthodox creed. Error was destroyed by the presence of the truth as the darkness of night is chased away by the light of the morning sun.

The apostle of Secularism visited Greenock, and challenged all and sundry to meet him in public debate at the close of his lectures. Secularism was the name which Mr. George J. Holyoake gave to the system he propagated, which previously had been known as simple Atheism. By changing the name it was thought it would find more favour with the people, but the thing itself remained much the same. This-worldism ignored God if it did not deny that he existed; religion it opposed and sought to place science in its place; prayer, immortality, the Bible, and authoritative morality it ridiculed. Mr. Guthrie appeared at one of Mr. Holyoake's lectures, and

in a few trenchant sentences demolished the arguments advanced by the lecturer. A desire was expressed that a few lectures might be delivered on the whole subject, and Mr. Guthrie arranged a course. These were delivered on Sabbath evenings, and attracted large gatherings. Some of these were published in various periodicals, and one of them is given in the "Occasional Discourses." They are fresh, forcible, and eloquent,—dealing with the fundamental principles of the infidel theory rather than with its details. The preacher's whole nature was stirred as he vindicated the perfection of the Saviour's character, and exposed the hollowness of the assertion that there were "two contradictory Christs in the New Testament—Christ the gentle and Christ the austere." One of the heads was closed with the words, "Thus it is with the Secularist. So long as he looks at Christianity from his own standpoint, and through his own secularistic spectacles, it is quite to be anticipated that he should talk of two contradictory Christs; but if he will only turn to his own system, and see—what every true interpreter of human nature, I am sure, might—yea, and must, see—that it is partial, contracted, and one-sided in the extreme—that there are depths in human nature which it has no plummet to sound, altitudes of aspiration which it lends no wing to reach, he will perceive that his notion about two contradictory Christs was a mere optical illusion, and that those two aspects of the Saviour merely represent two harmonious colours in the one effulgence of his moral glory." A regular set discussion between Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Holyoake would have rendered a service to the cause of religion and morality. It would have been conducted in an earnest, becoming manner, and have so shaken the torch of truth that its flame would have been the greater and its light the brighter. This did not take place, but there is a solid contribution to the controversy, not yet closed, in the lectures the former delivered.

To the work of the denomination Mr. Guthrie devoted himself with his usual singleness of eye and unwearied zeal while he was pastor of the church in Greenock. The duties devolving upon him at the Academy were discharged with unabated interest, and during Professor Morison's absence through ill

health he had to take the heavy share of the work,—teaching both New Testament Exegesis and Systematic Theology. He was appointed convener of a special committee to get up a hymn book, which entailed a considerable amount of labour for years, and when it was published he wrote the preface, which is a chaste and appropriate production. His attendance at the Conference was regular, and he took an active part in the business, more than once speaking at the breakfast and public meetings. There were two remarkable speeches which he made at two public meetings of Conference which are worthy of special notice. The first of these was delivered on the 3rd October, 1854, in Blackfriars Street Church, Glasgow, before a concourse of people, many of whom had come from various Evangelical Union Churches throughout the country. At that time there were rumours in the air which disturbed not a few warm friends of the cause as to the attitude of some of those who had been prominent members of the Union. In 1850 the Rev. A. C. Rutherford, Dundee, who had made himself famous for his dogmatic utterances against Calvinism and his rather vulgar references to ministers of the Church out of which he had been cast, published a pamphlet of ninety pages, entitled, “Morisonianism examined and set aside, and the United Presbyterian view of the Doctrine of the Atonement stated and defended.” The design of the pamphlet was to blast the Evangelical Union, destroy the influence of Mr. Morison, sever the cordial relations which had existed between him and Mr. Guthrie, open up the way for his own return to his original church, and to lead others to look in the same direction. Not long after 1854 Mr. Rutherford sought admission into the United Presbyterian Church, and after, as it was said, opposing all creeds accepted the longest creed and the one he had most loudly and heartily condemned. What will Mr. Guthrie do? was a question asked by many. It was suspected that private influences had been brought to bear upon him to reconsider his position, and it was hinted that his way back would be made as smooth and easy as possible for him. He had friends in the United Presbyterian Church, who would gladly have welcomed him back, and there would have been no ordinary joy over the so-

thought doctrinal-prodigious, if with a slight confession on his lips he had knocked at the door of the U. P. Synod. There was a little, and in some cases considerable anxiety experienced by those, who had seen with sorrow, though not much regret, Mr. Rutherford's unworthy Theological somersault. It was to set all these anxieties at rest, and to let all whom it might concern know his position on the doctrinal matters revived by Mr. Rutherford, that Mr. Guthrie took for the subject of his address, "Calvinism and Neo-Calvinism, or the Divine intention in the Atonement." When delivered he was in fine form and spirit, and every paragraph was applauded by the audience both loud and heartily. A militant spirit ran through the whole, and most scathing was the criticism to which the Neo-Calvinism, of which Mr. Rutherford professed himself so enamoured, was exposed. In eloquent and stately language, he expounded the double-reference theory of the atonement, and the relation Neo-Calvinism stood in to the old system, and bore down upon the former with a logical force which could not be resisted. In doing so he said—"The scheme has not the shadow of a shade of scriptural support,—not one text being producible from which, by any feasible process of elimination, a duplex doctrine of atonement can be wrung out or distilled. Nay, in the very terms of it, it is inconceivable and absurd, except indeed by supposing (and thereby departing from the terms) that Christ's death was either more than an atonement for the elect, or less than an atonement for the non-elect. The double-reference scheme is all this, and more, for the too evident and conclusive reason that it is essentially a compromise, and thus, by a necessity of nature, temporising and evasive. It owes its existence to the superinduction of more enlarged views of the atonement on the old predestinarian foundations of Calvinism. The new wine has been put into the old bottles; and therefore the present hybrid set of opinions may be expected to continue till the old Westminster bottles give way, and the new wine find accommodation more in harmony with its operative and expansive nature. In the consistently universal sense, it secures, in itself considered, the salvation of none. Here the grand question hinges on what the atonement is, and what as an atonement it was intrinsically adapted to

accomplish. In such a case, above all, it was surely incumbent on the disputants to clear the question of ambiguity, to settle the meaning of scripture terms, and to determine at all events, and at all hazards, the meaning of the atonement, and instead of pandering to popular bigotry, or misconception, to meet these with an honest, faithful, and fearless corrective. In place of this, however, behold in the double-reference theory—that prudent and pacific compromise—ample accommodation for all these ambiguities. Behold in this double reference a double refuge for the destitute, that when persecuted in one theology they may flee into another.”

The address was wound up by demonstrating that the scheme of doctrine opposed, rested on “the four rotten pillars of a false exegesis, a false morality, a false theology, and a false philosophy.” Years have passed since the address was delivered, and the speaker has passed into the land of the pure and good, but the address still, as it were, enters our ears, and the presence of the speaker as he delivered it, still stands before our eye. “Whoever will go back to Calvinism, and swear to the Confession of Faith, as the confession of his own personal faith, John Guthrie will not,” said one student to another as they joyously returned home that evening.

The other address worthy of note, was delivered on the evening of the 1st October, 1856, in North Dundas Street Church, Glasgow, “On the relation of the Evangelical Union to the Times.” It was a noble utterance, and one of many deliverances which came warm from the heart and brain of the speaker. One could easily understand as he proceeded in its delivery, that its preparation was not a labour but a pleasure, and that it was a source of joy to be allowed to give it articulation before an appreciative audience. There is a raciness and power in the address which makes it most agreeable reading still, and which gave it an agreeable flavour when originally delivered. In contending that the Union fitted the times well, as respects the question of creeds, Mr. Guthrie said “As to these, ours is an age of extremes. On one side we have the cry, No creed, no creed! which, consistently interpreted and carried out, means no defined doctrinal basis and bond of union; no purity of faith, and therefore no purity of

fellowship; no girdle of truth, and therefore no cincture of love; and no organisation worth anything as a testimony to God's truth. On the other side we have the cry, No interference with our creed! When it speaks, let no dog bark. Let no sacrilegious hand retouch it; no anatomic pen cut into it, no uncircumcised tongue presume to wag itself against it; all which being interpreted, of course, simply means: let theological science date no progress after 1643; the world may speed on, but theology shall stand still. True, these credolators own the Bible to be the supreme standard, and those subordinate standards to be but formularies of consent; but it is also true, that what they thus own is a dead faith, which in works they deny. It is not with their profession we here find fault, but with their practice, which belies it. What we object to is not a creed, but a stereotyped creed—a creed deep-set in a wreath of Scotch thistles, and glaring forth in flame letters its caveat to all the future—'*Nemo me impune lacessit*'—in plain English, 'Touch me if you dare!' The fact that whole denominations are self-slaved to such creed, while professing their faith all the while in the law of progress, is surely one of the most humiliating religious signs of the times."

The speech produced a deep impression, and gave not a little pleasure. The philosophical part of it at the end could scarcely be excelled for correctness of thought, beauty of language, and aptness of illustration. The practical words at the conclusion though few were weighty. "How important, then," he said, "to keep sowing the seed of the kingdom. There must be a new world. Blessed be God, there will be a new world, and the world-embracing gospel we preach is the grand seed-germ of the world's glorious future. The wisest statesmen in Europe see not at present one finger's length before them. But the Christian sees in the future a golden millennial harvest; and, in the present, his opportunity and his obligation to sow the seed of the kingdom. The more 'disruption and dislocation,' the more need for the seed, and the more openings to admit it. The more chinks and fractures, the more inlets to the living waters. The more breaking up among kingdoms, papal or pagan, the freer scope for the Bible and for missions.

The more confounded the confusion of ecclesiastical systems, the more diligent should we be, in season and out of season, in sowing the pure gospel-seed broadcast over the earth. As God is true, what is thus sown in tears shall be reaped in joy. Let us see to the sowing; God will see to the harvest." This was the faith which characterised the speaker in his multifarious labours, and the results have been seen, and shall yet more abundantly appear, for—

"Work done for God, it faileth not."

The subject of American Slavery was one which had for years occupied the attention of the Christian people of Scotland, who had, and very properly, very strong and decided views on the subject. They looked upon it, as Wesley did, as "the sum of all villanies," and utterly and for ever opposed to the genius of the holy evangel. The methods by which the emancipation of the Negro race was to be secured, and the principles on which freedom was to be advocated, were sometimes matter of dispute and hot contention. Mr. Guthrie had a little to do with this controversy, and ventilated his views in a series of letters in the *Christian News*, in 1851, on Mr. George Thompson and the Garrisonians. He took exception to the mode of their advocacy, and pointed out what appeared to him as the insecure grounds on which they rested their demands.

At a meeting of the Glasgow New Female Anti-Slavery Society, he gave utterances to statements on this subject which appeared to some to be extravagant. Mr. William Smeal, a Friend, and well known friend of the slave and all good movements, asked Mr. George Thompson, the anti-slavery advocate, as to whether it was true, as Mr. Guthrie had said, that William Lloyd Garrison and his followers advocated Abolition on infidel grounds? Mr. Thompson replied that it was utterly untrue, and expressed his surprise that a minister of the gospel should have given publicity to such an accusation. Mr. Guthrie at once entered the field, and in a series of long and spirited letters charged the Garrisonians (1) with basing Abolition on infidel principles; (2), proposing infidel resolutions at public meetings; and (3), doing their utmost to identify Chris-

tianity with Slavery. The controversy was carried on with spirit and ability on Mr. Guthrie's part, and excited much interest. Though he did not approve of the "Garrisonians," as they were termed, he had every possible desire to aid the cause of Emancipation. This he advocated by both pen and voice, and his acknowledged position is seen in that he appeared at the large meeting held in Glasgow to welcome Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the famous author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He appeared on the platform with the Rev. Charles Beecher, the venerable Dr. Wardlaw, and others, and gave an able and fervid address. It was about that time that he dashed off, as an outlet for his welling emotions and thoughts on the Fugitive Slave Law, a piece of poetry, which not being well known we give here. It is called—

A NEW HUNTING SONG

For the Republicans of the South.

Up, merry men, up! come, niggers and all,
With bludgeon and bowie-knife, rifle and ball,
There's game afoot in the swamps.
Then let us afield, with horn and hound,
Right merry our hearts shall beat this day
To the courier's tramp and the bloodhounds' bay.

The wolf or the bear is not our chase,
But a nigger—a thing of a kindred race;
He claims to be more than a horse or hog,
And tries to make off with himself *incog.*,
And steal the use of that body and soul,
Which my dollars did purchase, all and whole.

He would fain be a Saxon, this runaway Sam,
Though a slave foredoomed, 'neath the curse of Ham,
What a world should black, oily niggers like he
Share each in the white man's destiny!
And walk our Savannah a freeman trim,
As if the New World were e'er meant for him!

He dreams of a home with his children and wife,
To pillow his head 'mid the burdens of life,
As if the fond heart and the feeling of kin
Could kindle and throb 'neath that ebony skin;
But Tiger and Fury shall tame his mood,
And quench his dreams in his own black blood!

For the States of the North is the ruffian bound—
Ha! these are the Southerners' hunting ground;
There prison and fire await the knave
That dares to aid whom we claim as slave;
While the law expects that each citizen good
Will join in the chase like a hound of blood.

We are mounted and off, with spur and whip,
The ramping hounds have sprung from the slip—
They snuffle and growl as they spread unleashed,
For their scent is good, and their teeth well fleshed—
Ha! niggers!—what sport to see as ye ride
Each bury his tusks in your brother's hide.

To the captor of Sam, of five dollars or more,
And rum to each when the sport is o'er.
Alive, if we can, he back shall go;
If not, our rifles shall lay them low;
And, niggers, your certain fate here see,
If you venture to steal yourselves from me."

These lines, so full of satire and haughty scorn, are the production of a Christian man, who felt that all men were his brethren, and that the chain which bound them was borne by him also. In their bondage he participated, and for their liberty he wrought, prayed, and longed.

The literary work done by Mr. Guthrie, between the years 1851 and 1858, was herculean, and of the most diverse kind. It was to a large extent fragmentary, or mere articles for the weekly press. During the whole period referred to, he contributed one or more articles to the *Christian News* every week. The subjects treated ranged over a large field, though mostly of a religious character. Besides the controversies alluded to, which occasioned much writing, he wrote on "Modern Scepticism," "Repentance," "God's Gift of Eternal Life," "Permanent Obligation of the Lord's Supper," "Is War Lawful?" and a series of papers on "The Moral Character of God." The pages of the *Evangelical Repository*, a quarterly journal of theological literature, which commenced in 1854, under the editorship of the Rev. James Morison, were enriched by carefully prepared and able articles from Mr. Guthrie's pen. Among those which appeared in the earlier volumes, we may name "Arminius" "Religious Anachronisms of the Day,"

“Dearth and Distillation,” “Tulloch’s Theism,” “The Port and Attitude of the Free Church,” and “The Organ.” There was also published a pamphlet on “The Ministry of Reconciliation,” which was well received, and obtained considerable circulation.

In 1854, Mr. Guthrie published his elegant translation of Brandt’s “Life of James Arminius, D.D.,” which had been the fruit of spare hours for many years. Its appearance was most opportune, for it met a demand made by not a few, to know more of Arminius and Arminianism. In concluding his preface, Mr. Guthrie says—“Our object in this publication is more than a vindication of the injured character of Arminius. Were all such wrongs to be righted, ‘I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.’ There are multitudes of injured characters which, for any practical requirement, can well afford to lie over (as Whitefield said of his) till they be cleared up in the light of the judgment-day. But there are other characters, other transacted lives, which not to know, or to mis-know, is a loss to the world. Of such sort we believe the memory of Arminius to be: a memory so beautiful, that even those who are constrained to dissent from Arminius the theologian, may yet profitably contemplate, and sympathetically admire, Arminius, the noble-minded, benevolent, and Christian man. For this and such ends may God graciously accompany this little work with his blessing.”

These ends were to an extent gained, for the volume had a large circulation, and imparted to hundreds a knowledge of the man who had done so much to clear the character of God from the aspersions cast upon it by a stern Calvinism, and to make the gospel known in its world-wide relation.

For promoting the same end in a different sphere Mr. Guthrie became the editor of the celebrated work of Henry Philip Tappan, D.D., LL.D., on the Will. This work had been published by its author in three volumes in the United States, and these had found their way over to this country to the principal libraries, and into the possession of a few theologians and philosophers. The subjects treated on had come to be of vital importance in the discussion of the doctrines of uni-

versal foreordination and predestination. The freedom of the human will had been denied by opposite schools, such as atheists and Calvinists, socialists and the advocates of philosophical necessity. Its vindication, therefore, was of first-rate importance to the theist as well as the evangelical Christian, to the man who believed in responsibility as well as he who believed in the doctrines of revelation. Tappan's work was pronounced the most comprehensive and best in the English language, and its publication in one large volume of 610 pages was supervised by Mr. Guthrie, who contributed an Editor's Preface, in which he dwells on the merits of the work.

In a year after he presented to the Evangelical Union Conference "The Doctrinal Declaration," which he had been appointed to draw up, in which there is a succinct *vidimus* given of the distinctive doctrines of the denomination. This work, though small, only a pamphlet of twenty-eight pages, is of historical interest, and was drawn up with great care. Its author was anxious that he should state the respective doctrines fully, clearly, and in little space. That he succeeded to carry out his aim will be apparent to every reader, for a more lucid statement of doctrines which are in their nature abstruse could not be devised. The topics treated are Free Will—Divine Sovereignty—Divine Foreknowledge and Foreordination—Original Sin—Unity of the Godhead in the remedial plan—The Nature and Extent of the Love of God the Father, of the Atonement of the Son, and the Work of the Spirit—Concurrence of the Divine and Human Agencies in the Matter of Salvation—Human Ability and Inability—Repentance and Faith—Relations of Prayer and Faith—Justification by Faith—Peace with God—Regeneration, &c.—Election and Reprobation. Under all these separate heads there is a plain exposition given of the views of the author and his brethren who adopted them, backed up with proofs from Scripture. The whole is brought to a conclusion by the words:—

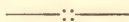
"We have thus touched on the main points embraced in our distinctive views. We have endeavoured to be explicit; for it is alike our wish and our interest to be understood. In prosecution of this aim, we have necessarily given expression to much that is not peculiar to ourselves, with the view of

bringing out our distinctive sentiments in bold relief. It only remains to add that we claim to share with our Christian brethren of every name, on the one hand, in all the rights of free and independent investigation, and, on the other, in all the charities and catholicities of our common faith. As honest and earnest men, we will speak what we believe, but we would ever do our best to "speak the truth in love." At a great price have we purchased our freedom from the bonds of traditional imposition; and having thus bought what we take to be truth, and along with it more enlarged rights of Scripture investigation, we will not sell these advantages for any consideration whatsoever. It is, however, our wish and prayer, and shall be our increasing endeavour, to 'keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.' We own and esteem as brethren many who, from culpable ignorance or narrow-mindedness, speak and think of us only as the disseminators of dangerous error. We long and pray for the increased prosperity of the entire Israel of God. From the heart we say, 'Peace be within her walls and prosperity within her palaces.' 'Peace be to the brethren, and love with faith, from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen.'"

This doctrinal declaration is not a creed, but a "manifesto declarative of the distinctive views on the topics treated by the members of the present Conference." It was much valued by Mr. Guthrie, and he pointed to it afterwards as embodying his views of Divine truth. And when the shadows of death were falling on him he said: "It's at this time as much a declaration of my faith as when it first fell from my ministering pen."

From those brief references to Mr. Guthrie's labours in the pulpit and out of it, there are two things which cannot fail to strike the reader. First, his capacity for work; and, secondly, that his splendid powers were spent on many subjects, and, consequently, dissipated. Concentration of energy and work would have enabled him to have taken no mean position in the ranks of theological literature. This never came, and what would have been as a deep, clear, flowing stream of

light, beauty, and refreshing influence, became broken up into tiny rills, whose slender threads were scattered, and whose unity was gone. His powers of head and heart were complex and massive, and his energy, if regulated, fit for anything. "But possessing every talent," as one has said, "except that of using his talent," we can only dream of what he might have been if he had, in addition to the powers he so largely possessed, the administrative talent of directing all to one grand purpose, and for the accomplishment of one great work.



CHAPTER VIII.

1858—1861.

Temperance : His Views—Controversy with Professor Kirk—Resignation of Greenock Church—Call to London—Resignation of Professorship—Congratulatory Address by Students.

It is said that, when the late Principal Finney was in this country, on one occasion, when praying at a family altar, he said: "The Lord specially bless Brother —, for he has many irons in the fire." This prayer could have been appropriately offered on behalf of Mr. Guthrie in almost any part of his life, and at none more so than when he ministered to the Evangelical Church in Greenock. His hands were full to overflowing, and the demands made on his services were extraordinary. In August, 1857, the church increased his salary, and at the same time deplored the demands made upon the time of ministers, and expressed a hope that these might be lessened, that the servants of the Lord should not be called upon to serve tables. The members deeply sympathised with their pastor in what of good he attempted to do, but they knew that human strength and time are measurable quantities, and that even Samson himself was not above their conditions. This is often forgotten by the ardent and the willing, and the penalty must needs be paid sooner or later.

Over and above the ordinary work of the pastorate, the Theological Hall, and the general work of the denomination, he

took in hand to edit the *Scottish Temperance League Journal*, and also for a time a quarterly—the *Scottish Review*—to both of which he contributed many articles of rare worth. As regular as the week came round, the demands for articles came, and these had to be forthcoming whether he was in the spirit to write or not, or whether there were anything of importance to write about. The wear and the strain of editorial work was considerable, and was enough for an ordinary man, but when there was added thereto preaching, pastoral work, Bible class, and other meetings, they became excessive. All this labour told on Mr. Guthrie, and though it did not altogether break him down in health and spirits, it made him uneasy, and his usual work more a burden than it was wont to be. I was called upon to preach for him one day when he was so bowed down as to require a little rest. In his home, as usual, he was the most kind and genial brother, full of interest in your comfort, and in the happiness of all around his table. But he was far from being his former self. He attended the church in the forenoon, and administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, but in the afternoon he required to rest to fit him for the service of the evening, when he lectured on the "Indian War." The lecture was broad and comprehensive, and some passages were in his best and most chaste style. Still, even to my inexperienced eye, there were symptoms of lassitude which betokened that the lecturer was not in possession of that nervous force and electric fire which are stored in the constitution by sufficient calm and rest.

Events transpired which drew still more largely on his strength, time, and the deeper elements of his nature. From the time when as a student at the College, if not before, he had taken a determined stand against the use of intoxicating drink, and had warmly espoused the Temperance movement. Like all the ministers of the Evangelical Union, he was a personal abstainer from strong drink from conviction, and had in many ways done what he could to lead others to adopt the principle and practice of true temperance. There was something in the gospel, as seen by him, which constrained him to this course in life. He did not put temperance in the place of the gospel, or the pledge in the place of faith in Christ, but

temperance was a part of his practical religion, the outworking of the Spirit of God in his soul. With the Apostle Paul he believed "it is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth;" and he sought "to avoid the very appearance of evil." Throughout the whole course of his life he had given the temperance cause his energetic support, and delivered sermons, lectures, and speeches for its furtherance, and wrote numerous articles for the same end. As on all other subjects so on this; he thought independently and formulated his own convictions. These were not what may be called very extreme or radical, and they were not advocated in the exact style that more advanced views were urged upon the attention of the public. Away back as far as 1847 he contributed a series of six articles on the "Wine Question," as it has been designated, in which he maintained that the word "wine" in Scripture always means an intoxicating beverage, and inculcated forbearance in respect to exacting the pledge of abstinence as a term of church communion. I am not aware that he ever changed his mind on the subject of Bible Wines, and as for the latter, he insisted upon it to the end. We have no right to insist, he contended, upon abstinence as a test of Christian fellowship, and those who do so make a doorway of their own by means of which the believer is to reach the table of the Lord. This he inculcated on his brethren whenever he had the opportunity, and was exceedingly anxious that the Evangelical Union should not commit itself to any such mode of procedure.

Along with these views, Mr. Guthrie looked upon moral means as of more avail in making the nation sober than legal enactments, the power of truth on the subject as greater than the power of law, and moral suasion as the necessary precursor of, and its results the needed foundation on which Acts of Parliament dealing with the liquor traffic should rest. He fully endorsed the principles and policy of the "Scottish Temperance League," and did much to advance its interests. In doing so he was forced into a position of antagonism to many of his brethren, and to the *Christian News*, the unofficial organ of the denomination. Its chief editor, Professor Kirk, was a determined prohibitionist, and

the contributors were of the advanced party of the temperance army. They endorsed the policy of the "United Kingdom Alliance," which demanded the immediate and complete prohibition of the drink traffic, and which afterwards advocated the Permissive Bill of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The contentions between these two parties, the supporters of the S.T.L. and the U.K.A., were earnest, prolonged, bitter, and it must be added, sometimes personal. All who took an interest in temperance in the country, were ranged on one side or the other. The temperance societies were camps of discord and division, the meetings were places for discussion and the war of words. Throughout the whole temperance brotherhood, feeling ran high, and enmity and ill-will sought to become the dominant feeling. In the strife, the organs on each side were the *League Journal* and the *Christian News*, and through their pages, the battle raged fast and furious for a series of years.

A contest of this nature could not but deeply affect a Christian denomination, like the Evangelical Union, whose professors, ministers, students, and ninety per cent. of its members were abstainers, and earnest workers for the deliverance of the land from the degrading thralldom of intoxicants. The majority of them had hailed the formation of the United Kingdom Alliance, and they saw in the demand for immediate and total prohibition, nothing but a just and righteous demand. Moral suasion was the instrument to apply to the individual, but legal suasion was what ought to be applied to the corrupt and destroying traffic. They were wearied with the policy of restriction, and thought that the energies of social and temperance reformers, should be directed to root out the evil, rather than to the cropping off a few branches, thereby making it look more respectable. Mr. Guthrie was not of this opinion, and used his pen vigorously against this method of prosecuting the temperance warfare, as being among other things inexpedient, and calculated to retard rather than advance the object all parties desired to promote, viz.—sobriety of the people. Both in the *Journal* and the *News*, he entered into the controversy with all his wonted energy, and argued his case with a force and felicity, which gained admiration even where conviction was

not produced. At the latter end of 1857, he had a rather bitter controversy with Dr. M'Culloch, of Dumfries, which like too many controversies led to no result but the embittering of both sides. In 1861, Mr. Guthrie read a paper before the "Social Science Congress," on the restriction of the Liquor Traffic, which was animadverted upon by Professor Kirk in the *Christian News* the week following. This led him to the conclusion that an effort should be made to bring the matters in dispute more fully before those interested in them, with the view of reaching a settlement. The energies which should have been expended in rescuing the drunkard, securing abstainers, and training the young to touch not the evil thing, were wasted on internecine war, which could do very little good, if any at all. For putting an end to this state of things, he requested Professor Kirk to join him in a friendly discussion of the debated points in the *News*, which request was at once acceded to. Mr. Guthrie stated that the three points about which there was a difference, were—1st, He was not willing to agitate at present for a Permissive Bill, and Professor Kirk was. 2nd, He thought that the present licensing system might be so used as to restrict the traffic, and thereby do a great amount of good, and Professor Kirk was of the opinion that agitation on this line was not sound in policy, nor would it be remunerative in its effects. 3rd, He contended that if the Permissive Bill was passed, it would be a dead letter, and the people were not ready to put it in force, while Professor Kirk believed that the country was ripe for such a measure and that if it was on the statute book, it would be used to sweep the licensed temptations to intemperance out of many parishes and districts in Scotland. These were the points to be attacked on the one hand and defended on the other. The letters on each side were begun in a fraternal spirit, and were couched in language which was calculated to avoid giving offence. As they continued, however, and the disputants got into shorter grips, the tone altered, and after they had gone on for eight or nine weeks, the correspondence was abruptly brought to a conclusion by Mr. Guthrie declining to continue the discussion further. His honour had been touched, and his sense of fair play, which was of the most sensitive nature,

had been offended; he resolved consequently to retire from the field.

Now when the waves of troubled thought and feeling which rolled in volume over the consciousness of so many genuine Christian men have passed away, we can only wonder at this controversy, and marvel that in the bosom of such a movement, and between two such generous hearted brethren as Professors Guthrie and Kirk, there could have been any divergence which would have caused on either side a moment's pain. Human nature is a wonderful thing, and it is capable of deeds and words, even on the part of those who have it to a certain extent under control, which cannot be vindicated. There was no intention to injure on the part of either of the writers, and yet, probably, both were affected detrimentally. Mr. Guthrie, at least, was disturbed in his mind and his church relations as the outcome of the controversy on the temperance question. Some of the members of his church became discontented, and annoyed him in his ministerial work. So keenly did he feel this and other manifestations of want of sympathy with him, that he determined to resign his charge, which he did in the month of September, 1861. The struggle of mind which led to this had been protracted and severe, but the determination was taken, and once more the noble man had to set his face towards a new sphere of work in London, a call to which presented itself for his acceptance. He evidently desired to have an entirely new set of circumstances, far removed from the jealousies and strifes in which he had been placed for years, and responded to the invitation. Few, if any, who have the slightest knowledge of the facts can blame him for this, though all who knew and loved him wished that he had bid farewell to the brethren on the banks of the Clyde under conditions more in harmony with his ardent desire and his brotherly feelings.

On the 1st of October the Evangelical Union Conference met in Glasgow, under the presidency of the Rev. Joseph Boyle, under the shadow of the loss to the Union, of the presence of one of its founders. At its first business sederunt a long and detailed letter was read from Mr. Guthrie, resigning his office of professor, and giving the reasons

why he did so. His sole reason was found in the way the *Christian News* had for four years used its influence in opposing those who differed from its policy on the temperance question. It had become intolerable, and after much contention with himself, he came to the conclusion that he could not remain longer a professor in the Theological Hall, or pastor in the E. U. Church, Greenock. In the step he had taken he severed himself to an extent from a movement he had assisted to originate and direct, and from those who were as dear to his heart as his own life. Necessity was laid upon him, and although the prospect before him was not of the most inviting character, he must needs bid them farewell. In doing so he commended them all and the gospel cause to the blessing of God. The letter was read amid the utmost stillness and universal regret. When the Secretary had finished the President called on the Rev. William Bathgate to engage in prayer, for it was only by unburdening the soul to God that relief could be found. Professor Morison proposed a series of resolutions bearing on the case, the second of which runs thus,—“The Conference has the best reason to believe that the individual ministers and members of the Union cherish, without exception, a very deep regard, esteem, and love for Mr. Guthrie; his letter conveying his resignation of his professorship be remitted to a committee, that they might communicate with the parties concerned, with the view to the establishment of a good understanding between them.” As one speaker after another rose to support the resolutions, which were carried unanimously, they spoke in the most sympathetic and touching terms of the one who was about to leave them, and were sure that the misunderstandings would be cleared up by a few minutes’ free intercourse. None spoke more kindly of Mr. Guthrie than did Professor Kirk, who acquiesced in all the wishes which were expressed that the resignation would be withdrawn, and that he would keep the chair he had filled so long with so much credit to himself and benefit to them. Mr. Guthrie was not present, but from his after movements it might be learned that, notwithstanding the sacrifice of feeling and much else he required to make, duty pointed steadily to the South, and thither he must go.

In this chequered life, where we see through a glass darkly, not only things in heaven, but also, very often, things around us, such scenes as those described will happen in the holiest fellowship. The best Christians are but men, and but men at best. There will crop up misunderstandings and doubts between the closest earthly friends and devoted Christian brethren; but where the Holy Spirit dwells these shall pass away and leave not a stain behind. This, I am happy to state, was the case in the experience of the two disputants as to the policy of the temperance movement. While the controversy went on the estrangement was not of a personal nature. When it was at his height, a friend noticing Mr. Kirk and Mr. Guthrie walking arm in arm in the street, exclaimed,—“*Mirabile dictu*, there go the League and the Alliance one at last.” Years after, Mr. Guthrie attended a soiree at which Professor Kirk was receiving a testimonial, and gave one of his most glowing speeches. Taking advantage of the occasion to let the world know how much, notwithstanding all that was passed, he esteemed his former opponent. It was not in his heart to stand in an angled position to any one of the household of faith, by whatever name he might be called, and far less to those who, along with himself, had for years preached the love of God to a perishing world and the desire of the Triune Jehovah that all men should be saved. Peter and Paul had their differences without destroying the unity of the Spirit or rupturing entirely the bond of perfectness; and so had John Guthrie and John Kirk, stalwart men of God and brave soldiers of the Cross.

Mr. Guthrie was not allowed to leave Scotland without receiving an Address from the students, in which they speak of the feelings which his departure evoked towards him. After speaking of the sadness the news of his departure had imparted, they go on to say, “The cloud seemed to gather still thicker as we thought we should no longer behold your genial and always welcome countenance in the Professorial chair; no longer listen to your voice, eloquent with great thoughts; no longer be inspired with your prelections, which were at once distinguished for their philosophic depth, logical acumen, and sublime poetry; nor enjoy the benefit of your keen and impar-

tial criticism—criticisms always characterised by a candour and kindness unprecedented, and ever showing a heart which is the home of love. What Tennyson has written of another we know to be emphatically true of you—

‘And thou art worthy ; full of power ;
As gentle, liberal-minded, great,
Consistent ; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.’

And now, as we must bid you a final farewell, our united desire is, that our great loss may be your gain ; that the light of God’s countenance may ever shine upon you and yours, and illuminate your path wherever you go till you hear the glad welcome from the Great Master—‘ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’” The Address was presented by one of the senior students, now the Rev. John Peill, who in a letter thus depicts the scene : “ Though nineteen years have passed since the meeting was held, I think I still see that large audience and that noble, gentlemanly looking figure standing before me as I read, with tremulous voice and breathless silence, the Address. It was the most touching event of the evening, and produced a profound impression upon the audience. Mr. Guthrie was deeply moved. He was not aware an address from the students was to be presented, and so was unprepared. But whenever Mr. Guthrie was unprepared, he seemed to be best prepared. A spontaneous evolution, as we used to call it in our Academy days, the Professor seemed to be always able to give in the most felicitous language. It was so on this occasion. He spoke out of his big, full heart. He told how he loved the Academy, how happy he had been in the work, and how warmly he was attached to the students, and how much pain it had cost him to sever his connection with the Hall. It was a right noble speech, given with that inevitable shrug of the shoulder which I just imagine I can see. The last sentence of the address is now fulfilled—the ‘ well done ’ has been pronounced, and he has joined his old students M’Lellan, M’Ilveen, Edmunds, Ross, Strachan, and Cron, in the great university within the veil, where all theological problems are solved, and

all doubts dissipated." With this and kindred farewells, Mr. Guthrie left Scotland that he might minister to those who would wait upon him in the millioned-peopled city of London.



CHAPTER IX.

1861—1870.

London: Tolmers Square Church—Baptist Controversy—"The Pædo-Baptist's Guide"—At E. U. Conference—Calls to Portsmouth, Edinburgh, Glasgow—Accepts the Latter—"Church Establishments"—Howard Street Church—"Sacred Lyrics."

SHORTLY after the events recorded in the last chapter, Mr. Guthrie entered upon the pastorate of Tolmers Square Congregational Church, London. He had broken away to a certain extent from his brethren with whom he had laboured so long, and especially from the close intimacy and fellowship of his co-worker in the gospel, Professor Morison. The cords of friendship were strained in many quarters, and the event was one over which many mourned. They did so as much for Mr. Guthrie's sake as the sake of the Evangelical Union. For though he had crossed the border they loved and honoured him, and thought, whether rightly or wrongly, that he would not meet with the success and brotherly sympathy in the great city he richly deserved. They felt that they had a sort of claim on his presence and services, and both would be much missed at their meetings.

With what feelings Mr. Guthrie entered upon his work in the metropolis, we do not exactly know. He had his doubts, and he knew he would have his difficulties. At the same time, having taken the step, he was determined to suit himself to the altered relations in which he found himself. The Scotch methods would not do for the English, and the old practices in public worship must give place to what was lighter, shorter, and more familiar to the English eye and ear. No matter at what sacrifice, the change must be made. Expository preaching must give place to text-sermonising, long prayers to shorter ones, and read discourses

must be abandoned for those which had the appearance of extempore ones. To accomplish all this, Mr. Guthrie set himself with a firm determination, and to a certain degree succeeded. He found that only by doing so he could succeed in gathering around him a congregation and keeping them after they came. London audiences are fickle, he was wont to say; they do not cling to the walls of a house and the voice of a preacher as they do in the land of heather. They are on the wing ready to fly away on an attraction of a more powerful kind presenting itself.

The chapel in which Mr. Guthrie officiated was situated in the midst of a square, which was not fully formed when it was opened. The neighbourhood was not by any means thickly populated, and other churches were in the locality. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, he laboured with energy, and under his ministry both the church and the congregation increased. As an accomplished scholar, Christian teacher, and gentleman, he was welcomed into Nonconformists' circles, and Congregationalists found that they had in him one who would do them honour. He took part in many of their meetings, and it was said that if an opening had presented itself he would have received an appointment to a chair in one of their colleges.

There was nothing of an extraordinary nature occurred during his pastoral work in London, if it were not a series of lectures which he felt called upon to deliver on the Baptist controversy, in reply to three which were delivered by the Rev. William Landels. The lectures were exhaustive, and written in a strain to rouse the feelings of those who held Baptist views. They were replied to, and the war was waged with keenness for some time. Mr. Guthrie published his discourses at the time in the form in which they were delivered, and in the year 1869 he recast the whole into a neat little treatise, "*The Pædobaptist's Guide on Mode and Subject, and Baptismal Regeneration*," which is a work that takes its place amongst the best treatises on this difficult subject. The author enters upon its consideration with ardour and the spirit of valour. Nowhere is the whole field of the controversy traversed in such small compass with all that is telling in argument and lucid in exposition. There is a grasp and

grapple in its pages which satisfy the most logical mind, and the style and scholarship will bear favourable comparison with any of his previous or succeeding works. In the first part, after defining the ground and clearing the approaches, he plunges into the meaning of "baptizo," wresting the enemy's position from him, and turning the guns against him with destructive effect. He contends that the word "baptizo" has not a modal meaning, and that, as employed in the Scriptures, does not mean to dip or immerse. "We have found," he says, "that in its literal use the word 'baptism,' in sacred usage, has a general sense, akin to that of *purification*; while the connection, in every instance, determines the mode to have been by sprinkling." The New Testament baptisms and the question of the subject are then considered at length, and the whole is closed with an important discussion of "Baptismal Regeneration." The work is one of sterling value, and can be read by all classes with pleasure and no little profit.

It is not a matter for wonder that Mr. Guthrie looked back to Scotland and his friends there with emotions of deepest interest. The surroundings in London were pleasant enough, but the cause he had been identified with in Scotland was dearer still. Had he not struggled, wrought, suffered, and prayed with the founder of the Evangelical Union movement and many of those associated with him? These things could not be forgotten. Distance only lent them greater force, and made Christian friendship more dear. The irritation caused by the Temperance controversy had given place to a richer experience, as the lava from the mouth of the crater gives wealth to the soil on which the vines grow. There never had been animosity, only difference of opinion, for not one single individual could have entertained ill will to Mr. Guthrie for an hour, nor he to any one. It was but the natural which occurred when we find him, after a few years' absence, directing his steps northward, to see how his brethren fared. His appearance at the Conference of 1864 was welcomed, and many an eye was suffused with tears when they saw his kindly face and heard his manly voice. At the end of the public meeting he spoke briefly, with the old, brotherly, loyal ring, which found a response in loving hearts.

A year after, a move was made in Glasgow to form a new church, and to call Mr. Guthrie to become pastor. He received a call to Highbury Congregational Church, Portsmouth, in December, 1865, but declined. In the beginning of the following year he received cordial and pressing invitations to become the pastor of the now Buccleuch Evangelical Union Church, Edinburgh, and from the new congregation which met in the Trades Hall, Glasgow, the membership of the latter being largely made up of old and tried friends. Between the claims of these two places he desired to judge righteous judgment, and consulted various brethren as to what they would advise. When in the midst of a number of ministers who were discussing the issues involved in the civil war between the Northern and Southern States of America, he interposed, in a jocular way, the remark: "All very important, gentlemen, but with me the question is not that of the South or the North, but the East or the West." After due and, indeed, prolonged thought as to the path of duty, he accepted the call to the Glasgow congregation, in June, 1866. In September following the congregation was constituted into a church, with a membership of one hundred and twenty-six, and some applicants for admission. On the Tuesday following a public soiree was held, which was largely attended, and was addressed by Dr. Morison, the Rev. Robert Mitchell, the Chairman, and others. Mr. Guthrie gave a short account of how he had been brought into his present position, and concluded by saying that the present church had not risen out of any dissensions with other churches. No one coming into his communion had any fault to find with those whose churches they had left. They only wished to lend a helping hand to raise a new Evangelical Union Church in the city, and thereby further the cause of Christ. He started his work in their midst with a firmer conviction than ever in the power of the gospel, and its adaptation to meet the necessities of man's fallen nature. On this wise began Mr. Guthrie's fifth pastorate. He took another small church by the hand, and said, "I will unite your fortunes with mine in the work of the Lord."

The Church and State, and their relations to each other, is a subject which must needs be examined by every student

in theology sooner or later. The history of Scotch Churches has been largely formed by struggles arising out of this relation, and their position is determined by the view they take of it. Mr. Guthrie, having been "born and bred" in the Anti-Burgher Church, was trained up in the principles of Nonconformity and religious equality. This led him, as occasion called, to throw his influence in with those who were favourable to the disendowment and disestablishment of the State Church. He frequently appeared on the platforms of meetings and conferences of the Liberation Society, and advocated their cause with his usual wealth of argument and force of appeal. When the Society now named offered fifty pounds for the best essay on Church Establishments, he competed, and the adjudicators, Dr. Underhill and Mr. Kerr, awarded him the prize. The first edition was published the end of 1866, and a second edition was called for six months after, but it was not issued till the month of January, 1868. This is a work of extra merit, and is calculated to do important service to the cause it advocates, more particularly among the party for whom it is mainly intended. It is written in the form of a dialogue, and divided into nine conversations. The author assumes, as it were the position of a Bible-class teacher, and gathers round him a class of thoughtful young men, who are eager to get posted up on the subject. Having given reasons why young men should take a deep interest in the Church question, the Scriptural argument from the Old Testament is examined in detail and fairness. What the New Testament has to say falls to be next taken up and dealt with, and the law of the gospel for the support of the ministry is pointed out. Then follows conversations on the sphere of Civil Government, existing Church Establishments, Dissent in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the book is brought to a close by a conversation on Voluntaryism as illustrated in the British Colonies and America. The volume closes with the following eulogium on Voluntaryism:—"It is effective. Witness this, primeval victories of the Christian faith! Witness this, voluntary religion, in our own and other lands! It never betrayed any, even in the most 'troublous times,' who threw themselves trustfully upon it. And it never will, it never can, for it only

leaves our Divine Christianity to open her own infinite fountains, wield her own heavenly influences, and carry them, free as the winds and the common sunshine, to the ends of the earth. Its symbol is, not kings and armies, but a winged angel in mid-heaven, bearing the everlasting gospel to all peoples and tongues. It has resources enough for this. Talk of the powers latent in science! Think of the power that slumbers latent in the Christian Church. What electricity and steam have done in this age, since they were called forth from their latencies in nature, would but faintly illustrate the world-heaving forces that lie latent in all our Churches. In primitive times, 'the godly examples,' says Merivale, 'of Christians, and especially of Christian martyrs, caused thousands, nay millions, of conversions.' Let modern Christianity only look with eagle vision into the face of the Sun of Righteousness, and pray for the Divine Spirit, and plume her heavenly wings, and the same effects would follow still. Determine, my dear young friends, to do your part. Be loyal to noble Nonconformity, not for its own sake, but for the truth's sake that is in it. Leave it to weaklings to blush for the respectability of a cause glorified by the names of Cromwell and Milton, and consecrated with the blood of martyrs. Let these young Demases go; they will not much enrich the Establishment, or impoverish Dissent. As true Voluntaries, be you all life and action. Consecrate to it your entire individualism. 'Live while you live'; and live throughout the breadth and depth, as well as length of your life. 'He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.'" The style is breezy and refreshing, and the treatment of the subject, which is of a dry-as-dust sort, is as interesting as a tale. The author exhibits throughout excellencies which "makes the book," as George Gilfillan said, "scintillate and sparkle as with crisp hoar-frost, and keeps the air, so to speak, keen and bracing around it. And best of all, and in high manner characteristic, we find the elements of candour in his treatment of opponents, as well as in the classification of friends—a candour springing from a wide-mindedness of view and a charity of feeling not over rife in the world or the Church, and which in the author co-exists with deep conviction

of the truth of his own views and with fervid boldness in their proclamation." The production is an evidence that its author was a fearless but candid disputant, clear, logical thinker, biblical expositor, accomplished scholar, and an elegant writer. Pity but that his gifts and graces had been displayed on another field, for this volume will not survive, and all its masterliness and beauty will not prevent it from exercising a mere transitory influence.

The new church in the Trades Hall held on its way, and the hearts of both pastor and people were cheered by a steady increase of members both to church and congregation. They soon began to look round them for a stated place of worship; for, however suitable a public hall is to start a church in, it is not convenient for the development and consolidation of a church. An opportunity presented itself for securing a permanent place of worship in the beginning of 1867, in the exposure for sale of an exceedingly handsome and commodious church in East Howard Street. This was secured for about half the money it had cost a few years before, and Mr. Guthrie went to enter it that he might be, as he said, "a Howard for the soul in Howard Street." After being thoroughly cleaned and repaired it had a most elegant appearance, and was one of the most substantial churches in the city. It was opened for worship by the new church in the beginning of June—the Rev. Dr. Morison preaching in the morning an appropriate and eloquent sermon from the words of the first verse 84th Psalm, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" Mr. Guthrie preached a massive and telling discourse in the afternoon on 4th verse of the 27th Psalm: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in his temple." The Rev. Fergus Ferguson preached in the evening a characteristic, genial, and earnest discourse from John iii. 16: "God so loved the world." The day's services was much appreciated by large audiences, and were eminently satisfactory to the minister and his flock, who were about to enter upon a new phase of church life. They were much cheered by the way the two city pastors had come forward and rendered

them their assistance, which was a practical way of saying "God-speed."

From this date there follow works of faith and labours of love in abundance. Preaching at the regular diets of worship, lecturing on Sabbath evenings on special topics, visiting the sick, the dying, and the homes of the members, baptising children, and marrying those who enter the wedded state, are the stated labours of the gospel minister. The duties tax head, heart, and body alike, and may be termed light, but they are of the most wearing description. To all those Mr. Guthrie had to attend, and to others beside, incident to a young church, which were sorely trying. In looking into the list of his labours as recorded in the public prints, their diversity strikes us, and their multitudinous character speaks of little rest and constant outputting of power. He still continues devoted to the general cause of the Union, preaches anniversary sermons, and attends soirees, making speeches full of pawky humour, pathos, and religious instruction. There are few churches in the denomination he has not aided on their annual services, and his presence was ever a source of unmingled satisfaction both to the people and those who entertained him in their homes. His gentle and dignified, yet genial manner, made him a special favourite in the homes of the ministers; and his inexhaustible fund of story, poetic quotation, fact and fancy, made the conversation sparkle ever with brightness and genial feeling. And through all, the religious life of the speaker was apparent, which gave an aroma of a sweetest odour to all that was said and done. These hours spent in the various parts to which he was called on the Master's service, account largely for the way that Mr. Guthrie was loved by all the old and young with whom he came into contact, and why his memory is embalmed in so many souls. These excursions to country and town churches were taken most willingly, and encouraged the members and the ministers to go on in the work of the Lord. What with church work and denominational work the years lying between 1866 and 1870 were for him years of toil, anxiety, and tearful sowing. He also saw the harvest springing, scantily enough, but still coming forth; for at the anniversary soirees of

1868-69, he was enabled to report an increase in the audiences and membership, and steady progress in all departments.

In December, 1868, Mr. Guthrie published "Sacred Lyrics ; Hymns, Original and Translated from the German, with versions of Psalms." A beautiful little volume both externally and internally. From his earliest years he had cultivated the muse, and had all along his way been writing verses, some sacred and some secular. When in the mood he dashed off a long array of verses in the form of a letter or speech, and these were not unfrequently of a most waggish description. They were full of humour, satire, and points, and were much prized by those to whom they were addressed. I have at present before me a *jeu d'esprit* he wrote when at college, and dedicated in the most formal style to "Esteemed Three," entitled, "The Question of Questions, which seems also the next door to involving an ' Answer of Answers.'" It is on giving up snuffing and smoking and the practice of using tobacco in either of its forms. We give a few verses, which are not altogether without literary merit,—

"But, ah ! my pipe ! my darling pipe !
Whenever I breathe your name,
Deep, deep emotions only glow
Responsive to your flame.

"For why ? My party-coloured pipe
There is a kindly glow—
A sympathetic tide between
That rolls in ceaseless flow.

"And, pipe, thou hast a noble head—
Thou hast a burning heart.
Alas ! that fierce, relentless fate
Should force us e'er to part.

"Alas ! that we should ever part—
We who so oft are one ;
When even the very breath we breathe
Is breathed in unison."

These verses would not have been quoted had it not been that the writer of them manfully gave up the use of the vile weed and conquered the strong habit he had at first thoughtlessly formed. The poetic speech he made at a Conference break-

fast on the Confession of Faith, is another illustration of his powers of versification. But in the sacred region he delighted most to roam, and of its glories he delighted to sing. Out of the number he had written, he gathered up into a beautiful, variegated poetic bouquet some of his choice pieces, and in the issuing of the volume, he took unwonted interest. In the preface he says: "Of these effusions—products of the passing mood, through restless and ungenial years, little open to harmonic influences—some have long been in print. One in particular (the first of the series) has been variously quoted and reprinted here and in America, beyond the author's knowledge, except in stray instances that now and then transpire. This, with other indications, including the oft-repeated and long-unheeded requests of friends and brethren whose judgment he highly values, has led him to issue the present volume, in the fond hope that, after due riddling, a few fragments may be found to remain which a Christian public will be able to accept as an humble contribution to our hymnology."

The volume is divided into three parts; in the first there are the original pieces; in the second, the hymns translated from the German; and in the third, the version of the Psalms. Several of the original hymns are well known and much prized, They breathe the spirit of elevated thought and emotion, and bear the reader aloft into the altitudes where "world and worldling are unknown." They are permeated with the evangelical spirit, for his muse could only find satisfaction in its highest flights when it magnified the Prince of Life, and extolled the work he achieved for the souls of men. The conceptions of the various pieces are natural as the children of spontaneity, and not the forced produce of intellectual processes. And the rhythm is sweet and musical, bearing in some cases aloft to regions where the higher harmonies fill the spiritual ear, and the light of truth and love is brightest. Of this class, besides those mentioned previously, "The Banner of Love," "The Blood of Sprinkling," "The White-Robed Victors," may be named. The translations are smooth and expressive, and the versions of the Psalms have not the rugged strength of the common metrical version, but they have more poetic fervour and sweetness. As a specimen we give

PSALM LXVII.

Praise Jehovah all ye nations,
 O'er the world his love proclaim ;
 Down to latest generations
 Sing the glories of his name.
 Hallelujah !
 Praise the Lord with loud acclaim !

From Jehovah, showers of blessing—
 Mercies each—like rivers roll ;
 While his truth, with tide unceasing,
 On shall flow from pole to pole.
 Hallelujah !
 Praise the Lord with heart and soul !

There is a kind of immortality on this earth possessed by those who give a genuine contribution, no matter how small, to the hymnology of the Christian Church : though dead, they still live, and their influence is perennial. This immortality belongs to John Guthrie. By his musical words and grand conceptions of truth, he supplies the worshipper with the vehicle by means of which his adoration, love, and praise, ascend to heaven ; and his spirit is made to burn with holy fire. This he shall enjoy so long as hymns are used, for there will always be many who will read or sing with music of either heart or voice, or both, those sacred lyrics which make known the Redeemer's tears, the love of Jesus, the blood of sprinkling, the Christian race, and the Christian rest.

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CHAPTER X.

1870—1877.

Difficulties—Removal to West Campbell Street—Soiree Speech—Testimonial
 —Degree D.D.—Appointment to the Chair of Apologetics—Inaugural Lecture.

THOSE who have watched the recent history of churches situated in the centre of large cities, know that within the last twenty years they have gone through a crisis. Wealth has greatly increased in the country, and has been widely distributed, a

large portion of it going into the hands of the middle class community. This has enabled its members to secure for themselves better houses, situated in the suburbs of the cities, instead of near the centre as formerly. This has reacted upon the churches which were in the centre, and were previously filled, or well filled. It was soon found that the distances were too far for the whole family to go, and the tendency was to take a church nearer the dwelling-house, where all the members of the household could easily attend. Central churches have therefore had to labour at a great disadvantage, and, except of the most attractive and popular kind, could not hold their own. Against this influence Mr. Guthrie had to contend. His members were scattered, and most of them lived far away from the church in Howard Street. Some of them, the majority, in fact, had to walk miles to get to the house of God on the Sabbath-day, and where there were little children the task was not an easy one to accomplish. Old members might be kept by their love to the minister and their deep interest in the cause, but it was difficult to get an increase to either the church or congregation. This Mr. Guthrie experienced in his new church. He laboured in season and out of season, and was aided in the services by a splendid organ and a well-trained choir, but the fruits, though satisfactory to a certain extent, were not so full and diversified as they might have been expected. After three years of the pastorate he reported a steady increase both in the membership and congregation. A year later the same information is given, and both the minister and his people were thankful. So was it for after years. Still it was felt desirable that, if possible, a new church should be built in a more suitable locality, where there would be in the neighbourhood a large population to draw from. Before fixing the place and arranging about the new church, the brethren sold the one in Howard Street, and from this there emerged serious difficulties, which annoyed Mr. Guthrie and destroyed his chances of ultimate success in Glasgow. The church divided into two parties; the one wanted a church on the north side of the Clyde, and the other wanted it on the south side. The funds ultimately were divided, and eventually Mr. Guthrie cast in his lot with the smaller section of the north, who met

for worship in West Campbell Street Church, which was opened in August, 1875. There he buckled on his armour and faced the difficulties of the situation like one who was accustomed to a hard struggle. Many a one with his gentle nature, splendid accomplishments, and wealth of intellect and heart, would have sickened at the work and turned to something else than endeavouring anew to build up the walls of Zion and to make inroads upon the kingdom of darkness. We doubt not he would have his hours of sadness and anxious thought, almost despondency. These he had, as we have heard him say, but he never lost faith in the faithful few who were around him, and the Divine Master above him. If the path of duty was one of thorns and disappointments he knew who called him to walk therein, and would enable him to do what was right and good.

Mr. Guthrie had a measure of success in his new sphere, and he expounded the Word, preached the Gospel, and lectured occasionally on stirring topics in the evenings with his wonted eloquence, earnestness, and lucidity. At an annual soiree which I attended in 1876, he was in a cheerful mood, and delivered an address which expressed his thoughts and feelings most fully. It was the tenth anniversary of the formation of the church, he said, though it would have been more gratifying to him personally to have had the combined results of his labours during that decennium now before and around him, none the less did these exist and none the less would they remain. "Mere ambition," he said, "does not influence me much. I am content to be to the end what I have for the most of my life been—a pioneer. When I began the cause, the friends at whose instance I did so said that I might have ten good years of work before me. These ten years I have accomplished; and I am thankful to feel, from my excellent health and strength, that I may have some good work in me yet. We are at present labouring under some disadvantages. The church, owing to recent changes, is small. The locality is not deemed favourable. Our chief drawback, however, is in our place of worship. True, it is snug and most comfortable, and at a former period would have done well enough; but in these stylish days Mrs. Glasgow and her children have got

into such a high status of society that they will have superb churches. But a truce to complaints. I have no turn at any rate for the doleful; and with all the trials I have had, I question if there be many happier men than I now am and have all along been."

The address is characteristic of the speaker and allows us to get a somewhat close view of the motives which were regnant in his life. From personal intercourse with him at that time I learned how, amid all the discouraging circumstances, he was full of life and knew that most clouds had a silver lining. He luxuriated in the reminiscences of old struggles and victories, and from these he drew inspiration and strength for present duty and future action. He took during this time, as always, a very great interest in the young people of his church and congregation. For their benefit he formed a communion class which met after the morning service. The exercises were of the most instructive kind, and were the means of blessing to not a few. In this class he used to explain the meaning and importance of the Lord's Supper, and the responsibilities and privileges of church-members. "Before I attended these instructions," says one of the members, "I had the vaguest notions on the subject, and had, indeed, a certain dread of the ordeal. But he was so persuasive—possibly, sometimes, dangerously so—that to me it seemed a miracle the whole class did not present themselves as applicants. His son James and I did at the same time; and I shall never forget my interview with him in his house at the Botanic Gardens. We young fellows were attending College, and he varied the conversation so skilfully and well from Philosophy and Classics to the all importance of the step we were about to take—or, rather, had taken—that I could easily have imagined myself his son." Mr. Guthrie was ever brotherly, and had a kind word for the young, and an inspiring remark for all who desired to make headway in life. He was a true father in Israel, and this accounted for the influences he exercised over many, and the deep affection of which he was the object.

Notwithstanding Mr. Guthrie did not form large churches, and minister to large congregations, he was the centre of a very large circle of friends, many of whose friendships rose

almost to adoration. His gentle spirit, social nature, rich fund of humour, catholic spirit, and broad humanity, drew many around him, who had loved him with pure hearts tenderly. Among his ministerial brethren he was honoured, and by them all, without exception, he was beloved. These were the feelings which were entertained concerning him by the whole of the Evangelical Union brethren scattered over the world. His name was ever coupled with that of Dr. Morison as one of the two who had founded the Union, and sacrificed much for the gospel's sake. Outside of the ecclesiastical circle in which he moved, he was more than respected, he was looked upon as one whom to know was to love. And even those who did not agree with his theories on matters of a political or social nature admired him as an indefatigable labourer in the cause of God and humanity. These feelings took a practical shape in the minds of many who determined to present Mr. Guthrie with a substantial testimonial of their regard and appreciation of his manifold labours. A committee was formed in 1873 to carry out the undertaking, and a circular was issued to the friends. In that circular it is truly said:—"Men of many shades of doctrine, belonging to different churches, have felt the charm of his character, and been attracted by the genial sympathy, moral courage, and manliness of Mr. Guthrie. Not a few of those friends throughout the United Kingdom, and also in the Colonies, will esteem it a privilege to contribute to this testimonial in admiration of the man, even when they differ from his theological opinions. The ministers of the Evangelical Union have long regarded Mr. Guthrie as one of their best representative men; and he has done good service in breaking down the prejudices which arose out of misconceptions of the doctrines and spirit of the movement at its origin."

Subscriptions came in from a large number of friends inside and outside the Evangelical Union, and in about a year's time after its first commencement, the committee were able to state that £1,000 had been received. The testimonial was presented to Mr. Guthrie at a public soiree, held in the Trades' Hall, Glasgow, on the evening of the 22nd April, 1874, James Hamilton, Esq., one of the magistrates of the city, pre-

siding. There were a large number of ministers and other friends present. After a genial address by the Chairman, in which he uttered kind and true words concerning the guest of the evening, he called upon William Wilson, Esq., to present the gift to Mr. Guthrie. In doing so, he made a long speech highly eulogistic of the one they had met to honour. He said—"For more than a quarter of a century I have learned to love and admire Mr. Guthrie, because of his faithful adherence and devotion to truth and conscience. I have learned to honour and revere him as one of the founders of the Evangelical Union movement. His eminent piety, and consistent Christian character—his usefulness, and comparatively gratuitous labours, in every department of Christian work—calls forth our admiration and gratitude. I cannot attempt to do justice to Mr. Guthrie's great learning, genius, ready pen, beautiful poetry, keen wit, and masculine character; nor must I dwell on that rare geniality which makes him the very soul of a happy circle. We are proud of him as an ornament not only to the Evangelical Union brotherhood, but to our noble little country." This was the key-note to the other addresses and the whole of the after proceedings.

Mr. Guthrie acknowledged the gift in a felicitous address, in which he said—"Personalities, you know, may take more shapes than one. Attack has never discomposed me; indeed, every step further into the thick of the contest (and I had once, some of you may remember, four or five fights going on at the same time) has only gathered me up and made me the more serene. But be it good sign or bad, great kindness somehow fairly squelches me." He then referred to his student days, and the debates he had, when at the University, with "James Morison, who was as impetuous then as he is now, and often we came to stand on the streets to get our wind out the better and then moved on again, as groups threatened to gather around us to overhear how, 'in ways unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,' we purposed to reconstruct the entire pyramid of human knowledge, and screw the universe up anew." The rest of the address dealt with his faith in the doctrine of grace, for which he took his stand before the Synod, a statement of his views on the temperance question, and the necessity

for unity among all parties in the work of destroying the power of the drink traffic and the customs which fostered intemperance. He concluded by expressing his gratitude for the gift, his concluding remarks being, "I repeat my thanks a thousandfold for your great kindness to me, and may He who inspired you with such generous impulses return that kindness tenfold into your own bosom."

Dr. Morison gave an interesting reminiscence of his intercourse with the guest of the evening, and spoke of him as a brother dearly beloved. He described him when a student as a tall, slender lad, full of innocent playfulness and budding wit. He said, "From the first of those fresh early days to the present moment, Mr. Guthrie and I have never had a quarrel. We have never had—so far as I remember—a single misunderstanding. Our tendencies somehow did not divaricate. They rather approached nearer and nearer till they either ran parallel, like paired horses in a chariot, or else coalesced altogether. Indeed, it would be difficult for any one to quarrel with Mr. Guthrie. I question if he has a single enemy in all the world." The Rev. George Cron, who was a student of Mr. Guthrie's, and a close friend also, spoke of the trueness and worth of him they had met to honour. And the Rev. Dr. F. Ferguson gave a characteristic speech in the same strain, and wound up with the following verses which he composed for the occasion :—

" 'Tis pleasant to assemble and show forth
Respect for intellect and Christian worth,
To one who counted everything but loss
If he might only magnify the Cross.

" More blessed 'tis to give than to receive,
And yet kind gifts on the recipient leave
Impressions lasting as the donor's love,
And lift the heart in gratitude above.

" A scholar ripe, and friend the most sincere ;
A preacher of the gospel kind and dear ;
An author erudite and poet true ;
Guthrie, how many graces meet in you !

" O may this meeting but a prelude be
To one in yonder immortality,
Where God shall say to this his honoured son—
Enter into thy Master's joy—well done !"

We have lingered over this meeting with pleasure, for it constitutes a resting-place of satisfaction in a life which was so full of anxieties, work, and worry. It is as a stream of water in the valley, or a garden in the midst of a forest. It was a source of gratification to both givers and receiver, and refreshed both in the journey of life. And it let Mr. Guthrie see that he had not lived in vain when he had awakened such respect and love in the hearts of many all over the English-speaking world, who were anxious to testify to him in a tangible form the feelings of their hearts towards him.

The next year the Victoria College, Canada, conferred on Mr. Guthrie the degree of Doctor of Divinity, an honour which was acknowledged that he richly deserved. It had been matter of comment that the Scotch universities had not seen it to be their duty to grant to any of the leaders of the Evangelical Union the honorary degrees which were given to those of less ability, scholarship, and theological acumen. Perhaps this was not to be wondered at, seeing the movement they sought to advance was a theological movement in direct opposition to the stereotyped creed of the State religion. Though Mr. Guthrie's *Alma Mater* did not honour herself by honouring one of her not least worthy sons, the Canadian University did so, and the denomination was grateful for the privilege of placing the word Doctor before the name of John Guthrie. Before any of the ministers had received the degree of D.D., it used to be said, by way of a joke, that as a denomination they did not require doctors, for they were in a state of theological health. Their health did not suffer after Mr. Guthrie's degree came, for he was as sound and strong as ever in the three universalities, and was never more alive to their being of the very essence of religion and the marrow of the gospel.

The Conference of 1876 was an important one in many respects, and particularly for the attention that it bestowed upon the reconstruction of the Theological Hall. There had been various attempts made to equip the Theological Hall more fully; for there was a settled conviction that the times demanded that every minister should be trained in all the branches of sacred study as perfectly as possible, and that some attention should be given also to those subjects which

lie on the border-land between science and religion—philosophy and theology, history and biblical criticism. It was thought desirable to have a chair instituted for Apologetics, and the committee had to report that they had failed to secure the eminent services of the Rev. (now Dr.) A. M. Fairbairn as a Professor in this department. The opinion was expressed by some that the chair should not be instituted at present, but there were others who at once said Dr. Guthrie is the man to fill it. No sooner was the idea mooted than it took hold on the minds of the members of the Conference as the very thing which was both suitable and beneficial. The discussion became animated, and there were more indications than one given that the laymen had made up their minds that Dr. Guthrie should resume his position as a Professor, and that he was equally able to fill, with credit to himself and benefit to the students, any of the chairs. A delegate said, "There was not a man in the whole Union that had such a hold on the hearts of laymen as Dr. Guthrie. Possibly they did not understand Apologetics, but they understood Dr. John Guthrie, and wanted to see him in the Hall, no matter what chair he filled." Others echoed those words, and the result was, by an overwhelming majority the motion was carried for the institution of a Chair of Apologetics, and that Dr. Guthrie be asked to become Professor. Next morning he intimated his acceptance of the appointment. In doing so, he said, "The vote of Conference summoning me, with an almost but unanimous voice to renewed services in our Theological Hall, is one that, from the purport of it, and from every feature of it, has touched me more than words can express—more, I might say, than any similar event in my life." He then accepted the invitation, and concluded his statement with the words—"I, in open Conference, respectfully and candidly put myself and my service at your disposal, and may God enable me to do somewhat yet for the Evangelical Union, and for his glory." He immediately set to work to prepare his lectures for the next session. Though the task was congenial to his mind, and lay alongside his previous studies, reading and work, still the labour he bestowed upon his preparations was great. The field is one full of thorns and thickets, and he who walks therein must go with

careful step, and have his eyes open. If he has no intellectual sympathy, no experience of doubts, and no conception that there are difficulties honestly experienced by earnest seekers after God and Truth, his apologetics will be lame, and his defence of religion will be feeble. Dr. Guthrie understood all this, and earnestly, sympathetically, and faithfully took his place as a defender of the faith, and an expounder of the evidence on which it rests. His first course comprised lectures on the "Evidences of Christianity, and an Examination of the Theory of Evolution," as promulgated by Darwin, and other scientists, viewed in relation to the leading doctrines of Christianity. These were the themes he dwelt upon in the Session of 1877, and, before the next Session arrived, he had to relinquish the idea of conducting the class himself on account of enfeebled health. He, however, prepared his lectures, and arranged to have them delivered to the students during the Session. On the 17th of August, 1878, he met his class, and delivered an introductory lecture on "A Cultured Ministry, a Necessity of the Times," the last lecture he delivered. It is his final words to those who aspire to fill the office of the sacred ministry, and is altogether worthy of the author, the subject, and the occasion. It is all through an earnest plea that the man of God who stands forth to speak to his fellow-men for Christ and his gospel, and expound the Divine oracles, should be furnished with all knowledge necessary for the discharge of this sacred and important function. God demanded this, and the age would tolerate nothing less. "An uneducated or half-trained public minister is, in these circumstances, an anomaly—nay, an infidelity, that ought to be testified against by every right-minded man. . . . If the Church and the world are to have public expounders of the Bible at all, in whom, without surrender of their intelligence, they can repose anything in the shape of confidence, it is absolutely requisite that candidates for such a trust should devote themselves for years to the study of sacred languages, to exegesis, to systematic theology, to archæology, to Church history, and to whatever other branches in addition to these may be adapted to widen the basis of his personal influence, or pile new Ossas on old Pelions, and point the pyramid of his knowledge to loftier

altitudes than ever, in those grand celestial thoughts which constitute the distinctive objects of theological science." He quotes Luther's celebrated statement, "If a knowledge of languages had not given me certainty of the true sense of the Word, I might have been a pious monk, quietly preaching the truth in the obscurity of the cloister; but I should have left the Pope, the sophists, and their anti-Christian power on the ascendant."

In drawing to a conclusion, he said—"I have detained you too long to relieve my full heart with words of benediction and farewell. This, need I say, would have proved a part of my Introductory Lecture, which, as compared with the still flow of thoughts above indited, would have borne me directly into the rapids, and cause my pen to be pre-eminently 'the pen of a ready-writer.' But all that element I am necessitated to leave you to imagine and assume. Pray for me, as I shall not forget to do for you. And pray earnestly for yourselves. This, like Franklin's line, and without Prometheus' crime, will enable you to draw down the lightning-bolt that will kindle your own spirits now, and prove the heavenly hammer in your hands hereafter for breaking rocky hearts in pieces. 'Bene orasse,' said Luther, 'est bene studeisse.' 'To have prayed well, is already to have studied well.' Of the Scotch Commissioners at the Westminster Assembly—in number few, but in action far from inconsiderable—George Gillespie was the prime debater. On one occasion, when a formidable Erastian was on his feet, Gillespie was observed to have his head down, as if in the act of taking notes. The solitary note was found to consist simply of the prayer, 'Da, Domine, lucem' ('Lord, give light'). On the strength of this, he modestly rose and discomfited his opponent with a trenchant sweep and point that profoundly impressed the Assembly. We know also how, in those old times, a whole night spent in fields in prayer by Livingstone, broke next day into the splendour of a blessed and glorious revival. And now, dear young brethren, go forward and 'do exploits,' and be valiant for the truth and the faith upon the earth. The Lord take you, 'instead of the fathers, and make you noble princes in the earth.' It will be a delight to realise that you, and others to follow, will, as your seniors

glide away, step on the arena of Evangelical Union testimony, as part of Christ's young chivalry—pure, lustrous, and beautiful as the dew-drops from the womb of the morning, and distil refreshing wherever you spread, gentle as balm, bright with the Sun of Righteousness, even as the soft and sun-reflecting dew lies like a blessing on the earth. 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.' Amen and amen!"

With these words Dr. Guthrie closed his personal relations to the class, over which he had been placed two years before. Prayer and courage he inculcated as necessary for the discharge of the duties devolving upon those who had given themselves to the Lord in the service of the gospel. Both are required in any sphere of well-doing, and they are indispensable in the case of ministers of the New Testament, who take up their cross and follow the Saviour wherever he goes. Dr. Guthrie spoke out of the depths of a long experience, and his words should live in the hearts of those who endeavour to walk in the ways he so courageously trod.

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CHAPTER XI.

1877—1878.

Ill Health—Results of Work—"Temperance Physiology"—"Heroes of Faith"
—Special Sermons—Physical Break Down—Ordered to New Zealand—
Farewell Address, E.U. Commission—Speeches—Other Addresses.

MANY of those who were acquainted with Dr. Guthrie as he commenced his pastoral work came to the conclusion that he would not be a long liver. There were indications which were alarming enough at an early stage of his public career; but during a long period of his life he possessed, if not robust health, such strength as enabled him to discharge his many and varied duties. No serious illness had overtaken him for a long series of years, and this, under God, might be traced to his method of living, which might be described as soberly,

righteously, and godly. In 1876, there were indications making themselves manifest that the vital energy was not so great as formerly, and that certain pins of the tabernacle were getting a little slacker than they were wont to be. These premonitions were pushed aside by a buoyant spirit, and made light of by him whose joy was in work. But they came back again with renewed vigour and demanded attention. The consciousness of weakness increased till the determination was formed to yield to the inevitable and to seek something like repose.

After preaching for about a year and a half in West Campbell Street Church, the church resolved to remove to Ebenezer Chapel, Pitt Street, where the church, under the pastorate of the Rev. William Scott, worshipped. Shortly after, the two churches were united and formed one, and at this juncture Mr. Scott retired and Dr. Guthrie was made honorary pastor. The united church called for its pastor the Rev. Robert Hislop, of Kilmarnock, who acceded to the invitation, and was inducted to the charge by Dr. Guthrie on the 3rd day of June, 1877. At the soiree on the Tuesday following, he gave an address in which he gave Mr. Hislop a most cordial welcome. He spoke of the unity which existed in trying circumstances in the church, and the good relations which always obtained between him and his office-bearers. He referred once more to the unfavourable conditions he was placed in for years to do the work of the ministry with anything like the chance of success. "During our three years' sojourn in the wilderness," he said, "we have been in circumstances about as unpropitious for gathering members as any church could well experience. When here in Ebenezer we were, for obvious reasons, to the general public, nowhere. In West Campbell Street we were, in some respects, worse than nowhere, and yet West Campbell Street has served us well, and is a spot endeared to us all. Through all these changes we have lost none that I can remember, except by distance or death. We have added more than many are likely to credit us with. We have made our membership half as many again, after making all requisite deductions. Best of all, we have had unbroken harmony and peace. I trust, also, that though our numbers were few, the spiritual result has not been small."

There is in these words an undertone of sadness and disappointment. The sower had gone forth in the morning of life, young, strong in heart, and filled with hope. As opportunity presented itself, he had sown his seed with no sparing hand, much trouble and many tears. Time passed, and the end of the season was all but come, and to the eye of sense there are not rich fields of golden grain ready to be cut down and garnered, but to the sensuous eye only a few stalks here and there in the field, heavy-headed it might be, but not a full harvest. This is disappointing enough to the earnest toiler, and as the evening draws on is calculated to awaken a sigh. Against this manner of looking at the results of his labours Dr. Guthrie ever guarded himself and those who heard him. He desired them to penetrate the seen, and take a broad survey of the effects of his work as an under shepherd. It was by doing so he could declare that his life as a preacher was not a failure, and that he had done much, which God had owned, to build up the kingdom of God in human hearts and promote the honour of the heavenly King. Mere numbers is not a criterion by which to measure spiritual results. If they were, some of those who have had an abiding-place in the world's history would never be mentioned by this generation. Happy is the Christian teacher who can remember this, and go forth to his labour with the settled conviction that in due time he shall reap if he faint not. We are not judges of work done for the Master in sincerity and truth. He alone is the judge, because he understands its true significance and worth.

About this time Dr. Guthrie set himself to write a work on the physiological effects of the temperance question, a task he was, for many reasons, thoroughly qualified to accomplish. During his pastorate in Greenock, he attended the medical classes of the Glasgow University, and was all but qualified to take the degree in medicine. The knowledge thus acquired he turned to good use in his neat little volume on "Temperance Physiology," which was published in 1877. It is divided into nine chapters and a conclusion, in which the place and power of alcohol are discussed at length and in the most felicitous style. Dr. Guthrie could not write a heavy, lumbering

style if he had tried it. When he took pen in hand he described with lucidity and perspicuity whatever subject he expounded. No one could ever say, "I do not understand this book," if it were a work of his; for he wrote in a sparkling way, and set the most abstruse and abstract subject before his readers that he that ran might both read and understand. In this volume these characteristics are most marked. It reads like a descriptive tale, and the attention is both awakened and sustained. Facts, sentiments, science, history, and poetry, are pressed into the service, and made to constitute this one of the very best works on the nature and effects of strong drink. The views advocated are what some would call extreme, but which experts, such as Dr. Richardson, would pronounce true. Alcohol is proved to be a poison and destructive of health, and is not required for the well-being of man. It is a dangerous agent, and abstinence from it is a duty which is incumbent on all. In the section on Distillation he thus writes—"Such is the demon of distillation, as it has been so often and so naturally named. In its form it is simple enough; no black, sweltering, venomous fluid, swarming with serpents, and smelling strongly of the pit; but limpid, transparent, and with an odour pleasant rather than otherwise, could we but forget its deeds, and innocent enough if kept from fiery contact with palate, stomach, and brain, and sacredly confined to the shelf of the apothecary and artist. As it is, we cannot behold the trickling drops falling from the worm without being reminded of the Old Serpent, secreting a leprous distilment, over which, more appropriately than over their own 'hell broth,' the hags of our dramatist might sing,—

‘Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.’

And the demon is always himself; in that one sense true, self-consistent, his natural strength not abated, his fiery bite still the same, 'like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,' subtle of spring and deadly of sting. Had the vapour cloud of water been his only envelopment, he would, from whatever substance set free, retain the same identity. He does so as it

is; but under various aliases, the essential oils and other ingredients passing from the wine, the sugar cane, the barley, or whatever else, and mantling it with the colour and character that stamp it as brandy, rum, and whisky, and the like—those arch desolators of the earth. Need we wonder that even calm men of science should here warm into wrathful transports? ‘The act of extracting alcoholic liquors by distillation,’ Dr. Paris pronounces, ‘the greatest crime ever inflicted on human nature.’ Finding no term of disaster strong enough to express his sense of the untold evil, he lays violent hands on the word ‘crime,’ for surely violent enough it is to apply it to a chemical art, and subjects it to a high pressure to bring out his tragic meaning. And from his momentous point of view, who shall say he is wrong?” The whole teaching of the volume is to the effect that Dr. Paris was not wrong, and that the wise man of old was right when he denounced wine as a mocker, which deceived and destroyed all those who indulged therein.

In 1878 Dr. Guthrie published two volumes which require to be named. The first was “Heroes of Faith as delineated in Hebrews”; a series of discourses written with freshness, beauty, and illustrative power. The second we have referred to in a previous chapter, “Occasional Discourses.” This was his last production, issued at the invitation of his elders, as some echoes he might leave behind when he took his departure to a better clime. They have become echoes from a glorious land where beauty never fades, nor tears are shed, even a heavenly, and, as they enter the soul, they become richer and more harmonious. Those who possess this work possess the best fruit of Dr. Guthrie’s brain and heart, mellow, luscious, and invigorating. He laid it on the altar of service as an offering to the “Great Head of the Church,” almost as the words sounded in his ear, “Come up higher, come up hither.” It is left behind, that those who come after may know what he thought on the eternal verities of God and the soul as he stood on the brink of the river which separates earth from heaven, and the temporal from the eternal.

Though relieved from regular pastoral work, Dr. Guthrie did not take that absolute rest which he so much required. Rest with him, as long as he was at all able to work, was too

much like idleness to be indulged in. He laid himself open to calls to preach extra sermons, and to attend soirees and social meetings, and these came in both numerous and urgent. To the extent possible he obeyed the calls, and preached anniversary sermons to a considerable number of churches during the year. His services were much valued at all times, but were never more so than when those addressed saw that the old fire was not so bright, and the voice was not so firm. The addresses delivered were as usual highly finished, full of the unction of the Holy One, and earnest appeals to decide the great question of the soul's salvation. Sweetness and light were never wanting in his ministrations, and they became more conspicuous when the night drew near in which no man can work. Gradually he became more unfit for what his heart desired to accomplish, and the truth was borne in a painful way home, that there was a limit to his strength, and that was nearly reached. When in this condition, he occupied the pulpit of the Buccleuch Church, Edinburgh, and it was with an effort that he got through the service. In the vestry he said, "I fear I must not attempt to preach again. I felt as if I would have fallen down in the pulpit. I must be silent now, for I cannot go on preaching."

In a few weeks after he had given up all his engagements, and yielded to a feebleness he could resist no longer, his friend and former student, whom he truly called "beloved physician," Dr. Christie, urged him to take a long sea-voyage, as the most likely thing to bring back some of his wonted vigour, and named New Zealand as one of those places which he could recommend. The inducement to go to the far distant land named was augmented by the fact, that several members of Dr. Guthrie's family had taken up their residence there. After various tuggings of the heart, the resolution was formed to take the doctor's advice, and arrangements were made for the voyage. Berths were taken in the sailing ship "Hankow," which was to sail from London on the 13th September, and he looked forward with no little expectation that the rest and the breezes of old ocean would do for him what the physician could not do with his drugs. His face was set to the antipodes, and in the new country he hoped to receive a renewed lease of

life, and openings for carrying out the one grand mission of his life.

No sooner did the news spread that Dr. Guthrie had determined to go to New Zealand than a feeling of regret was experienced by all connected in any way with him, and of sorrow for the cause of his departure. Arrangements were made by many parties to bid him farewell in a becoming manner, and to let him know how he was esteemed and loved. The Evangelical Union Commission determined to hold a parting meeting with him, and present him with an illuminated Address, as a token of the sincere appreciation of his worth and works. It was feared that, owing to his weakness, he would not be able to appear at the meeting, but at the last moment Dr. Christie decided he might go. The meeting was held in North Dundas Street Church Hall, and was largely attended by ministers, students, and friends. The whole proceedings were of the most solemn and heart-stirring character, and have left an indelible impression on the minds of all who were present. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Dr. William Bathgate, President of the Union, and who now has, also, ascended to his home above. After the preliminaries were over, and apologies read from a number of ministers who could not be present, the chairman moved, in a few words, the adoption of the address. In doing so, he said it was a sadly interesting occasion, and touched all present most deeply. The address was expressive of the warm affection cherished toward him by all our ministers and churches. He added—"I need not now enlarge on the valedictory sentiments embodied in the address. Indeed, so deeply do I feel the pathos of our meeting, that I dare not risk the full expression of our emotions. I know that all of us are here to-day with our hearts very tender—more tender than words can express. And yet it is a deep gratification to us to have the opportunity of expressing to Dr. Guthrie, and those nearest and dearest to him, our profound sense of the value of his life-work, and our prayerful wishes that his health may yet be greatly improved." The writer of this memoir seconded the motion, and after referring to the sadness of the event which had brought them together, said—"I had the privilege, which

Dr. Bathgate had not, of being a student in the Theological Hall when Dr. Guthrie filled, with ability and zeal, one of the chairs, upwards of twenty years ago. To say that he was beloved by the students of my day—and among these, I may say, are some of our most devoted ministers—is but half the truth. He was not only loved, but he did much by his genial spirit, his broad sympathies, his gentlemanly bearing, his vast erudition, and literary power, to stir them up to noble deeds, high and holy aspirations, and sublime purposes in life. These men were influenced by him when students, and they have been influenced since, and are all the manlier that they sat at his feet and heard the words of wisdom which dropped from his lips. To-day, if they had been able to give articulate expression to their feelings, they would have said—‘Our debt of gratitude to you, brother beloved, is greater than words can make known; but your deeds will not be forgotten by Him who knoweth all things, and who rewards even a cup of cold water given to a disciple in His name.’ Old students will send their God-speed after their former professor and friend; and their prayers up to heaven that the God of Israel will be his refuge, shepherd, and unfailing portion.” In conclusion, I said—“I feel on the present occasion as if such a thing as real parting is an impossibility. Bodies may be separated, and oceans may roll between us physically, but there never will be real separation between Dr. Guthrie and those who have known as we have known him—heard him preach, read his works, and wafted to heaven the gratitude and reverence of the soul in his songs of praise. He will still be with us; his influence will be perennial. And though gone to the far-off land across the seas, he will move our hearts, kindle our thoughts, and nerve our wills to holier resolve. While, therefore, if we allowed Nature to have her sway, we would, like the Ephesian elders of old, in relation to Paul, fall weeping on his neck, ‘sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that we would see his face no more.’ But faith rises above reason as the soul, the body, and eternity above time, and this will enable us ‘not only to accompany him to the ship,’ but to go with him and his beloved partner in life, not only to New Zealand, but also to the sunny hills of ever-

lasting bliss, where saints of all ages and climes shall in harmony meet, and

‘Where anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.’”

At this stage of the meeting, Dr. Guthrie entered the hall, leaning on the arm of Dr. Morison,—brothers to the last—accompanied by his “Beloved Physician,” and Mrs. Guthrie. As they entered, they were received in silence by the whole company standing. The scene was most impressive and touching—tears bedimming the eyes of many. There, before the meeting, were the two men who had formed a sacred friendship about forty years before, and who had through life clung to each other amid difficulties which might have overawed the bravest—who had been aids to each other’s faith and knowledge. Both were like two warriors who had returned from the field with scars which told of the struggle. And now, in the providence of God, they were about to be separated, perchance for ever, in this world. Younger men looked on with admiration, mingled with sadness, and trusted that they might be as true to what God had revealed to them of His gospel as they had been. After they reached the platform, the address was read and formally presented. We will only give one paragraph. It was addressed—“To the Rev. John Guthrie, M.A., D.D., Professor of Apologetics, Evangelical Union, Scotland. Dear and Honoured Brother . . . —Ere we suffer you to part from us, we feel that we must express to you our profound appreciation of your worth and work. We are deeply indebted to you as one of the founders, one of the foremost defenders, and one of the chief ornaments of the Evangelical Union. With much admiration and great gratitude, we have seen how, year after year, you consecrated your many gifts and graces to the glory of God, and how, with rare enthusiasm and ungrudging beneficence, you toiled in season and out of season to further the highest interests of men. No words can express the value we set on the work you have rendered as a preacher, pastor, professor, and author. Your name is a household word in all our churches, and the nobleness of your life has proved a stimulus to all our brethren.”

It was signed by all the office-bearers in the Union—twenty names in all—the first four being William Bathgate, D.D., President; James Morison, D.D.; Robert Craig, M.A.; and A. M. Wilson, Secretary. In acknowledging the address, Dr. Guthrie gave a long and profoundly interesting address—racy, thoughtful, humorous, and pathetic. Here and there he was his old self; the old shrug of the shoulders and twinkle of the eye brought other times to recollection, when his step was firmer and his mirth abounded. It could be easily seen at the same time that a strong stream of emotion was coursing his being, and that he took the sunny side to keep him from yielding to its power. One passage must not be omitted here—that, to wit, in which he bears, for the last time, his testimony to the distinctive doctrines of the denomination. He said—“I regard the so-called Morisonian type of theology as the true and consistent meeting-point of Calvinistic and Arminian Evangelism, on which to rear the solid and enduring pyramid of gospel grace. The Doctrinal Declaration is at this hour as much the declaration of my faith as when it first fell from my ministering pen; and considering that it carries in its forefront the disclaimer of binding anyone’s conscience as a stereotyped creed, I confess I fail to see the grounds on which such discrediting comments are sometimes made upon it—unless serious departures from its teachings are meant, of which, as reflecting our original testimony, I can only say, as an individual, without interfering with any brother’s liberty, May heaven forbid! My growing conviction is—and no brother will be offended at me for expressing my heartfelt convictions on this my last opportunity in parting with you, I fear for ever—that the distinctively substitutionary and sacrificial aspect of our Saviour’s work, with its three related universalities, is the only basis on which the Bible will be found intelligible, on which true Evangelism will be realisable, and on which a consistent system of theology will be logically possible. More important still, it is to conscience-stricken sinners a solid, enduring basis of peace and hope toward God. For though there are natures, ‘touched to finer issues,’ that can get back to the Divine Fatherhood more easily than others, to the masses drifting on the wreck-strewn ocean of lapsed humanity

among the breakers of perdition there must be extended something more objective for them to grasp, in name of Guilt, of God, and of their indestructible Moral Nature. I need say no more on my own views. They may be read in all my miscellaneous writings; among others, in my little tract on 'The Evangelical Union—What it is, and why it is?' and will be found amply reflected in my volume of discourses just issued. I have more pleasure in referring to the writings of Dr. Morison and other brethren. I know no one that ever presented such a combination of the logical, theological, and philological. For grasp, and instinct of truth, and the power to set it in bold relief, that often reminds one of inspiration, I can name no one with James Morison till I go back to Luther—unless it be our own Knox in close grips with the Crossraguel and other monks; and no peer can be found for Luther till we go back to the Apostles. James Morison has fairly, I think, solved the problem of ages—how to reconcile sovereignty and free-will, God's part and man's, in the work of salvation. While too many disported themselves with it at ministers' meetings, each opening his little toy Leyden jar, and flashing sheet-lightning upon it, Morison, to use Carlyle's phrase somewhere, gathered himself up into a thunderbolt and rove the difficulty for us. And at this time when scepticism had begun to walk on its high places and to determine the issue to this (nothing less and nothing else being the ultimate alternative possible), either necessitation of will culminating in Pantheism and Atheism, or freewill and personality culminating in a personal God, and religion with no form of religion even now possible but that of Christianity and the Crucified.'

In approaching the conclusion, he said,—“And now, beloved brethren and friends, must I come to the unwelcome word farewell. I have stayed it off to the last, and would even yet elude it if I could. Knowing but too well what my little bit of shattered brain can stand, I may well be permitted to be simple, to be even strangely off-hand, in order to avoid the welter that is ready if I give way to sentiment. I will even hug the dear and welcome illusion on the strength of the barest possibility, that we may meet yet again here below;

but if not, we will look up to the final home. In the words of Shakespeare,

‘Adieu! I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious love;’

or, as another poet puts it—

‘Let’s not unman each other, part at once:
All farewells should be sudden, when for ever.’

But these last three words I abjure, nor would I even admit ‘farewell’ into my closing sentence or two. Rather would I put these in the form of a parting counsel, viz., to labour on in perfect faith in unseen or small results, as sure to be great some day. All divinest and greatest things are silent and unseen. Let us not be impatiently tearing up the soil to see how the seed is springing. Let us learn to labour and to wait. All real progress and real greatness are made up of littles. The ocean is made up of globules. The great globe is made up of atoms. Therefore, let all ‘sow the seed,’ and none ‘withhold his hand.’”

At the close of the meeting he withdrew, and we followed him with our eyes till he was hid from our sight. That was the last time we saw him in the flesh, though even at present he can be seen in the spirit, for he can never leave those who were allowed to come to any extent within the circle of his friends. His memory lives, and shall live, as a perpetual blessing to those who knew him when he sojourned in the time-sphere of earth.

Other Addresses followed from the students of the Theological Hall and the office-bearers of the Scottish Temperance League, and a letter full of interest and affection from his first church in Kendal. In several newspapers his proposed departure was commented upon in a tender and worthy spirit, which was more gratifying to him who had more hindrances placed in his way, than flowers during his ministerial career. Yet these recognitions, though late, sometimes too late, are of value. They demonstrate that, at least, the great heart of the world is just, and no matter how bitter opposition comes for a time, if it is not deserved, it will be changed into approbation at last.

CHAPTER XII.

Last Sermon—Leaving Scotland—In London—Last Illness—Final Words—
Death—Funeral—Tributary Sermons—Minute of E. U. Conference—
General Estimate.

THERE was yet one farewell Dr. Guthrie desired to utter before he left the city of his labours and the country of his birth. It would be observed in what has preceded, that the ties which bound him to his church were of the tenderest and strongest nature. Its pastor he cherished as a son, and his gifts he admired, and, on every fitting opportunity, acknowledged. Some of the members, he had known most intimately for upwards of thirty years, and they were his friends—true and self-sacrificing during all his arduous labours. Others of them, which were younger, were his children in the faith, whom he loved with a love similar to that which filled the beloved Apostle's heart to the church in Ephesus. Arising from this close and endearing relationship, there sprang a desire on both sides that he should appear before the members of his flock, and preach to them his valedictory sermon. Though feeble, he arranged to do so, and carried out his resolution on Sabbath, the 11th of August. There was a large and sympathetic audience, the Rev. Mr. Hislop taking part in the solemn services. As he ascended the pulpit stairs, it was painfully visible that the outer man had received a severe shock, and that disease had been doing its deadly work. It was with an effort that he did his part, which was done with grace and noble Christian bearing. One who was present says that as they were singing what is called Rutherford's Hymn, "The sands of time are sinking," the sun streamed gently through the windows on his noble pallid features, and the pained angelic look transfixed his hearers, leading many of them to think that the hymn was literally true of him—

"The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes;

Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

The subject chosen for the parting discourse was "Christian Joy," and the text was Phil. iv. 4—"Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say rejoice." The theme was one which in any part of his life he could have treated with fulness and beauty; for he was one of those Christians who, despite all adverse things, rejoiced in the Lord, and in tribulations also. His conversation and presence were full of sunshine, and his smile betokened a well of joy, which ever gave forth streams to make glad the inner man. Having found the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ one of joy, he desired to "send streams of refreshing over parting sorrows," and impress them with "the transcendency of Christian joy." The sermon is one of the very best Dr. Guthrie ever preached—buoyant, high-toned, and spiritual throughout, here and there rising to true sacred eloquence. He discoursed on Christian joy as essential, dutiful, godly, ennobling, contrastive and persistent joy, and wound up the discourse by what he called "a snatch or two," in which he dwelt briefly on the Moral, the Honour, the Privilege, and the Duty in relation to this experience. Then follows the final words in a double sense—final to the discourse, and final to the world from the lips of the speaker as a preacher of the gospel:—"I have now done," he said. "After a lapse of only a few days more, I expect to have left my dear, native Scotland and many a dear one behind. It will be an unspeakable pleasure to reflect that the fruits of my last ten years, or more, of pioneering labour in Glasgow will be well tended, in this place, by one whose freshness and brilliancy of thought will be a perennial fount, and whose spirituality, sympathy, loyalty, and love, will prove a depth which you will never have any plummet to sound. While in another place, another and larger portion of these fruits are being equally well seen to by a most true and manly brother, of whom I could, were it proper, freely speak in similar terms. God be with you all, and bless you all, and speed on His gospel work in your church, in your hearts, in your hands, in

your homes. Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you. Taking the word 'habitation,' in its amplest range, as denoting our own Zion, where God has promised, 'Here will I dwell'; your own dwellings of Jacob; and your own souls, as so many 'habitations of God through the Spirit,' let these lines convey to you my last words of benediction—

'Peace be to this habitation,
Peace to all that dwell therein,
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin,
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace to wordly minds unknown,
Peace, divine, that lasts for ever,
Peace that comes from God alone.'

The brave heart struggled through the service, and calmly, though exhausted, he left the pulpit, leaning on Mr. Hislop's arm, his bosom heaving perceptibly. Casting one last fond look on his flock, as his Master may have done on his disciples ere he crossed the brook called Kedron, he passed into the vestry, and was shut out of view. The scene was melting, and there was not a dry eye in the church. When he reached the vestry and was seated, one of his spiritual children records—"Our poor father's flood of feeling burst its channel, and he became a child again." But enough,—such hallowed, tender sights should only be seen by God and angels.

Shortly afterwards Dr. Guthrie left Scotland, that by easy stages he might reach London, from whence he was to sail to New Zealand. He directed his steps to Windermere, not far from the scenes of his early pastoral labours, that he might see friends, be refreshed by the bracing air of the Lake District, and be enlivened by its natural beauties. From Westmoreland he went to the neighbourhood of Manchester, and, by-and-by, he arrived in London. When he reached the Metropolis he became an inmate of the hospitable home of Mr. Dunn, a generous friend whom he had known for long. All this time, the change of scene and faces, though relieving, did not stay the disease under which he laboured, nor increase his

strength of body. He became weaker, and less fit to battle with fatigue and movement. On the 16th day of September he went to be the guest of the Rev. William Marshall, of Hackney Congregational Church, when alarming symptoms manifested themselves, for which the physicians failed to find a remedy. It was evident to all who saw him that the end was fast approaching—the waters of Jordan were beginning to touch the feet of the pilgrim, and their spray was on his brow. At his side was his wife who tenderly nursed him, his youngest son James, and sorrowing friends. As they realised that his departure was not far off, Mrs. Guthrie asked him if he had anything to say. He answered—“No, I do not want any of my sayings chronicled. I am but a poor sinner, and hope to enter heaven with the prayer of the publican on my lips—‘God be merciful to me, a sinner.’” Oftimes when weary and restless, he would say—“Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest.” When the doctor called, he informed Mr. Marshall that many hours could not elapse before death would ensue. When this was communicated to Dr. Guthrie, he calmly replied—“I am not surprised: living or dying, I am the Lord’s.” With these words on his lips, he bade the long adieu to earth, wife, son, friends, and time, and passed into the more immediate presence of God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

So died the Rev. Dr. John Guthrie, on Wednesday the 18th September, 1878, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the thirty-ninth year of his ministry, leaving behind him, to mourn his loss, his devoted wife, three sons, and one daughter, and a large circle of friends. His death, like his life, was eminently Christian. In and to the Lord he liveth, and in and to the Lord he died.

The news of his decease was flashed to many friends in various parts of the country, and produced sorrow, but not much surprise. There had been a serious fear entertained by many that he was not equal to the journey he had resolved to take—still they hoped for the best. Arrangements were made for his burial, and his church undertook to attend to this solemn matter. The body was removed from London to Glasgow and placed in front of the pulpit from which he

preached his last sermon. On Tuesday, the 24th, a large concourse of people gathered in the house of prayer, where a service was to be held previous to the funeral. The Rev. Robert Hislop presided, and gave out part of the 23rd Psalm, which was sung, with becoming softness and reverence, by a company which felt the power of the old and familiar words. Dr. Bathgate offered prayer, and lifted the spirits of all present to the feet of God, and made them forget death in the fulness of life. Professor Taylor read a section of the resurrection chapter—1 Cor. xv.—and gave a short address. This was followed by a comprehensive prayer, led by Dr. Ferguson, which breathed the desires of the trusting hearts into the ear of the Heavenly Father. Amongst those assembled were a large number of the ministers, members, students, and friends of the Evangelical Union, some of whom had travelled a long way to attend and thus pay their respect to the remains of one they honoured and revered. Ministers of other denominations were also present, among whom might be seen the venerable form of Dr. Joseph Brown, who defended Dr. Guthrie at the Synod, Dr. William Pulsford, Dr. Joseph Leckie, and Dr. Alexander Wallace. The service being ended, the coffin was carried by six elders to the hearse, and the procession was formed. At the time it seemed as if nature sympathised with the feelings of the crowd which was gathered together to move with quiet step to the grave. The clouds were dark and lowering, though the afternoon was calm, and a slight rain fell now and again, calling to recollection the old line—

“Blessed are the dead that the rain rains on.”

The place of interment was four miles off, and as the cortege proceeded through the busy streets of the city, many thousands uncovered their heads in the presence of death, and many friends who had known and heard him, whose body was being carried to its last resting place, dropped a tear in sympathy for the widow and fatherless children, and the loss of him who was gone. Craigton Cemetery being reached, the Rev. William Marshall, in whose house Dr. Guthrie died, read the burial service; the Rev. Thomas Orr, brother-in-law, gave a short address, and Mr. Marshall offered an impressive prayer.

The coffin was then lowered by Mr. James Guthrie, youngest son of the deceased; Rev. Dr. A. Gardiner, brother-in-law; Mr. Burnet, brother-in-law; Rev. Thomas Orr, brother-in-law; Rev. A. M. Wilson, brother-in-law; Mr. Gardiner, nephew, and Mr. Robert Moyes, one of his oldest and most attached Glasgow friends. Ere the company retired, Dr. Gardiner, in the name of the relatives, most cordially thanked all present for their attendance, and then each one took his departure from the place, meditating, doubtless, as he went, on the mystery of life and of death, and on Him who comes in the hour of mourning, and says,—“He is not dead, but sleepeth; I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on me shall never die.”

On the following Lord's Day a Tributary Sermon to the Rev. Dr. Guthrie was preached by the Rev. Robert Hislop in Ebenezer Chapel, Pitt Street, who took for his text the dying words of the deceased in Romans xiv. 8—“For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.” In the discourse there is a tender and true appreciation manifested of the noble and generous character of the departed, and an expression of the sorrow and gladness which were experienced by those who had lost such a pastor and brother; Speaking of the spirit of his life, Mr. Hislop said—“In all his work, his spirit was hale and joyous, often as playful as a child's. Whatever work he took up—and he too seldom refused work when it was proposed to him by others—he breathed a fervent, and cultured, and catholic spirit through it all. While he clung conservatively to the old, as knowing what it had cost him, yet his spirit was young and progressive, and he strove to be just to youthful enquiry and new developments of truth. Listen to these words that stand on the last page of his lectures read to the students of this year. Sad that ere this session he saw begun had closed, his eloquent lips had been sealed for ever. He says—‘In a grand old manifesto of the Covenanters, they express their determination to uphold the banner of religious freedom while they live, and “hand it down to their children,”—mark the words,—“*that they may begin where we end.*” Ah, yes, let

there be no finality here. Catch their spirit and carry it into new, though kindred enterprises. Dropping the oldness of the letter, hold to the eternal newness of the spirit, and do set yourselves to do, not so much what they did in their day, as what men of their mood and mettle would be likely to do if they lived in our day.’”

The Rev. Dr. Morison was in Switzerland when Dr. Guthrie died and was buried, and received the news in the land of the grand and sublime in nature. In the first sermon he delivered after he returned, he referred to the loss he sustained in the words—“Even when far away amid some of the grandest scenery of Europe, and when gazing aloft with meditative rapture upon marvellous domes and pinnacles of rock, rising almost to the zenith, amid miles, and miles, and miles more of spotless everlasting snows—even then, when the sun was shining brilliantly on the scene, revealing clearly to the eye every indentation, every elevation, every twist, every curve and line of the mountain masses, so as to enrich the view with thousands of minute beauties and graces—even then I felt sorrow coming in overpoweringly upon my spirit, and I could only turn aside and weep. You know to what I refer. There was one whom I knew intimately from boyhood, and with the kindling of whose spirit I had not a little to do, one who was to me a peculiar brother, one whom you all esteemed and loved, but one whose noble form can no longer be seen by our eyes, whose lips can no longer be heard uttering his genial pleasantries, or giving firm expression to his firm convictions and beliefs. Although obtaining help of God, he has not, as I had hoped till near the end, *continued unto this day*. But it is given unto me in my riven relationship—and notwithstanding that I seemed in constitution to be weaker than he—still to stand here and to say, as I now do thankfully in your hearing—‘Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, testifying to both small and great, and saying none other things than the prophets and Moses did say should come.’”

Other discourses of a like nature were delivered by ministers of the Evangelical Union, and notices of the death, with short sketches of his life and brief estimate of his character and work, appeared in several newspapers. They all acknowledged

the worth, ability, and labours of him whose body had been consigned to the tomb, and placed him among those whose memories are legacies to succeeding generations.

When the Evangelical Union Conference met in October, Dr. Guthrie's name was read out as one of the ministers who had died during the year. The Rev. Professor Taylor was appointed to prepare a minute on the subject, which was presented at a subsequent sederunt, and ran as follows:—"The Conference records its deep sorrow and sense of the loss sustained by the death of the Rev. Dr. John Guthrie, M.A., one of the founders of the Evangelical Union, and also one of the Professors in the Theological Hall, whose genial, generous, and noble disposition and character endeared him to all, and whose manifold culture, attainments, and great talents, peculiarly fitted him for the various duties and great services which he so long rendered to the Union, the cause of temperance, and the promotion in general of all philanthropic and Christian enterprises. The Conference further records its sympathy and condolence with the widow and her family in this great bereavement, and commends them to the loving care of the Great Father." The public record of Dr. Guthrie's relation to the Union he had helped to originate, had nursed when young and weak, and aided in every possible way, was now closed. The workman had departed, but the work he started remained, and had to be carried on by other hands and hearts.

There is not much need, after what goes before, to give anything like a formal sketch of Dr. Guthrie's mental and moral character. The domestic and inner life has not been dwelt upon at any length, only hints being given in this direction. That his religion was real, unostentatious, illuminated and illuminating, was felt by all who came into contact with him. In faith, while simple as a child, he was as bold and courageous as a lion. At home he was cheerful, mirth-imparting, and christianly social; a good husband and a noble, loving father. Those who will draw his portraiture in this relation will have on their canvas one whom virtuous women and honest men will admire and hold up as a pattern for their sons to imitate.

Dr. Guthrie's nature was essentially active, and for him to live was to work. From the days of his youth till the very end of his life he was never idle—was always in harness. As a student, pastor, professor, and Christian he laboured in season and out of season, and that, too, for the highest ends and the most unselfish purposes. He was never careful to attend to his own interests or to his own advancement in ecclesiastical or social existence. Content was he to fill any position so that the Master was glorified and the cause of the gospel advanced. With full loyalty he devoted himself to the great gospel movement, and adhered to those who were associated with him through good and bad report. In very truth he was a good husbandman who had one aim, one desire, which swallowed up all the rest, and this is seen in the whole of his career.

Dr. Guthrie's determination and earnestness were conspicuous. He was large and tender-hearted, but he was not easily swayed when he had made up his mind. The call of duty was to him imperative, and sacrifice, in its obedience, was never shunned. This was true in all spheres of his life, and runs through his whole career. An illustration of this is seen in the way he gave up the habit of using tobacco. In a paper he read at a meeting of the Glasgow Association of Ministers, he said:—"Of the habit of smoking I can speak from experience. For twelve years I was in its thrall, and it made me serve with rigour. System wove its spell. I had my times and my seasons—neither few nor far between. How oft recurring, let no brother over curiously inquire. At length, early in my ministry, there came from the man within the breast stout reluctance and recalcitration. Thrice I tried to kick the yoke from off me. The fourth time I succeeded. Paul's 'whatsoever things,' in the fourth of Philippians, was one smart goad that kept me at it. I could by no means make out to my perfect satisfaction that the habit was 'lovely;' certainly, it was not of 'good report. In no sense, physical, moral, or æsthetic, was it welcome in the female nostril—a safe standard in these, as in all other matters of the pure and fine. I triumphed at last; and thankful I am, at this day, that I have left the habit a good generation's breadth to rear-

ward in the realm of history. Not since 1845 has the malodorous turpitude once found ingress either at mouth or nose." He who could so crucify the "lusts of the flesh" was one who could face any danger and endure any opposition, provided, he was assured, it was the will of the Lord that he should do so. Determination and earnestness were needed in his life, and they were manifested in works of duty and usefulness. Many of his heroic deeds and words, his conflicts and victories, can be traced to these elements of his character.

But justice would not be done Dr. Guthrie if I were to leave it to be inferred from what has been said that he was either narrow in culture, heart, or action. He had a full rounded culture, and possessed a truly catholic soul. Though he had his own opinions and loved the form of sound words, he thought most in harmony with Bible teaching—he was no bigot, and could never have carried even a straw to increase the fire kindled to consume the heretic or those who differed from him. His life was, though eminently religious, of the kind which showed that religion was a power which permeated all departments of human existence. Politics were not eschewed by him. As he viewed them they were nearly related to the divine government, and were the human means through which his heavenly Father governed the world. All questions which affected the social and moral condition of the people were his study, and frequently, as we have seen, he gave his views on such topics as education, religious equality, and temperance to the public. And no matter on what subject he spoke or wrote, he seemed equally at home. Those who were privileged to have his friendship know how, when the centre of a circle as he invariably was, he would, stimulated by the questions of those around him, pour out of his rich stores things new and old, bright, genial, and far-reaching on subjects the most diverse and abstruse, but which, by his genius, he made deeply interesting to the simplest mind present. This aspect of his character gives a glimpse into one reason why Dr. Guthrie was so much beloved and honoured, and why men of all religions and political parties were numbered among his friends, notwithstanding their divergence from his theological and social doctrines. His many-sidedness and catholicity

enabled him to touch with sympathy many parties, and to feel that he was of their kith and kin. Hence his interest in all those questions and movements which pertained to the education of the degraded, the emancipation of the enslaved, the rescuing of the perishing, and the saving of the lost.

Among his moral qualities I would reckon prominently his remarkable honesty—that quality which lies at the base of solid character. He was not the man to avow in public his belief in a creed which he repudiated in private. “He believed, and, therefore, spake.” All trick and deception he held in abomination. From his youth he seems to have been taught of God to renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, and so upright was he in all he said and did, that the eulogy which was pronounced on Nathaniel may safely be applied to him—“An Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.” He had no patience with minor liberties taken with truth, in order to embellish a joke, and point a witticism. He seemed ever, even with reference to those things which are commonly deemed trifles, to follow after Him who was the “Truth” as well as the “Way.”

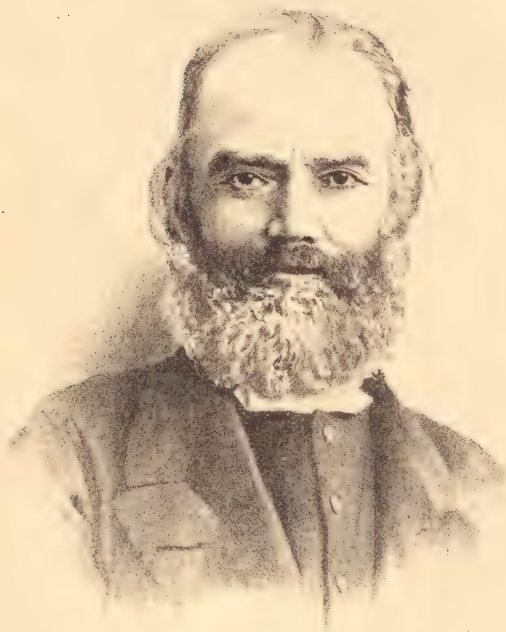
Closely allied with honesty was his fine sensibilities which enabled him to appreciate the beautiful in nature, literature, art, and life. He could be touched with a fellow feeling, and melted with simplicity. When in Greenock he attended a school examination in the old style, when the scholars were called up to recite pieces of poetry of their own choosing. A young girl, a scholar, had chosen as her piece one of the Doctor’s own hymns, and was beginning to repeat it when he entered. His attention was instantly arrested, and tears rose, unbidden, to his eyes. Ever after this lady was to him like a favourite child, and he used to recall the incident frequently when visiting her home, after she was married, when she and her husband were respected members of his church in Glasgow. “He could weep with those who wept, and rejoice with those who were glad.” One who knew him all through life, says, he was utterly incapable of doing an unkind thing or uttering a word that would wound.

Above and beyond all, he was a Christian man and minister. He magnified his office and gloried in the Cross. Christ and

him crucified were to him the central truths, around which all other religious and moral truths revolved, the full revelation of the Father, and the explanation of the divine moral providence and the reign of grace. In the personal realisation of this, he lived and moved and had his being, and from it he obtained motives for a good doing in life and calmness in death. Though no carved stone may tell of his works of faith and labours of love, they will not be forgotten in earth or in heaven. For as the Rev. John M'Illdowie, one of his students, writes concerning him, so shall it be—

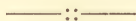
“ While stars their lifelong courses hold,
While piety's more prized than gold,
While virtue fills her ancient place,
While worth hath power to charm the face,
Will Guthrie's loved and honoured name
Stand high upon the page of fame.”

WILLIAM ADAMSON, D.D.



REV^d WILLIAM BATHGATE D.D.

REV. WILLIAM BATHGATE, D.D.



INTRODUCTION.

THE Evangelical Union as a religious denomination has not been quite forty years in existence and operation. During that time, nevertheless, a considerable number of its preachers and pastors have gone to their rest and their reward. Some of these had not well put their hand to the plough till they were under the necessity of letting go; others were spared till they could affirm of themselves that they had grown grey in the service of their Divine Master, and of humanity, in its saved and unsaved sections. To the latter class belonged the beloved and honoured brother whose life-story we have undertaken in these pages briefly to tell. If we cannot assign him a place among the fathers and founders of the Evangelical Union, his was a prominent figure for the third part of a century in the next rank. No list of E. U. "worthies" would, therefore, be complete without the name of William Bathgate; and the names are few indeed which deserve to stand higher. If any refuse to assent to this estimate of him, it will not be those who were brought into intimate relations with him, and who were really capable of appreciating his eminent abilities, his varied acquirements, and the beauty, symmetry, and robustness of his character. The exigencies of space make it necessary that, in dealing with the materials available for our purpose, we should proceed on the two principles of condensation and selection. This is the less to be regretted, perhaps, that many of the readers of this volume will be able from the store of their own interesting and vivid recollections of the man and his work to enlarge the miniature photograph which we aim at presenting into a full-size portrait.

EARLY YEARS.

The subject of this sketch was born in 1820, at Buckholmside, Galashiels. The old house, in which, to use his own expression, "the light first kissed his cheek," still stands, but the garden, which yielded him so much boyish delight, has vanished. The Gala continues to flow past it, as of yore, and to suggest to the meditative spirit—

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever";

but it is no longer the clear trouting stream which it was sixty years ago. When in the neighbourhood he always went to see what was once home, and to renew acquaintance with the scenes of his boyhood. From this circumstance it may be inferred that his was a comparatively happy childhood; and yet life for him in this world was soon greatly darkened. In 1828 both parents died. What grief and pain this double loss caused him is known only to himself and God; but after a while it must have been some consolation to him that there were two brothers and one sister to share it with him. His father carried on the business of a millwright, and, priding himself as he did—a sort of inherited and family pride—on doing "good, honest work," it is not surprising that he was enabled to provide honourably and well for himself and for the upbringing of the family. Intent as he and his wife, Margaret Richardson, were on supplying the appointed conditions, they enjoyed a goodly measure of secular prosperity, and also of neighbourly confidence and respect. And just because they were persons of intelligence and worth, their death in the same year must have been all the heavier a trial to their little domestic circle; and especially to the younger member to whom had been given the father's name. But what the great Disposer of events permitted to be taken away was partially restored in another form.

After the break-up of the first, they found a second home among kind and sympathising relatives; nestling close under the wing of an aunt on the father's side, who seems to have so discharged the duties of the position as to earn the gratitude, and win the esteem and affection of the orphan group. We

can speak for at least one of them—William. His standing, homely testimony in regard to her was that she had been “a mother to the motherless.” From his lips this meant a great deal, as did another statement to the effect that, “while he had himself needed to be careful, he had never known hardship.” In his case we have an illustration of God “tempering the wind to the shorn lamb.”

EDUCATION AND APPRENTICESHIP.

Properly and kindly cared for, so far as things material were concerned, there was no neglect in the matter of his education, the rudiments of which he received at the Parish School, Galashiels. This was his only school, and for nine successive years he was subject to its tuition and discipline. What progress he made in the different branches of a sound English education, which was all that was contemplated at the time, we do not know; but, if we are to believe himself, his advantages in this respect were “lamentably misimproved.” Youth is confessedly the season for improvement, but they are the exceptions among the young who view it in this light, and act accordingly. His regret that he had not made more of the educational opportunities afforded him in early life would, no doubt, be the keener after the resolution was formed to dedicate himself to the sacred work of the ministry. It may be assumed that in diligence, and quickness to learn and obey, he was not behind his classmates; and if there be any truth in it, that “the child is father of the man,” it is impossible not to think favourably of him as child and boy. It pleases us to picture him to ourselves as observant, old-fashioned, thoughtful, avoiding close companionship with boys who were rude, cruel, and false, but willing to associate with those who, like himself, were modest, prudent, truthful, and full of the spirit of honour. Small of stature, but rosy and stout, it finds ready credence with us that “diversion was dear to the heart of the boy,” and that rural ramblings and musings were to him a source of mingled pleasure and instruction. The scenery of the locality that gave him birth, consisting of green, lofty hills, peaceful uplands, winding valleys, and noble rivers, among which may be named the Tweed, the Yarrow, and he

Ettrick, must often have arrested his attention, and fired his youthful imagination and heart; and probably it was in his school-days that he acquired a relish for what was to the last his favourite form of recreation, and the occasion of not a little pleasantries—Angling. There is no reason to suppose that when the strictly juvenile period was past, he manifested any disinclination to leave school. School life, like other life, has two sides. It has its attractions, excitements, and joys; it has likewise its tasks, restraints, and annoyances. Feel how he might, when the time arrived to choose and learn a trade, he had no alternative. That choice was made by him and for him of engineering, is to be accounted for mainly by the fact that engineering had run for generations in the blood of the Bathgates. A master was found for him in the neighbouring town of Hawick, and thither, in due course, he repaired to gain, as a bound apprentice, the required knowledge, skill, and experience. What financial success he would have achieved if he had prosecuted engineering, is, and must remain, matter of conjecture; but the probabilities are that he would have done it credit, and realised a competency. His interest in all that pertained to mechanical contrivances was so great that he would have had difficulty stopping short of a high degree of excellence. As his travelling companion, when in 1878 he paid a visit to the United States, I distinctly remember how intently and lingeringly he studied, as if desirous of mastering the principles of its construction, the magnificent bridge which spans the Ohio at Cincinnati, and similar structures wherever we encountered them.

HIS CONVERSION.

If the Revival Services conducted in 1839 by the Revs. Henry Wight and Robert Wilson, and others, in the Relief Chapel, Hawick, had been attended with no other result than the turning round and starting of William Bathgate on his heavenward journey, they would not have been held in vain. For this decisive event preparation had apparently been going on in secret. There were aspirations, experiences, and pursuits leading up to it. By way of explanation, we must here avail ourselves of extracts from letters. Writing to

his cousin, in 1838, he says, in reference to the search for contentment, and the employment of his leisure hours:—"I have laid down many a definite plan, but have found them all deficient. I have sought contentment in storing my head with knowledge about my business, but it was not there. Conscience whispered, 'You mind earthly things, and forget the things of eternity.' I have sought it in reading;—was it there? Ah! no. And then comes a beautiful evening. Reason says you should be careful of your health, for you know without it all other blessings are vanity. So I go out and take a walk, but have gone but a very short distance till something within me says, 'You get sufficient exercise in your daily occupation for the preservation of your health; you should mind something more needful.' So I just turn to the book, or to ruminate on useful things. So I pass my time, not far from being content; but I think I might adopt a better course of spending time—a sort of rotation of certain branches of useful study. I will be most thankful to you for advice in the matter." Writing in February, 1839, he says: "When we cast our eyes around us, we see the great mass of society busying themselves about (they tell you) some great political revolution. On one hand, we see the more thinking part of the population crying for the abolition of the Corn Laws. . . . The great want of political economy lies in society itself. It is my opinion, that if we would petition our reasoning faculties more than the Legislature, on many points, we would come sooner to our purpose. Above all, there is a want of morality; it is that, and that alone, that will tend to exalt us as a nation. Till once a moral principle reigns in society, we will be the longer the more discontented." Writing in June, 1839, he says: "There are at present interesting meetings taking place at Hawick; properly they may be termed Revival Meetings. The intention of them is to seek, through prayer, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. We have had Mr. Douglas, of Cavers, addressing us several times, and oh! for a rich and fertile mind he is hardly to be surpassed." Writing in July, 1839, he says: "Oh! James, I am only beginning to see that it is a fact that I have a soul to be saved. and that salvation must be through Jesus Christ. I now feel

hungry for the bread of life ; pray for me that I may be filled to overflowing." We have his own word for it that the doctrine of the soul's immortality had from a very early period secured a lodgment in his mind, and exercised a restraining and beneficial influence. A searching discourse by Mr. Wight, from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" appears to have been brought home to him by the Spirit of God with special power ; and once set a-thinking about the soul, sin, death, judgment, eternity, and God, he got more and more involved with these awful subjects till a terrible crisis supervened. His mental anguish, which lasted a whole week, was so overpowering as to unfit him for work. If his fear and anxiety had not exceeded ordinary bounds, he would not, when referring some five years after to his spiritual awakening, have applied to himself Pollok's lines—

" Oh ! who can tell what days, what nights, he spent
Of tideless, waveless, sail-less, shoreless woe."

In his bewilderment and agony he sought conversation with the Revivalist whose pointed, earnest preaching had aroused him, and well nigh driven him to despair. The interview was, however, of no immediate service to him, but meeting him in the street a day or two after, Mr. Wight, on being informed that his disquietude still continued, merely observed, "So I see ; you are not going to be satisfied with what Christ did on the tree." This remark was of some use, but darkness and terror held sway till, catching sight of the love of God to him personally, and Jesus as the propitiation for his sins, peace and joy came flooding into his sorely exercised spirit. The passage that was most blessed to him, when under conviction of sin, was John iii. 16 : "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The thought darted into his mind, as he ruminated upon it one afternoon, "If simple believing of the truth has done so much good to others, it ought to suit me too." The more he mused on "the riches of consolation" contained in it, the more his happiness increased ; so that his may be termed a *normal* case of conversion, so much so that it is not to be wondered at

that he developed into a notable specimen of a persevering saint. The genuineness and scripturalness of his conversion may be said to have secured his continuance in the faith, and put him permanently in possession of faith's precious fruits. The blessedness with which the discovery of the salvation-bringing grace of God inspired him was never lost, but we have it under his own hand that for a short time it was interrupted by the thrusting upon his attention of the question—May not the Bible, after all, be only a bundle of cunningly devised fables? What doubts arose on this point were resolutely faced, fought, and conquered, and seemingly once for all. That his spirit, aims, and habits as a young convert sweetly corresponded with the change "from above" which he professed to have undergone, and that at this period he made a most favourable impression on those who were brought into personal contact with him, the following extract from a letter, written in 1878 by Mr. William Ballantyne, of Brooklyn, Iowa, United States, to Dr. Taylor, of New York, warrants us in asserting—"Nearly forty years ago, when on a visit to my brother, James Ballantyne, then residing in the town of Hawick, I first met Mr. Bathgate. He was then a young man, probably under twenty years of age, and serving an apprenticeship to the trade of millwright. I shall never forget the impression I received from coming in contact with that young man. Having been lately converted, he was then in the bright morning of his first love, and manifested an ardent devotion in the service of the Master, and a spirituality of mind rarely attained. It was my privilege to accompany him to a prayer meeting, held in the house of the Rev. Mr. Ramsay, of the Relief Church, on the Saturday evening previous to a communion Sabbath; the meeting was composed of young men, and the tone of that meeting seems to thrill my mind to this day. I was just about to leave my native land for America, and the prayer of Mr. Bathgate in my behalf can never be forgotten." That he burned with a desire to do good, and went unromantically, and not unsuccessfully, about the matter, these few sentences from a letter bearing the signature "James Ballantyne" (brother of William, and the worthy man in whose house he lodged when serving his

apprenticeship) may be taken in proof—"At the time Mr. Bathgate lived with us, he was so kind and interested in the spiritual welfare of my family—often he read and prayed with them. My son is a Christian minister; one of my daughters died a calm and peaceful death; the other is living a consistent Christian life, and I have no doubt Mr. Bathgate helped very much to mould their characters, and made a lasting impression on their minds." His correspondence with friends, subsequent to conversion, indicates how thorough it was, and how solicitous he was that they should participate in his new-found freedom and joy. We find him thus writing in October, 1839—"I have no doubt you will rejoice with me when I tell you that a great change has been effected upon me by the Spirit of God, and that I can say that I have every encouragement to think that I am born again. Oh! Robert, what conflicts I have had with Satan, and my own wicked heart (for 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked'). Oh! the long-suffering of God. His 'long-suffering is salvation.' My heart could speak volumes if I saw you."

Again (same year):—"Though I cannot, from sufficient reasons, have the privilege of seeing you, and even if I could, a sight of me and a hearing of my words would do you no lasting good, except you see Jesus, and hear his words. I rejoice to think that you might have that sight, and hear the soul-saving sound of the voice of Jesus even now." Although brought up in the Established Church—the church to which his relatives and friends mostly belonged—his name was never inscribed on any of the communion-rolls within its borders. It was the Congregational Church in Denholm, a village four miles from Hawick, which had the pleasure of receiving him into its fellowship. The preference was most likely given to it because it happened to be then under the pastoral care of the Rev. R. Wilson—a minister for whom he had a sincere respect, and the mention of whose name never failed to call forth pleasing reminiscences and grateful emotions. Some converts only walk in "paths of righteousness," but William Bathgate ran, and ran well, and he never required to have put to him Paul's question to the Galatians—"Who did hinder you that you should not obey the truth?"

The truth as embodied in the Lord Jesus Christ queened it o'er him from the hour when, as one of his cousins remarks, "his real life began," till he ascended

" ——— to walk with God,
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
From death exempt."

HIS DECISION TO STUDY FOR THE MINISTRY.

The desire to win souls, and give Christ, as far as in him lay, to see of "the travail of his soul," was of so absorbing a nature that nothing short of the unreserved consecration of his time and energies to the proclamation of the gospel would have satisfied him. He was in no haste, however, to commit himself to a formal course of preparation for the Christian ministry. Sundry difficulties stood in the way, and until they were removed, his native prudence would not let him go forward. The difficulty, arising from the obligations resting on him as an apprentice, was got over by the payment of a premium to his master; and as for other difficulties they melted away at the touch of the finger of Providence, one after another, till it became delightfully clear to his own mind that it was agreeable to the Divine will that he should devote himself to the preaching of "Christ and Him crucified." A year had elapsed from the date of his conversion, before matters were so arranged that he could quit the place of his *second* birth, and enter upon a student's life at the Theological Academy of the Scottish Congregationalists in Glasgow. When on the eve of departure from Hawick, he called on his pastor, Mr. Wilson, to bid him good-bye, and on that gentleman good-humouredly observing that the cut of his coat was not in the fashion, he promptly replied—"The coat! never mind the coat, if the heart's all right; the coat will do well enough." This characteristic reply argued well for his future. His studies at the above-named "Invaluable Institution," as on one occasion he described it, extended over four sessions; and if his progress was proportional to his application, it must have been gratifying, for his note-books bear witness to unwearied diligence. In after life he frequently spoke of "the strain of

those years ;” and it must have been all the severer that he had to form habits of study, and contend with manifold disadvantages. But he held bravely on his course, braced to do his best to become a workman who would not need to be ashamed. Aspiring to more than a theological training, he strove, while the four years of preparation for the ministry were running, to make up for lost time by attending private classes, and by taking the Arts’ curriculum at the University. It was impossible, with his hands so full, that he could distinguish himself as a student ; but when we consider what were his aims and principles, we may be sure that his intellectual advancement was most marked. “Unexceptionable” as to character, his conscience would have checked him, if he had not made the most of his opportunities. In one of his letters he represents himself as “working away among dry roots,” and as “beginning to know how little I do know”—a condition of mind that was favourable to the acquisition of the learning of which he was eagerly in quest.

Study is understood to have a chilling effect on the life of God in the soul, but William Bathgate did not suffer it to bring a blight on his piety, or cool his evangelistic zeal. The preaching appointments which he accepted, and was but too glad to accept, must have been spiritually helpful to him. No one can read such of the letters which he wrote in his student days as have been preserved, without being struck with the deep religious spirit which they breathe, and the glow of evangelistic fervour which pervades them. We give one or two extracts.—In 1843 he writes:—“I entreat an interest in your prayers ; carry my necessitous case frequently within the holy of holies. How pre-eminently necessitous the case appears in viewing the awfully important work to which I desire to dedicate my existence, and contrasting with that work my meagre intellectual, educational, and spiritual qualifications. From the very bottom of my soul do I say, that the more I survey the work of the ministry, and measure my qualifications for it, the more do I long for some obscure corner to spend my energies in, so as to do as much good and as little harm as possible. Oh do pray for students that they may be emptied of self, and filled with Christ.”

Farther on, in the same year, he writes—"For the last two days I have been living upon the love of Jesus, pourtrayed in these blessed words, 'I am the good Shepherd.' Did you ever study Christ in these words, brother? I have been trying to write a sermon on them, and often, often have I thrown down my pen, not because the words were meaningless, but because they were far too big for my straitened soul to take in, and inspired me with such amazement at the *goodness* of the Good Shepherd, that I could do nothing but give vent to a burning 'O thou blessed Lamb of God!'"

HIS EXPULSION FROM THE ACADEMY.

It had come to be suspected that several of the young men in attendance at the Congregational Theological Academy in the Session of 1844 were exhibiting heretical tendencies, if they had not actually embraced heretical opinions, on certain points of theology; and those responsible for its management deemed it their duty to discover, if possible, who they were, and to what extent they had deflected from the straight line of Congregational orthodoxy—that is, moderate Calvinism. For the accomplishment of this twofold purpose, two methods were adopted—one was, the gentler and more cautious, to give out, in conformity with custom, such passages for texts, that each student in handling his particular text would be constrained to indicate whether or not he had substantially ceased to hold, that the work of the Holy Spirit was limited in its extent; that *special* grace was bestowed on some sinners prior to conversion; and that election to salvation was unconditional. When the hour arrived for William Bathgate to stand up and read before his fellow-students and the professors the discourse which he had prepared on the assigned text, an unexpected scene ensued, which is thus referred to by an eye-witness, the author of the able, interesting, and exhaustive book, entitled "The Origin and Formation of the Evangelical Union":—"While one of the students was reading his sermon, he broke down and wept. He was honestly bringing out all his views. He was describing the difficulty he would have in pressing the sinner to immediate decision, if at the same time he believed that God might be keeping back essential grace from a non-

elect soul; and, knowing that the very utterance of these sentiments might have a serious effect upon his future prospects in life, yet feeling that he could not say other than he said, the young man was overcome, and for a time could not proceed. The whole class was much moved, and so was the renowned doctor of divinity in the chair, who was a kind-hearted man, and must have felt himself to be placed in a very painful position." William Bathgate, realising the gravity of the situation, could weep, but conscious that he was no longer in doctrinal agreement with the Professor (Dr. Wardlaw) as the representative of Scottish Congregationalism, he could not dissemble or allow it to be thought that he had not changed his views when he knew that he had. The other, and more direct, stringent method was—requiring from the students individually brief, plain, and straightforward answers to a list of three questions, which had been drawn up expressly to test them, and determine their theological position. When the papers containing their respective answers were examined, it was found that ten (afterwards reduced to nine) were unsatisfactory, and among the nine was the paper signed William Bathgate. This might have been expected, for we now know that there was in him a large slice of the stuff of which martyrs and heroes are made. That the papers of nineteen students out of twenty-nine were considered satisfactory is no reflection on them, for they no doubt wrote them with as good a conscience as the ten against whom an adverse judgment had to be recorded. Affording, as Mr. Bathgate's paper does, a loophole through which we can see and mark the order of mind which he possessed, and the quality of character which he was assiduously building up, we make no apology for giving it unabridged, together with the appended notes.

"GLASGOW, 29 PATERSON STREET,
"12th April, 1844.

"My esteemed Tutor,—In compliance with your reasonable request, I transmit to you brief and conscientious answers to the following queries:—

"1. Are your sentiments now, on the subject of divine influence, the same as they were when you were examined by

the Committee, and admitted into this institution ?"—Since I was admitted into the Glasgow Theological Academy my sentiments on the subject of divine influence, or the work of the Holy Spirit, have undergone such a change as to induce me to believe that my present views of the Divine Spirit's work and collateral topics seriously affect some of the vital parts of current systematic theology.

“‘2. Do you hold, or do you not, the necessity of a special influence of the Holy Spirit, in order to the regeneration of the sinner, or his conversion to God, distinct from the influence of the Word or of providential circumstances, but accompanying these means, and rendering them efficacious ?’—I do most unwaveringly believe in the necessity and reality of the Holy Spirit's agency, in order to the regeneration or conversion of a sinner. In so far as I have been able to understand the subject, I look upon that gracious agent as the Omnipresent Superintendent of the economy of redemption. He is presiding over the events and circumstances of Providence. He by means of numberless agencies, is dispensing his own word to perishing and depraved men ; and though his desires and *efforts* be thwarted and frustrated by sinful free agents, still he continues plying the rebellious with motives which, without any direct special emanation from the Divine Spirit himself, are sufficient to convert those before whose minds the motives are exhibited. My esteemed Tutor, when I take into account what *you* mean by special influences ; when I remember that, in your estimation, unconditional election, special love *prior* to conversion, and special influence as the exponent of the previous love, are three doctrines which stand or fall together—then I feel impelled to venture an honest, and, I hope intelligent, denial of the doctrine of special influence. The three doctrines are linked together by consistency, but I do not believe in any of them.

“‘3. Are your sentiments settled on the subject of the preceding query, or are you in a state of indecision, and desirous of time for further consideration and inquiry ?’—While a sense of my responsibilities to God has constrained me to give as definite an answer to the preceding query as the present convictions of my mind authorise, nevertheless, I do wish time

and opportunity for the further consideration and investigation of all the important branches of the subject. The controversy is compassed with difficulties—some of these are found in the Bible, others (the mass, I think) in systematic divinity. I have refrained from stating either the grounds or defence of my views. I apprehend that you wish nothing more than a bare statement of these views. My beloved Tutor,—In transmitting this document to you, I will not conceal how much my mind is affected when I survey the circumstances under which I write. Be the issue what it may, it gladdens me to be able to say, that during my entire academical course, I have experienced no difficulty in esteeming highly, and loving warmly, him to whom I now write. I will ever remember, with gratitude to that Holy Spirit, whose testimony I expect to publish till my tongue is silent in death, my connection with that institution in which you hold such a prominent place. My earnest and daily prayer is, that the erring party (whoever may compose that party) may return to truth—to walk in her footsteps.—I remain yours, in much affection,

“WILLIAM BATHGATE.

“RALPH WARDLAW, D.D.”

The following remarks were read to the Committee of the Academy as an additional explanation of the statements in the above letter which bear on the subject of Divine influence:—

“If the doctrine of special Divine influence, relative to the conversion of sinners, be expressed by the following proposition: When any individual sinner is converted, a certain Divine influence is exerted upon that person, which influence is not exerted upon a sinner who remains unconverted, and amid those identical saving means which, by a special influence, were rendered efficacious to the regeneration of the former sinner, then I do not believe that that doctrine gives a correct exposition of the work of the Holy Spirit when he regenerates a soul. In such a representation of the Spirit’s work, Divine influence, whatever be its nature, is special or limited in its extent: that influence is exerted upon the few who believe, and withheld from the many who remain in unbelief; it is esteemed indispensable towards the conversion of

the few ; consequently, the unbelief of the many cannot be removed without it.

“But if the doctrine of Divine influence be that the Holy Spirit, by means of his own inspired testimony—by means of the Book of Providence—exerts upon the mind of the sinner, at conversion, a specific Divine influence, which is put forth whenever regenerating truths and agencies are in operation, which is not exerted upon the mind of one gospel hearer and withheld from another—then do I believe in the doctrine of Divine influence. If any one should ask, ‘Is this Divine influence something distinct from, and in addition to, the mere influence of sacred testimony and providential circumstances?’ I would answer, that owing to the personality and omnipresence of the Holy Spirit, there is a Divine though not irresistible influence—a Divine though not irresistible power—accompanying the curses, warnings, expostulations, invitations, and promises of the Scriptures. This influence may not be capable of definition ; but were it possible for the Divine Spirit to forsake the work of Christ, when the great propitiation is being expounded to a perishing sinner, then a distinct personal converting influence would be suspended. I cannot tell what the work of Jesus could effect without the work of the Spirit ; but in so far as I understand the Scriptures, I look upon both as harmoniously co-extensive.”

There is one sentence in the notes on which a moment’s attention may be bestowed. It is this—“I cannot tell what the work of Jesus could effect without the work of the Spirit : but in so far as I understand the Scriptures, I look upon both as harmoniously co-extensive.” We value it as showing the operation within him, even as a student, of the elements of intellectual subtlety, independence, and caution. Before proceeding to give effect to their finding, the Academy Committee endeavoured by means of conversation with and oral questioning of the nine who had been weighed in the Congregational balances and found wanting, to place matters on a better footing ; but none of the nine felt that they could modify in any important respect the answers which they had seen fit to return to the questions submitted to them. A majority of the Committee, therefore, concluded that the expulsion of the “noble

nine" was the only safe and dignified course left to them, and I can well believe that the dread and solemn act of expulsion was attended with much pain and tear-shedding, and that there was a general sense of relief when it was over. Whether they had truth on their side or not, the expelled students made a heroic stand, and their firm refusal to go against the dictates of conscience must have done them an immensity of spiritual good, and shot through and into the depths of their hearts beam after beam of Heaven's own bliss. That they were "ill-used" was a cry with which William Bathgate had no sympathy, and the letter to Mr. James Bathgate, written immediately after the expulsion, is worth inserting as shedding light on the thoughts and feelings to which the expulsion gave rise:—

" May 3rd, 1844.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—The examination is now over. The memorial affair is wound up to the honour of the students, though the public will not be put in possession of the facts of the case; but nine of us have been expelled for opinions supposed to be heretical. We are not all alike guilty; in fact, some of those brethren have no settled opinions on the subject in dispute. The three points denied are—special irresistible influence, special love to believers prior to conversion, and unconditional election. In my estimation the three points stand or fall together, and I feel responsible to my God when I say that I find none of them in the Bible. You will easily perceive that I can neither explain nor enlarge at present. O that I had a crack with you. The great charge against us is, that we deny the work of the Spirit. Now, we not only do not deny or forget the work of the Holy Ghost, but we make that glorious work far more comprehensive than brethren who differ from us do. We look upon the work of Jesus and the work of the Spirit as harmoniously co-extensive: but sinners are free agents, may resist, or fall in with the desires and efforts of the Spirit; hence the reason why one is saved and another unsaved. I do pray for *cautious*, thinking exposition of God's holy word, but I am persuaded that systematic theology must be reformed. Pray for these young men, James. However feeble the instruments, I am persuaded

that the movement is of immense importance to poor Scotland. We pant for the glory of our Jesus and the salvation of perishing men. And, O glorious thought! we can stand up in presence of unsaved men, and tell them that not only is the blood of Jesus shed for all, but that the Divine Spirit is exerting his influence upon all who hear the gospel; that the Spirit's work is not *patent* to a chosen few only, but a work exerted on behalf of all who have the great propitiation expounded to them. If I know my own soul, I wish to hold nothing but God's views of his own character. My Father, what a divine loveliness is thrown around thee by these godlike vindications embosomed in thine own Word! As to whether the Committee have done a duty in expelling us, that's another matter. I give them full credit for good intentions, and I can pray for them. Our parting scene was most affecting. They see we are not mere reckless youths; they believe that we are concerned for souls, and they do not want proof that we can weep over the mangled character of *our* God; in truth, both parties were bathed in tears at the moment of expulsion. They have left the door quite open for our return to the Academy; the condition of our return is that we change our views. Our God presides over the movement; what is to come out of it who can tell? My own soul has been crushed all over by the catastrophe. I go to Shotts Iron Works for a few weeks, and I do hope that my labours will be unspeakably fruitful. One thing I am sure of now, God is not withholding from any sinner a certain influence indispensable to that sinner's salvation. With a confiding, unfluttering heart, I can publish a full, full salvation; with the other views I could not. . . .

"You know as well as I do, that there are certain dogmas held which do good to souls by being concealed from these souls! Is this like God? My heart is ready to break because some beloved brethren hold these dogmas. O! that our hearts beat in unison with the heart of God. Our blessed Jesus, our blessed Spirit, our blessed Father, may our prayer be heard!"

PROVIDENTIAL OPENINGS.

It was with the expelled students very much as it was with

our first parents when a decree of expulsion from Paradise went forth against them—

“Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon :
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.”

With the apostles they could say, “We are cast down, but not destroyed.” Happily, though stigmatised as heretics, they were not alone in thinking that the work of the Spirit was as wide as the love of the Father, and the sin-bearing of the Lamb of God’s providing; that often as much grace, and sometimes more, was given to those who retained “an evil heart of unbelief” as to those who parted with it; and that election, like pardon, adoption, and sanctification, was conditional on the exercise of faith in the gospel. There were many individuals who shared these peculiarities of theological belief, and there were churches here and there which sympathised with them, and were prepared to co-operate with them in their contention for what they believed to be essential truth. Further, there were indications that the views for which they had suffered much, and risked more, would spread—how fast or how far was one of the secret things which did not belong to them. If some doors of usefulness were closed, other doors, for which they were thankful, and of which they were ready to take advantage, opened to them. They were by no means without encouragement, and honest, brave William Bathgate had his own share of it. There was no lack of invitations to supply preaching stations and churches, and he girded up the loins of his mind to “do the work of an evangelist,” untrammelled with limitations and reservations, and “make full proof of the ministry” for which he had been diligently preparing himself from the day that he left Hawick. Nor had he to complain on the score of what is so welcome to young ministers—calls. In 1843 he had the honour of being called to Kelso and Selkirk, but he did not see his way to accept either call. In 1844 he was called to his native town—Galashiels. Those from whom it emanated paid him a high compliment, but he declined it also. In 1844 another call still—to Shotts Iron Works—was received, which, after due and prayerful consideration, he accepted. The ordination service took place on

the 6th December, 1844; and here, apostle-like, he gave himself to "prayer and the ministry of the Word" for the space of two years. If he had not intended to be "instant in season, out of season," as far as health and strength would permit, he would not, in entering on his maiden pastorate, publicly have said—"I wish to labour among this people so as never to have a single leisure hour during the months or years we may spend together." He preached regularly in the surrounding villages. A school house or a barn was equally welcome to him as a meeting place. Rarely was a church open to him in those days, though his first sermon was preached in the Relief Church, Galashiels. Many speak to this day of his work in Shotts and the neighbourhood, and he had great joy in seeing men and women turning to the Saviour.

During his residence there the present E. U. church was built, and he often said how much he was encouraged, as a young man, by the liberality of his people when they resolved to erect it.

Among the most zealous workers in the church, and its most generous supporters, were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nisbet. To their eldest daughter, Margaret, he was married in 1846. In the partner of his choice he had one able to guide household affairs with discretion, and one who was in profoundest sympathy with his work as pastor of a Christian church. Her heart's desire was to be, not a hindrance, but a help to him, directly and indirectly, in the prosecution of it, and it found expression in many a prayer, and dominated all her arrangements. The spirit which she cultivated, and carried with her from place to place, may be judged of from extracts from her letters. "I am praying," she writes to her husband, in prospect of his settlement in Kilmarnock, "that God may guide you to right subjects." Again—"You have a faithful God; faithfully stand by Him, and He will proclaim, as with a voice of thunder—'Them that honour me I will honour.' Yet again—"Like Luther before his great trial, I suppose we will just have to say, '*We can't live* without prayer, our necessities are so great, and our strength so small,' yet we may with all confidence say, '*I will fear no evil*,' if we continue to fear departure from God, and I think *there is nothing which*

I fear so much." She can have been no ordinary woman or Christian to whom, in letters meant for no eye but her husband's, it *came natural* so to express herself. The present writer saw her only once. She was then so ill as to be confined to her bed-room. What little talk he had with her impressed him with her penetration, spirituality, and meetness for "the inheritance of the saints in light." Two remarks from her lips have had an abiding place in his memory. One was that "if she did not think that her illness was the best thing possible in the circumstances, she could not bear it." The other was, that it was "mean to give Christ the dregs of one's strength, and the last sands of one's time."

Not long after she passed away, without having enjoyed the privilege of worshipping in Winton Place chapel, and leaving behind her husband and an only child, often to sigh—

"O! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

The son alluded to was born in Ayr, and had a brilliant University career. He was the winner of several gold medals and money prizes, including an Oxford one, and he now occupies an honourable and responsible position as one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools for Scotland.

Be the reasons what they might, when a call from the Bridgeton Independent Church, Glasgow, came into his hands in 1846, he looked favourably on it. There was evidently nothing in the state of the church at Shotts Iron Works, or in his relation to the members, to cause him to think of a change; for, at his induction to Bridgeton, he spoke of having recently resigned the pastorate of a "beloved and promising country church."

We obtain a refreshing glimpse of him as a preacher at this time in the following paragraph, extracted from a discriminating and genial sketch, which appeared in the November number of *Forward*, under the heading of "Clerical Portrait Gallery":—"It was when he was in Bridgeton that we first saw and heard Mr. Bathgate, and the impression he made on our mind then has been deepened by every sermon or address we have heard him deliver, and every work he has published. He was then young and full of youthful fire and aspiration;

but his utterances had a weight and meaning which were far beyond his years. The text from which he preached was—‘The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit’ (John iii. 14). During the discourse, it was most apparent that his soul lay near the Divine realities, and that his convictions were no second-hand opinions which hung loosely about his mental being, but they were parts of his very nature. The personality of the Holy Spirit was touched on, and the mysterious nature of his operations, formed no inconsiderable portion of his discourse. What however we remember best is, the solemn impression produced when the preacher, with earnest words and still more earnest spirit, brought the living God close to the hearts of all present. Each one was ready to say, This is a dreadful place; it is the house of God and the gate of heaven.”

Mr. Bathgate’s experience of Glasgow, brief though it was, sufficed to show him that his sphere did not lie *in the city*, and, therefore he had the less hesitation in accepting a call to Ayr in 1847. He commenced his ministry there in 1847, and he threw himself into it with his accustomed ardour. One of his hearers being witness, his discourses at this time were remarkable for shutting up the sinner, and at last compelling him to seek refuge in the Saviour, and “no one would ever come back to hear him, except he had a desire to be benefited.” He did not restrict himself to preaching, but took to issuing small tracts, under the title of “The Gospel Herald.” The first of the series lies before me, and its peculiarities are the close-grips to which it comes with the persons addressed, and its burning earnestness. In the last page occurs this sentence: “The Governor of all worlds sends a gracious proclamation to our world, up in arms against his government! Mine will be the delightful task—a task which would confer honour upon Heaven’s brightest seraph—to echo, paragraph by paragraph, and line by line, the sin-condemning yet sin-pardoning and soul-renewing proclamation.”

His health giving way, he had to desist from active service; but the pause was not of long duration, and as soon as he had

recovered strength, he girded himself afresh for ministerial work. Warned, however, by occasional attacks of illness that there were elements of weakness in his constitution, instead of gathering up the threads of his work at Ayr, he was prevailed on to take duty as an Evangelist. The fruit himself of Revival, or evangelistic meetings, he was all his life partial to this species of religious effort, and he may have thought that an open-air mode of living would agree well with the state of his health. He made Stranraer his headquarters, and Wigtonshire was his parish. The object was to hold meetings wherever an opening presented itself, and test what could be done to extend the kingdom of Christ by the simple, earnest, holding forth of the word of life; and his arrangements and exertions showed how very near it lay his heart.

When visiting the United States in 1878, it was a great joy to him to meet with some who had been helped by his teaching in those early days, and who had carried to the New World a vivid recollection of his earnest proclamation of the good news. Near Dunscore, a field, in which he held open-air meetings, was long known as "Bathgate's Field." On what he called a "gospel pony," he would sometimes travel thirty miles a day, and preach in three different places. Indeed, so absorbingly, in public and in private, did he give himself to this "loved employ," that once more he was laid aside through ill-health. His bow at this period was too slender to abide in strength; but the interruptions which sickness caused were dark seed from which sprang a rich harvest of blessing to his own soul and the souls of others. Affliction is a school in which God himself is the Teacher; and docile pupils under Him make wonderful progress of the best kind.

THE EVANGELICAL UNION THE DENOMINATION OF HIS CHOICE,
AND ITS ESTIMATE OF HIM.

A strict regard for chronology should have led us to mention before, that, when resident in Ayr, Mr. Bathgate made application to be received as a minister of the Evangelical Union. Necessity alone could have reconciled a man of his social nature, whose yearning for fellowship and fraternal intercourse was so decided, to remain unattached, and stand alone.

In taking this step he displayed great nobility, courage, faith, and self-denial. He was aware that connecting himself with the Evangelical Union—a young, small, untried community—generally believed to have, in some points, departed from “the faith once delivered to the saints,” would puzzle and grieve nearly the whole circle of his relatives and friends, that he could never count on a pile of “loaves and fishes,” and that he was dooming himself to social and ecclesiastical ostracism. Nevertheless, he neither wavered nor hung back.

Sympathising, both intellectually and spiritually, with its distinctive doctrines, its evangelical aims and methods of action, and cognisant of the advantages inseparable from hearty union and co-operation amongst Christ’s people, his feeling was that he ought to identify himself with it, and he did so. Nor did he ever repent of the decision to which he came in this matter. If there was loss on the earthward side, there was gain on the heavenly side. On one occasion he made reference to himself as having spent his ministerial life in the Evangelical Union, and as having “never wished to spend it elsewhere.” As a minister of the Union, he had all the liberty which he either desired or claimed, and his anxious endeavour to advance its interests was repaid with an ample measure of respect, confidence, and love. He was looked on as an excellent representative of the Union, and as forming part of its backbone; and there never was any fear in any heart that he would bring discredit upon it by unadvised speech or unchristian behaviour. He set an example of readiness to serve on committees, to assist in the transaction of denominational business, and do deputational work—work of all kinds—and he was not one to undertake without performing to the best of his ability. What honour the Union could confer on him was cheerfully bestowed. He was twice elected its President, first in 1858, and again in 1877; and each time the duties of the office were discharged with suavity and efficiency. In 1877, when occupying the chair as President of the Evangelical Union, the first delegate ever sent by the Scottish Congregational Union was introduced to Conference, and it gave Dr Bathgate unqualified pleasure to welcome Rev. David Russell, of Glasgow, as the repre-

sentative of a sister denomination, and to exchange fraternal greetings with him. His assurance, "We, of the Evangelical Union, have always believed in the communion of saints," was sincere. His Presidential discourses were greatly admired and valued. They could bear to be read as well as heard, and there was but one opinion in regard to the eloquence, freshness, and force which characterised them. In lieu of Dr. Guthrie, he was appointed to represent, along with the Rev. G. Cron, of Belfast, the other delegate, the Evangelical Union at the General Assembly, in 1878, of the Cumberland Presbyterians, at Lebanon, Tennessee; and his address in this capacity was creditable alike to head and heart. The Assembly relaxed considerably when he said, "My brother and I, since we landed in America, have been much impressed with the magnitude of your public buildings and commercial enterprises, and with the scale of your life in general. In our corner of the world I have heard it whispered that the people of the United States indulge now and then in 'tall talk.' Should I hear anybody say that again, I shall answer, 'No wonder; it is the most natural thing imaginable that the sons of such a big country should say a big thing occasionally.'" The Evangelical Union Conference unanimously appointed him to attend as a delegate the meeting of the Congregational Union, held in Dundee in 1879; and when the occasion came round, he had a cordial reception, all the more so, doubtless, that it was not forgotten that in 1844 he had been expelled from its Theological Academy; and the address he delivered was worthy of his reputation and his power. One sentence from it—a clear case of judging others by himself—shows that there was nothing of the sectarian about him—"So far as I know, our ministers and churches—and I have known them from the beginning—are wishing to maintain a Catholic Christian attitude towards the whole household of faith, and all the servants of the Great Master." He was a frequent speaker both at the Annual Soiree and the Breakfast at Conference time; and it was invariably felt that no meeting could be an utter failure at which his voice was to be lifted up. Wholesome and weighty truths, expressed in choice memory-haunting language, and delivered, if not with graceful gesture,

with animation, were confidently calculated on, and there never was disappointment. The topics of his addresses were always seasonable, and impressively handled. There was never any clap-trap or the introduction of irrelevant matter, witticisms, or questionable anecdotes to elicit laughter and applause, but there was always something to stimulate and inform the mind, and elevate the character.

What follows is a quotation from one of his Breakfast speeches, which was admirable throughout, on "Leading an Evangelical life":—"Form the determination that you will, God's Spirit helping you, get your children to understand the heart and character of Jesus Christ, the hearts and characters of the fishermen of Galilee, and the tent-maker of Tarsus. That, I think, is a spiritual education, genuine spiritual culture. Qualify yourself for this task. Read and meditate on, verse by verse, the *Gospels* and the *Acts* for this purpose. Gather your children around you on a Sabbath evening, and open up to them the wealth of your Saviour's spirit, and even the wealth of the spirit of these poor apostles. In an age when we are all in danger of deifying the material and worshipping the golden calf, get your sons and your daughters really to see that, however desirable money be, wealth of thought, wealth of soul, wealth of character, is the true riches. And as you value their present and future weal, teach them that 'good society' is the society of the good. Nourish in their young souls a fierce aversion against all shams and falsehoods. Spare no pains, spare no money to gain these ends. A wise man says, 'Money should never be weighed against the soul of a child; it should be poured like water for the child's intellectual and moral life.' That is one aspect of an evangelical house life. I have just another thought to express. The evangelical spirit of good-will to neighbours, good-will toward men, should be fostered in the home circle. It may be very necessary to live in 'self-contained' houses, but not self-contained hearts. There is a vast amount of selfishness in many families otherwise very exemplary. I don't believe in people looking after their neighbours, looking after the distant heathen, and yet neglecting their own homes. That sort of religion is not self-denying. It is very cheap, and of very

little value, either to God or man. But God's own spirit, the spirit that brought our dear Saviour from heaven, the spirit that makes the Holy Spirit endure all his provocations, the spirit of 'good-will toward men,' must be regnant in the family where an evangelical life is lived. And remember this family good-will toward other families, toward the vast family of mankind, means good-will toward men in all their interests, temporal and material, as well as spiritual and eternal. When the youth of our Evangelical Union churches and congregations go forth from their homes, in many cases with little world's gear, but enriched with this manly, godlike spirit of good-will to human kind, they will instinctively take up the right attitude, not only in the theological controversies of the day, but in the battle against the social iniquities that are wasting the strength of the nation. May the one Father give us unswerving loyalty to evangelical doctrines in our churches, and a wider, deeper, brighter, evangelical life in our homes!"

Denominational self-glorification was very distasteful to him; but he rejoiced in the belief, and on suitable occasions gave expression to it, that the E.U. had done not a little to liberalise Scottish theology, and spread vital godliness. The *future* of the Union was latterly much in his thoughts. He could not hide from himself that, owing to a rise in the tide of materialism, and the indulgence of a daringly speculative spirit, testing times of more than ordinary severity were approaching; but he hoped that the students and ministers of the Evangelical Union would not allow themselves to be "moved away from the hope of the Gospel," as defined by Paul in 1 Cor. xv., or lose hold of the blessed universalities in which its originators had gloried, and which they had preached with such manifestations of Divine approval, or lose sight of the close relation subsisting between doctrine and religious life.

THE FORRES PASTORATE AND INTEREST IN THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

After the breaking of the cloud of personal affliction which had gathered over him in Stranraer, Mr. Bathgate went to Forres, in Morayshire. The intention simply was to supply the pulpit of the Independent Church there for a few Sundays; but so

acceptable were his public ministrations that, at the end of six weeks, he was pressed to make them six months. To the great joy of the people, he consented; and he was evidently pleased to gratify them to this extent. They felt that he suited them, and this was how he felt in relation to them. "I think," he writes about this time, "we should nestle down here for the winter and spring." His brother had written him, "Truly, thou art a restless mortal"; but the restlessness was no part of his nature or his life-plan, as subsequent events demonstrated. When the six months had run, he had so ingratiated himself with those to whom he broke the bread of life, that they cordially united in giving him a call to the pastorate; and his experience of them had been such that he accepted it. This is the more surprising that it was not one of the "high places of the field"; but he had much of the spirit of Him who counted it not lost time to enter into conversation with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, and hold to her sin-parched lips a cup filled to the brim with the "water of life," and who, during his ministry paid only occasional visits to Jerusalem. His acceptance of the call—the more welcome that it was the outcome of six months' supply—may have been partly owing to a felt improvement in his health, and to the conviction that in Forres he would have a good deal of leisure for study and book-making. Year followed year till, on leaving, he found that he had been seven years in Forres, and if they had not been busy years, he would not have pronounced them "seven of the happiest years of his life."

During his stay in Forres, he interested himself in whatever was for the good, temporal and spiritual, of all classes of the inhabitants, and was highly esteemed both by his own congregation and the community in general. The Temperance Society had in him a warm supporter, and so pleased were its members with a discourse which, under its auspices, he delivered, in 1851, on "The Harmony between Total Abstinence and the Principles of the Gospel," that they requested its publication. The text chosen was, "Whatsoever things are pure—think on these things," and the chief aim of the discourse was to prove that abstinence from intoxicating liquors was a

virtue, the cultivation of which was in harmony with the genius of the gospel. It is neither one-sided nor vitiated by special pleading. His statements are all as measured as his argumentation is forcible. The discourse concludes with these words, "The gospel alone prompts the human spirit to cry, 'It is enough.'" On page 5 he says, "I cannot call intemperance *the curse* of Britain, inasmuch as the sin of unbelief, or the rejection of a Saviour, is a sin with which every intemperate person is chargeable; and the curse of unbelief has but too frequently an existence where intemperance is avoided and abhorred." Sentences like the above show that he was in no danger of putting temperance out of its place—above the gospel, or on a par with it; and if the advocates of Total Abstinence had all been as cautious and fair as he was, the principle would probably everywhere have made greater progress. He held that an abstinent Christian was more consistent in one respect than the Christian who drank moderately; but beyond that he was not prepared to go. At the same time intemperance was in his eye a vice of "horrid mien." He justly remarks, "The monster vice singles out itself." Before he was a convert to Christ, he was a convert to teetotalism; and at no time did his interest in the great cause of Temperance show signs of declension. He mourned in spirit over the prevalence of intemperance, longed for its removal, and gave continuous support to every association and movement which promised to hasten the "emancipation of our land from the captivity of the entire drink system." The last address on Temperance, issued by Conference to the churches of the Union, was his composition; and how any member of those churches can read its strong yet temperate paragraphs, and continue to patronise the drinking customs and the liquor traffic, is to me a mystery.

HIS SETTLEMENT IN KILMARNOCK.

We have no hesitation in speaking of Mr. Bathgate's lengthened stay in Forres as *providentially ordered*. He derived physical benefit from it; and its effect on his mind we judge to have been equal to a second college curriculum. Unknown to himself, he was, during those seven years,

storing up intellectual and spiritual force, to be lavishly expended in the course of his longest and last pastorate. Though far from the centre of Evangelical Union activities, he was in Forres neither a buried nor a forgotten man. The persistency of Ayr in calling him three different times was not unappreciated; but he could not bring himself to go back. "Ayr would kill me," he said; and he did not believe in unnecessary martyrdom! Galston wanted him. Leith, too, wished him to come and preach, preliminary to a call, if the church's choice should fall on him; but all calls were ineffectual until he struck his tent, and became the successor of the Rev. Dr. Morison, in the pastorate of Clerk's Lane Church, Kilmarnock. The numerous signed call which was sent from Clerk's Lane in 1856 did not, however, evoke an affirmative response. If Forres had been a sphere less to his mind, he might have decided differently; but those in Clerk's Lane,—and they were the great majority—who knew his worth and rare qualifications, and were bent on securing him as their pastor, did not readily lose heart, or take their eye off him. They were resolved to try again, and leave no stone unturned, to have him among them as a worker with and for God. Contrary to his own expectation, correspondence was renewed, the issue of which was a second call, signed by 508 members and adherents, and, as he says himself, not doubting but that the hand Divine was in it, he "durst not decline it." Perhaps if he had consulted his own ease and comfort more, he would have remained uninfluenced by it. We are the more inclined to think that he would, that in the document in which he intimated his acceptance of it to his Forres flock, he confessed that severing the tie which had bound him to them was "the most trying public act of his life." In this document heart and character are clearly reflected—it is so candid, so truthful, so honest, so tender, so full of gratitude and affection, without being effusive. "I could not deny," he told them, "that had my need of money been greater than it is, the stipend would have partly influenced me;" and the closing words are truly touching—"I am deeply sensible of all your kindness, all your forbearance, and could have been happy to have lived and laboured and died amongst you."

That must have been a memorable day on which it was read, and tears must have bedewed the cheeks of many.

Mr. Bathgate was in his thirty-eighth year, and therefore in his prime, when, in August, 1857, he commenced his work as pastor of Clerk's Lane Church, Kilmarnock, uncertain as to what his and its future would be, but determined to trust in God as heretofore, and think, pray, study, preach, organise, and visit, his best. Light his heart would not be, awake as he was to the heavy burden of duty and responsibility which he had taken upon him, and well able as he was to anticipate the thousand-and-one calls which would be made at all seasons on his time and strength as bishop (overseer) elect of a church numbering nearly six hundred, and a Sabbath congregation of close upon a thousand persons. Devoutly thankful he was for, and quietly jubilant at, the widened prospect of ministerial usefulness opening before him; and hopeful and confident withal, having learnt that no harm could come to him so long as he was a follower of that which was good. Never one to say or promise much, it was his fixed purpose in this new Western sphere so to live and labour that just fault could not be found with them, and that his own conscience would not accuse him of perfunctoriness in the performance of professional duty, or any kind of imprudence; and the knowledge that some of his predecessors in the pastorate had been men of mark, and had made their mark, more particularly the Rev. Dr. Morison, he would feel it the more needful and obligatory that he should gather up all his energies. It might not be given him to cause as great a stir, or to sow as extensively as one or two of them had done, but he had no scruples about entering into their labours, and he was eager as a reaper to fill his arms with sheaves; and every one acquainted with the circumstances, and with all the facts before him, must admit that for the long period of twenty-two years he upheld with a firm hand, and a strong heart, the banner of an unfettered gospel, and that he was in Kilmarnock an active power for good. There were peculiar difficulties to contend with, some petty enough, others of a repelling and formidable description; but it never occurred to him to retreat before them, or use unlawful or unworthy means for their mitigation

and removal. Silently, sagaciously, patiently, courageously, he grappled with them, and was rewarded from year to year with a very gratifying measure of success.

It speaks eloquently for his insight, tact, self-control, firmness, consistency, and prudence, that for nearly a quarter of a century he should have met regularly with the different sets of office-bearers—elders, deacons, managers, etc., and gone out and in among the people of his charge, and that there should have been no undue friction, no disturbance of the church's peace, and no lowering of its distinctive flag, or weakening of its position. Big churches, we may be told, are more easily managed than small ones; but forethought, wisdom, and other high qualities, are unquestionably required to keep "roots of bitterness" out, or, if they should get in, to keep them from growing and spreading, when the church happens to be of unusual size. If there had been spots and flaws in his character; if he had been moody, changeful, irascible, and self-willed; if habitually, or at times, he had neglected preparation for the pulpit, or sunk the preacher in the pastor, a mild explosion, or series of mild explosions would assuredly have made themselves heard, and operated mischievously; but from such unhappy occurrences his pastorate in Kilmarnock was remarkably free. It is not requisite that we should go into the details of his work, inasmuch as the work which pastors of Christian churches have to do is familiar to all church-goers. It was one week very much what it was another; monotonous as that of any other profession or trade, and yet not devoid of the element of variety. If he had been of a robust constitution, he might have attempted and accomplished more, but he addressed himself to what he considered his proper work in its breadth, up to the limit of his strength, and frequently beyond it. His interest in it never flagged, but deepened as the years flew by; and it could not have been as efficiently carried on as it was if he had not concentrated his attention upon it and made conscience of it. Extra duty he willingly undertook whenever the way was clear. "He was a man of the world, too, as far as an interest in public and social affairs was concerned. He was ever ready to take a part, when asked, in discussing and

furthering matters that pertained either to social or political life. He took special interest in the temperance question, and never failed to urge, in the pulpit and out of it, the practice of total abstinence. And yet on this question, all his utterances were, though decided, free from intolerance. He had in this what many want—charity.” These are the words of one who had ample opportunities of forming a judgment, and they express the naked truth.

But his church and its concerns were never thrust or let slide into the background. The means on which he relied for advancing the kingdom of Christ were essentially those which its Founder and the Apostles employed, and which have in all ages and countries been found to answer the end when they have had justice done them. He was star-high above all pandering in any shape to curiosity and prejudice, abstained on principle from secularising the pulpit, was profoundly convinced that moral and spiritual ends could only be gained by means that were moral and spiritual in their nature, and was ever on his guard against sacrificing the spiritual in Christianity to the sensuous. Prayer, praise, conversation, reading, example, preaching, and teaching classes, were the means on which he depended for deepening spiritual life in Christians, and reducing the number of the spiritually dead of all ranks, ages, and conditions. What special efforts he put forth single-handed, or in union with others, were made to run in this groove, and had his confidence and approval in so far as they did. He believed in serving God and the church with his best, and had no objection to be called the church’s servant so long as it was understood that he was not its *slave*, and that his real master was the Lord Jesus. The Bible, and the Bible alone was his text-book. He confined himself to it in the choice of subjects, and prepared his sermons with the greatest care. If he did not write them fully out, he usually wrote two-thirds of them, and supplied the other third in the course of delivery. He took his manuscript with him into the pulpit, and spread it out before him without any attempt at concealment, and his manner was lively, but never brusque, or pompous, or flip-pant. For “blank solemnity” he had a genuine contempt, but he felt that seriousness became him and all men when pro-

fessedly worshipping God, and occupied with the things which belonged to their peace. He detested even the appearance of levity. "Physically considered, the Rev. W. Bathgate does not reach above the medial line, and we would be chargeable with exaggeration were we to describe him as either broad-shouldered or large-limbed. We regard him as the possessor of a fine rather than a strong body. He belongs to the wiry class, and is probably capable of enduring a greater amount of fatigue than many men of stouter build or a more robust appearance. His movements are all marked by nimbleness; and if he does not continuously enjoy a plentitude of health and vigour, we are not aware that he is often prevented from attending to pastoral engagements by bodily infirmity. But while Mr. Bathgate cannot boast of the magnitude of his physique, he has reason to be thankful for a countenance of remarkable intelligence, and a finely-developed head. As we would almost expect, the most expressive feature in his face is the eye. It is of a darker colour than his hair, which is of a light brown, and of which he has abundance. *Hazel* is the epithet which we should apply to it, and it is notable for its size and lustre. When it rests upon you, it does so quietly and searchingly. It seems to say, 'I comprehend you perfectly'; and, along with the other features, which are all more or less expository of the man, it makes a countenance which at once enlists sympathy and elicits confidence. The forehead is lacking neither in breadth nor height, and we are sure that any well-informed phrenologist would pronounce it a brow indicative of great intellectual power. You are struck particularly with its squareness and compactness; and as for the moral region of what has been termed the 'dome of thought,' the development could not well be happier. Altogether, Mr. Bathgate's appears a head of singular excellence, and it must be admitted that things generally *are* what they *seem*." To this description of his personal appearance, written by us many years ago, we have nothing to add, save that he had a very good voice. It was exceedingly clear, and pleasant to listen to. No one was ever startled by it as by thunder peals, but he never had to be asked to "speak out." In the largest halls he was distinctly heard, when he did not speak too long or

too loud for his powers of endurance, and if he was not heard it behoved succeeding speakers to put on an anxious face. His pronunciation was correct in the main, but his accent was Scotch, and he pronounced some words in a way peculiarly his own. In conducting family worship there was a tendency to read the Scriptures and pray in a low tone of voice—almost whisperingly—and he inclined to pause between the sentences. His public prayers, were simple, short, definite, sincere, spiritual, and intended to make an impression not on the hearers, but on the Divine Prayer-hearer. His gestures were not elegant or according to rule, but they were his own; his penmanship was his own—spread over the paper, and looking as if rain had fallen on it before the ink had got time to dry. With the under-quoted piece of criticism from the pen of Dr. Adamson we thoroughly agree:—"He [Mr. Bathgate] is not what we would call a textual preacher. When he takes a text he very seldom expounds it critically and grammatically, but he seizes the central thought expressed or suggested, and elaborates, illustrates, and expounds this at length. In doing so, it becomes evident that he is not a dry-as-dust theologian, but a living soul with living thoughts by which he desires to bring the living Christ and God into contact with man. His mental calibre is more than the ordinary, and his moral nature is strong and healthy. With a fair share of ability on the logical side, he has an uncommon share of the morally intuitive and the spiritual. Holding fast, as he does, the great evangelical verities and doctrines, he does so with a touch of mysticism which to some make his utterances a little obscure. We have often thought that, if he had been less intellectual and had cultivated literature more sparingly, he would have been a devoted mystic, who would have lived in the shadows of the heavenlies, and breathed, or thought he breathed, the very breath of God. As it is, he ever displays a well-balanced mind and breaks to his people the bread of life, and gives out in due proportion doctrine and precept, law and gospel, spirit and life—milk for babes in Jesus, and strong meat for strong and robust men. His sermons are full of thought and unction, studded with gems of thought and expression, and glow all over and through and through with a holy fervour

which imparts itself to those who hear." Inattention, when he was in a good preaching frame, must have been the exception amongst adults. We are prepared to believe that his words, which were never the symbols of common-place thoughts, "went home" to the hearers, and that they were made to feel time after time as if he understood all about them. His must have been a searching and uncomfortable ministry to the minders of earthly things, and to those who were viciously inclined and conscious evil doers, and it must have been most enjoyed by, and most profitable to those who were themselves intelligent, earnest, and spiritually-minded. One who ought to know certifies that he was "sensitive, but quite as sensitive for others as for himself," that his "great burning desire was to help people to be good and to do right," and that when they "failed he felt as if he had failed." A superior preacher, he excelled in the department of pastoral visitation. For this part of his work he had a natural liking, and going about it as he did, it was of great benefit to himself in a variety of ways, and to those whose affection he cultivated and whose higher interests he sought to promote. He carried with him into the houses of his people such power of sympathy and such depths of tenderness that he was ever welcome, and his every look and tone, word and act, were so becoming to him as a Christian and an ambassador of Christ, that the more they saw of him the more they esteemed, confided in, and loved him. Personal and friendly conversation with them freshened and deepened his interest in them, and enabled him to preach to them as one who knew something of their experiences, histories, surroundings, trials, temptations and sorrows. He valued visitation also as giving him a hold of his people, and as furnishing him with precious opportunities of explaining and enforcing the truths which it was his joy publicly to make known, dropping a word of advice, or kindly warning, or rebuke, and reminding the visited of their duty, and plying them with motives to the discharge of it. The poor, aged, infirm and suffering—all who were prevented from attending the public ordinances of religion—were regarded as possessing special claims on his attention, and his manner toward them was so sweet and grave, and his remarks

so soothing and seasonable that they "magnified the grace of God in him." As one expressed it—"He brings peace by his presence, and he leaves Christ's peace in the heart when he goes away"; and if this was the effect of his visits as a pastor, we may confidently conclude that there was nothing formal about them, and that the time was not spent in gossip, or in frivolous and worldly talk, but as it ought to be spent.

The exact number of members received during his pastorate in Kilmarnock was 892. This gives us an average each year of 40. The highest number (100) occurred in 1860—the year after the Revival in the North of Ireland and other places. What vacancies were annually created by death and removals—all the more frequent in the case of a provincial town like Kilmarnock, owing to its proximity to Glasgow, and other causes, taking one year with another,—were thus filled up. He was ambitious of at least sustaining the cause. We lay the more stress on these additions year by year, knowing as we do that he had a far deeper interest in seeing men and women who, in his own expressive phrase, had "lost their God," saved than in any mere lengthening of the Communion roll. Take one sentence by way of proof—"Prosperity in qualities is always more important than prosperity in quantities." There was no falling off in either church or congregation, which was the more to his credit that during his pastorate the Clerk's Lane Church really developed into three churches. In 1860, when the great bulk of the people exchanged the old edifice in Clerk's Lane for the commodious and elegant New Chapel, Winton Place, a nucleus of more than 100 members was left behind, and in 1865 some 40 members withdrew from Winton Place, and were formed in the village of Dreghorn, into a separate church, of which Rev. R. Paterson was the first pastor. Toward the pastors of these two churches he was helpful and brotherly, and not by constraint. He was present at the *Ordination Soiree* of the Rev. Robert Hislop, his successor in Clerk's Lane, and delivered a fine address on "The communion of saints," the closing sentences of which were these—"I mingle my gladness and gratitude to-night with the gladness and gratitude of the church meeting here, over the fact that my brother, Mr. Hislop, has accepted the call to fill

your pastorate. I am sure that Winton Place E.U. Church, throughout all her members present and absent, does the same. That assurance is sincere and deep. I do not think there is one heart here who gave my brother a more cordial welcome than my own. I do not know him very intimately. In so far as I do know him, I admire and like him, and I can trust him to develop himself. I am certain the stock is like the sample. It is no small matter to me to be able to say that. It will be my study to give to him whatsoever things are honourable, brotherly, encouraging, improving, Christ-like. May God bless you, my beloved brother. Be of good courage. I knew what it was to stand here between six and seven years ago with an arduous work before me. I have not done the half I wished to do. But, God helping me, I have almost done more than I hoped to do. We shall all pray for you, and rejoice in your success. Lean gently on yourself, my brother. Lean gently on me. Lean gently on an arm of flesh. Lean with all your weight on God, and the glory of this house of God shall be renewed."

The high type of manliness which he illustrated, his intellectual energy and fertility, his wide sympathies, his wise tolerance, and progressive spirit were all so many points of attraction for young men. He was quick to discern latent possibilities of good, and eager to help any one to develop "the best that was in him." Young men could not help associating reality, solidity, balance, and self-restraint with him, and in private he frequently referred with thankfulness and joy to the specially large number of this class of hearers who, under his ministry, had first given themselves to the Lord and then to learned professions. He saw conversion in the light in which it is presented in Luke xv., but if he had been asked—Which, other things being equal, is the more important—the conversion of the young or the old? he would have been at no loss for an answer. He had less reason than most ministers to shrink from appropriating these lines:—

"Hast thou a *lamb* in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?"

He was proud of the new Church, Winton Place, and not without reason, as all must allow who have had the privilege of preaching or worshipping within its walls. To praise it was to praise himself, so completely did he identify himself with it and his people. If he reaped what had been sown by others, others are to-day reaping what he sowed in more senses than one. It was tacitly understood that in Kilmarnock Mr. Bathgate was "a fixed star," and that he would give due heed to the apostolic exhortation—"Be ye steadfast, *unmoveable*, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Hence, no church of the Union actually gave him a call, with the exception of a former loved charge. Forres had grudged him to Kilmarnock in the first instance, and it could not forget with what reluctance he had bidden Forres farewell. In 1866, thinking that his arduous labours might be proving too much for his health and strength, and that for literary, and other reasons, he might be longing for a quiet resting-place like Forres, the Independent Church there cordially invited him to resume the pastorate, and he was on the eve of accepting it. Had pressure not been brought to bear from within the Kilmarnock Church, and from without, he would have gone back to Forres. After much anxious reflection, he came to the conclusion to stay in Kilmarnock. As he put it himself, he "durst not go;" and he said to his Winton Place people—"Rest assured, I do not undervalue the place you may have given me in your heart, and judgment, and conscience, and so long as I fill this pulpit, it will be my privilege to give you my affection and all my powers. God helping, I shall preach Christ's gospel with compassion, and declare Christ's laws with impartiality, and go in and out among you, knowing you all, without respect of persons, as the sheep of my flock. And let me say, with emphasis, that just as I believe the Lord might say to me, *Ill done*, were I deserting the post where he has placed me; and as I shall work for him with and among you, so you must work for Christ with me, and among your neighbours, lest he whom ye profess to serve say *Ill done* to you."

In 1875, apprehensive that if it did not lighten the burden upon him, he would break down, and that it would lose all the sooner his invaluable services, a proposal was made by the

church to afford him "partial relief." This relief was to take the form either of an assistant or a colleague, as might be most agreeable to himself. Most thankfully he fell in with the proposal, and for a short time the church had the services of an assistant.

In April, 1879, Rev. A. Denholm entered on the duties of colleague, and it was anticipated that this arrangement would give Dr. Bathgate such a measure of relief from the severe strain of work that "his days would be lengthened."

This hope, alas! was not fulfilled.

HOLIDAY SEASON, AND VISIT TO AMERICA.

Exercise is good for the brain, but work of a mental or spiritual kind is acknowledged to be more exhausting than manual labour, and he who denies himself the recreation and rest for which nature craves, is sure to reap unpleasant consequences. In these times of bustle and excitement, it requires to be insisted on that it suits no bow, however strong, to be always bent. To go on toiling as if we were machines, or were not "frail children of dust, and feeble as frail," without thought of change or rest beyond what we must take to go on at all, leads to languor, depression of spirits, disease, and premature death. To all this Mr. Bathgate was opened-eyed, and hence he was averse to dissipate his physical resources or draw too freely upon them. When he felt that he was becoming feverish and running down, and the path was clear, he did not hesitate to turn his back on his regular work, to lay aside pen, books, and the pastoral crook, and hie him away to some dear country spot, and to the hospitality of some house where he believed he would be welcome, and the object of his retirement would be likeliest to be gained. He looked on play as a duty when it was necessary to a continuance of work, or the better performance of it, and, busy man that he was generally, as they are apt to be who are impressed with the words "the time is short," he enjoyed immensely a visit to Langholm, to be under the wing of his much esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Scott—to Durrissdeer Mill, to be under the wing of her whom I am proud to call mother—or to Hamilton or Edinburgh, to be under the wing of a Christian couple by whom he was

loved and honoured, and for whom he had sincere affection and respect, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond. These seasons were to him glimpses of Paradise, and all the more appreciated and beneficial to mind and body when he could steal away, rod in hand, and spend the live-long summer day, amid the solitudes and beauties of nature, pensively musing, and at the same time employing his utmost skill to draw from some famous stream a basketful of its finny and crimson-spotted inhabitants. If he had any weakness, it was for the angler's art. Alone or with another, angling was to him a source of unmixed pleasure. After a few days or weeks spent thus, he returned home reinvigorated, and I doubt if he would have seen his sixtieth year if he had denied himself occasional relaxation. It was characteristic of him that his annual holiday of a month's duration was "observed religiously," as he used to say, that is, as a resting, holiday time—a "means to an end." The prolongation of his life and usefulness—the two in his case went together—was due to another cause—the "helpmeet" whom Providence gave him in his second wife. She was the daughter of the Rev. Alexander Reid, for fifty years the respected pastor of St. Paul's Congregational Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne. To Mary E. Reid he was married in 1862, and her profound grief over his loss lets in light upon her own heart and Christian character, and is a touching and telling testimony to his moral greatness and excellence. His home life was singularly happy. He once wrote—"I cannot exist without human affection—it is the daily bread of my heart;" and there is no doubt that his usefulness was increased, his influence extended, and his life prolonged, by the sunshine, the peace, and goodwill that reigned in his dwelling, the perfect confidence and love animating each member of his household. Suppose that he had been unfortunate in his domestic relations, would he have lived, labouring to the last, until he was sixty? I do not think so; and they do a good work who do anything, though it should not rise above giving a cup of cold water, to lengthen the days of one of God's servants in this world where there is such an urgent demand for service for God.

The longest and pleasantest of all his holidays was the trip,

along with ourselves, to America in 1878. His church had granted him leave of absence for three months, and had kindly undertaken to bear all expenses in connection with the supply of the pulpit until he should return. The voyage out was fair at the beginning and toward the end, but wintry in the middle for some two days. In one of his books Mr. Bathgate describes the sea as "the grandest of terrestrial creatures," and so it is, if one could see it properly; but when we arrived at New York, after the lapse of eleven days, we were agreed that the land was, on many accounts, preferable. Why Neptune should have a spite at us I do not know, but during our first great voyage he and we were never on good terms, although, to give him his due, he might have laid upon us a harder and heavier trident. Returning in July, he was wonderfully (for him) polite, and we were ready to laud and extol the Atlantic, even when on it, as a magnificent expanse of ocean. Our spirits were high before we started, only there was a *quiver* in the centre of our hearts, arising from not knowing what was before us, or the dear ones from whom we were to be so long separated, and they never fell. Indeed, they steadily rose, and this was so manifest that Mr. Bathgate kept remarking that "two brisker Scotchmen had never visited the United States." We were borne up as on wings by a delicious sense of freedom, and our anticipations were as high as our spirits. We had more than all the enjoyment and profit on which we counted, and we could not help congratulating ourselves, when we got back home, that we had returned, after travelling some 12,000 miles, without a scratch. We ailed nothing to speak of all the time, and this we attributed partly to our caution, our self-control, our habits of strict temperance, and our guarding against over-doing. The weather was on its good behaviour, and we improved the shining hour without feeling bound to gather honey all the day, and from every opening flower. Mr. Bathgate was constituted purse-bearer and luggage-minder, and I could afford to be all the more careless that he was so attentive—a most reliable man in things great as well as small. We saw much, read much, heard much, and to our talk there was no end—sometimes grave and sometimes gay—but never, I hope, talk of which we would have

had reason to be ashamed if it had been taken down on the spot by an invisible recorder. We found scores of things in our journeyings—and we went south as far as Nashville, west as far as St. Louis, and north-east as far as Montreal and Boston—to fill us with astonishment and admiration, *e.g.*, the number and magnitude of the cities, the splendour and costliness of the public buildings, including churches and institutions—religious and charitable,—the populousness of some of the States, the extent to which the land has already been appropriated and brought under cultivation, the bigness of hotels and stores, the multitude and variety of Yankee inventions and “notions,” indoors and outdoors, the signs of go-aheadism and material progress everywhere, the mixture of nationalities—not forgetting the negro,—the length to which advertising was carried and the faith that was reposed in it—the very rocks and palings being utilised for that purpose,—the spaciousness of some of the parks, and the exceeding beauty of some of the cemeteries—for instance, Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston,—the prevailing levelness of the American continent, the largeness of its rivers—the noblest in our opinion being the St. Lawrence, the Delaware, and the Hudson (we were disappointed with the Mississippi (father of waters),—and were glad, like Dickens, that the father of waters had “no young children”),—the stupendousness of some suspension bridges, and the palace-like appearance of some river boats, etc., etc. We were struck with many points of difference between America and the United Kingdom—with the primitiveness of what fences we did see, the absence of hedges and highways, except hoof-and-wheel made ones, the obtrusiveness and apparent waste of timber, the scarcity in some parts of brick and stone houses, the want of order, neatness, and finish, and the comparative rawness and newness. We were struck with the abundance of newspapers, their popularity, and the spirit, dignity, and energy with which a portion, but only a portion, of the public press of America was conducted.

We did not go to America to work, but we had to preach nearly every Sunday, once each, and myself often twice. We met numbers whom we had known in the old country, and our meeting was productive of mutual pleasure. Those of his and

my relatives whom the time at our disposal permitted us to visit, we were rejoiced to find satisfied with the change which they had made when they emigrated, and fairly prosperous. The Scotch rallied round us wherever we went, and were in a mood to make much of us and our visit. We were pleased to note what value was set by native Americans upon the Scotch as a Bible-reading, Sabbath-respecting, church-attending and law-abiding section of the population. One who came 500 miles to see us, and be with us for a few days, has, alas! ascended to be "forever with the Lord." I refer to John Service, of Winfield, Kansas. His death was more sudden than even Mr. Bathgate's. He was a man of thorough integrity and purity, guileless, generous, "forward unto every good work," and warmly attached to the Evangelical Union. The fourteen days which we spent in the country—in the neighbourhood of Brooklyn, State of Iowa (the Beautiful)—passed quickly and pleasantly away, and we were led to form a very favourable opinion of the settlers with whom we were brought into contact, and whose hospitality we enjoyed. If all emigrants were like them in point of intelligence and character, it might safely be predicted that there is a bright future before the American Republic. It was here that Mr. Bathgate renewed his friendship with the brothers Ballantyne, after a separation of a great many years, and made Brooklyn to them for the time being "a little heaven below." The Americans to whom we were introduced, or introduced ourselves, "showed us no little kindness," and if we were to call them a "barbarous people," we should do them gross injustice. Mention ought here to be made of the proprietor of the *New York Observer*—Rev. Dr. Prime—a travel-loving, genial, social little man, now advanced in life, and full of good sense, humour, poetry, and anecdote; Dr. Edie, of Detroit—a Congregational minister of stately presence, polite, kind-hearted, polished, eloquent, and of a logical and metaphysical turn; Mr. and Mrs. James M'Ewan of the same beautiful city, originally of Auchterarder, and zealous Christians; and Mr. and Mrs. Paton (of St. Louis), whom we met at Detroit, and who did everything in their power to entertain us. The Americans are all proud of the Republic, pique themselves on their liberty, educational sys-

tem, and the bigness of their country, and have the most implicit faith in its future. According to themselves, they are going to take the lead of the nations of the earth in everything—but, as my travelling companion again and again said, “that will depend on whether they keep the best thing uppermost.” It was one of his deepest convictions that the two hinges on which the stability and prosperity of a nation turn were morality and religion. Many of the Americans appeared to us to be tall, large, vigorous, shrewd, self-possessed, and, in town and country alike, there are indications that they are bold, resourceful, and enterprising; but we had no experience of the inquisitiveness and loquacity with which they are charged. In the Eastern States more particularly, we saw some charming specimens of womankind—intelligent, refined, beautiful, modest; but a proportion of the women of America appeared to be delicate, and to have prematurely lost spirit and energy. The better class, socially and religiously, of Americans have a real love, rooted in the consciousness of kindred, for Great Britain, and Queen Victoria is the object of universal admiration and esteem. She could not be more so if she were their own sovereign lady. During the three months we were together, I discovered that Mr. Bathgate was patriotic to the core. Any thing that reminded him of his “ain countrie,” *e.g.*, the Union Jack flying on Examination Day over Fisk University, to which we paid a hurried but enjoyable visit, when in Nashville, awoke emotions of pride and gladness.

The dearest district in Scotland to him was that which had Galashiels for its centre. In the course of the eloquent address which he delivered as chairman of the soiree held in connection with the Spring Conference, which took place in 1879 in that border town, he said, “Galashiels is my native town. I left it forty-two years ago, and have ever since been fighting the battle of life, trying to keep within sight of the Captain of our salvation. No true son of the Gala or of the bonnie peerless Tweed can ever forget these valleys. True, wherever the spirits of our forefathers linger, the ground is hallowed ground, but to me the pathos of human life in these valleys is simply unutterable.” Mr. Bathgate was such a

genial bit of manhood and Christian principle, that he stood the test of the closest observation and the most intimate acquaintanceship. For three months we were constantly in each other's society, and yet on our return there was not the appearance of a "little rift in the lute" of our friendship, and I parted from him at Liverpool with a higher opinion of him than I had before we started on our never-to-be-forgotten trip. Conscience was his ever present guide. If he had to write a letter to friend, or office-bearer, or stranger, he wrote it at the time it should have been written; and I noticed that he could not rest till he had accomplished all that he had undertaken to do when in America. Would that there were more like him. On his return he found that notice had got into the Scotch newspapers that the degree of D.D. had been conferred upon him by the "joint action of the Trustees and a Faculty of seven Professors" of Tehuacana, Texas, U.S.A. All who knew him personally, or through the medium of his works, felt that the honour had been earned thrice over, and it was at once accepted for him by the public.

LITERARY LABOURS.

When George Herbert penned the line—"Good words are worth much, and cost little," he cannot have been thinking of words printed in a book. Least of all was he thinking of the kind of books which ministers require to consult, if they are to do their more public work in a workman-like manner. They draw heavily on the purse, and this is a remark which all classes of tradesmen, who have had experience of the expensiveness of tools, should be able to appreciate. Dr. Bathgate's library was not extensive, but it contained a careful selection of the books commonly found on the shelves of the library of the manse. He would have striven more, in all probability, to add to his collection of books but for two reasons. (1) Town libraries and reading-rooms were always accessible to him, and he took care to make the most of them. (2) He felt himself, to some extent, independent of books, belonging as he did, by nature and habit, to that rare and noble class whom we call *thinkers*. A mistake would be committed, however, if we were to infer that, because Dr. Bathgate's library

was of only moderate dimensions, he was not a man of education and learning. There are many in the ministry whose learning bears no proportion to the quantity of books which they own, and there are many whose learning is fortunately out of all proportion to the number of their books. 'Tis not what we eat, but what we digest, that builds up the body, and 'tis the use which a man makes of the books in his possession that trains the faculties of his mind, and gives him a place among the learned. While Dr. Bathgate was not eminent as a scholar, his attainments were very respectable. He never had the leisure that was requisite to achieving distinction in this province, but if time had been granted him, we make no doubt but that he would soon have amassed stores of learning. That he had aptitudes in this direction, and more or less of an inclination, it were not difficult to prove. *E.g.*—In an article on "The Fire of Christian Ambition," in the *Young Men's Christian Magazine*, we find him saying "The Latin word *ambitio* means primarily a 'going round, especially the canvassing for votes by candidates at Rome, the formal suing for an office;' and this was an act doubtless often accompanied by unscrupulous urgency." And in the following interesting quotation from the chapter on "The personality of God," in "The Deep Things of God," "The relation of our word person to the Latin word *persona*, both as regards sound and sense, is very apparent. The latter word meant a mask, such as is worn by an actor, and was so called from the mouth-piece through which the actor's voice sounded. This mouth-piece was artificially constructed so as to increase the volume of sound. Next, the word meant a part or character played by an actor. Then, the word is transferred to the stage of life, and means the part or character sustained by any one in the world, especially a character implying outward position or dignity. Finally, it was applied to a person or personage as an individual man, although in almost all cases, with a tacit reference to a station or character. The latter use of the word *persona* by the Roman lawyers of the Empire, comes nearer to the modern signification of the word person. It meant any human being, and was opposed to the word *res*, a thing or chattel." Here we have the true scholarly spirit and ring.

His hands, after leaving College, were too full of his work as a minister to admit of devotion to learned studies, or even sufficiently qualifying himself for their pursuit; but it was well-known to all who enjoyed opportunities of conversing with him, or had any acquaintance with his books, that he was both well and widely read. We are under the impression that he avoided quick reading, and reading overmuch; that he could tell at a glance whether a particular book would be of service to him, and that his object always was to increase the stock of his ideas. Though a capital judge of style, and an admirer of every good style, words were to him valueless if they did not convey ideas, and the more instructive and suggestive that they were, the more he prized them. His memory does not appear to have been a verbal one. It concerned itself with treasuring up ideas as they came before his mind, as if conscious that when the time came to give expression to them, he would be at no loss to provide them with a suitable garb. With an eye to the practical—so much so that knowledge was with him a means to an end,—and cultivating a keener interest in the present than in the past, he was more interested in, and more conversant with, modern than with ancient literature. His favourite authors were such writers as Foster, Hall, Arnold, Stanley, Milton, Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, etc.; and there were few of his own generation who knew more about modern literature than he did, or could better describe its spirit and tendencies, its glories and its faults. Of the writers whose names have been mentioned above, he most admired, and was, perhaps, most indebted to Thomas Carlyle for guidance, stimulus, and confirmation in the substance of his own philosophical and theological beliefs. He had a real reverence and love for Carlyle, and eagerly caught at the smallest circumstance, which indicated that he was at bottom a religious man and a Christian. The anecdote about him picking up a crust from the miry street, and laying it in a clean place, observing, as he did so, that some hungry “cur of low degree” might be glad of it, gave him genuine pleasure. So did his oft-quoted remarks on the Lord’s (model) prayer, and the characteristic utterance about the walls of his father’s house, shining with the glory of God. He never tired of

reading the more eloquent and pathetic passages with which the works of the "Chelsea Sage" abound, and, when reading them aloud, he did them full justice. I suspect that it pleased him to be charged with being a sort of worshipper of Carlyle, as far, that is, as it is allowable for one man to worship another, and conversation about him was never unwelcome. At what period Carlyle crossed his path as a reader we do not know, but it must have been shortly after, or, it may be, before entering on pastoral duty. The Rev. Fergus Ferguson, D.D., of Glasgow, supplies us with an item of information on this point. He says,—“We often found him reading Carlyle’s works even in these early days—1846 and 1847. His pensive, sham-hating mind, found much to admire in the unsparing iconoclasm of the seer of Ecclefechan.” His admiration of Carlyle was a matter of surprise to some of his ministerial brethren, but not to those who understood either or both. They had much in common. If Carlyle was the greater light, Dr. Bathgate was a lesser light of the same class. He admired Carlyle for his insight, suggestiveness, and marvellous power of graphic description, and he heartily sympathised with his exaltation of the intellectual and the spiritual; his earnestness, moral courage, simplicity, industry, denunciation of all kinds of stupidities, hypocrisies and shams; his magnifying of the virtues and of works, and his stern impetuous proclamation of the inexorableness of nature’s laws. But Dr. Bathgate was not a blind admirer of Carlyle. He represents his mind “as one of uncommon altitude, and adorned with the richest gifts of genius,” and he could not divest himself of tender and charitable feelings towards him, but it distressed him that Carlyle should head the list of heroes with the name *Jesus Christ*. He was cognizant of the weaknesses and defects both of the man and his system—“New Spiritualism.” This could easily be shown at length, but we must content ourselves with these few sentences. “When you approach him (Carlyle) for *help, guidance* towards the truth needful to an inquiring soul—a soul shaken to its foundations with anxieties about the *right way*—the way to God and heaven—the directions given are vague, unsatisfactory, and, in many respects, perilous in the extreme. Shams, secular and sacred, puppetisms, hypoc-

risies, unrealities of all species and dimensions, are exposed and blasted in a manner that makes you cry out—*This assuredly is destructive truth, at least.* But when you cry for *attractive truth*, some magnet that will draw you forward on the *sure* path, you are referred to the eternal realities of God's universe, without explicit information as to *what* they are, or *where* they are, or *how* the *where* and *what* may be discovered." At the suggestion of a friend, Dr. Bathgate forwarded for Mr. Carlyle's acceptance an elegantly bound copy of his book, "Christ and Man," and out of this circumstance grew the correspondence which we have decided to place in its entirety before our readers.

No. I.

KILMARNOCK, 24th November, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot tell you how often during the past quarter of a century, I have been on the eve of expressing to you my profound gratitude for good and mighty influences derived from your writings.

Whenever I see anything from your pen, the old desire revives within me, and, I dare say, it is your recent letter on the Franco-German war which induces me to delay no longer the gratification of my own heart, at least.

No other writer, ancient or modern, outside the "Sacred Scriptures," has influenced my spiritual being and life as you have done. Believe me, dear and honoured sir, you have vastly helped me to realize, as a daily and regnant conviction, "that man, with his little life, reaches upwards high as heaven, downwards low as hell, and in his three-score years of time holds an eternity fearfully and wonderfully hidden." Thanks, thanks, very warm and deep. I muster courage to send the accompanying volume—*Christ and Man*—which, indeed, I may say has been lying beside me these five years waiting to be sent to you. Though the book is a poor enough one on a very rich subject, I trust it is not offensive to you that I should adopt this method of hinting all the gratitude I owe you. Wishing you all possible blessing, I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM BATHGATE.

T. CARLYLE, Esq., Chelsea.

No. II.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, 1 Dec., 1870.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your beautiful volume, and, along with it, a letter full of the friendliest feelings towards me, which, though immensely exaggerated, are evidently altogether loyal and sincere. The sight of so much generous affection, of which I myself know well enough the beauty to the *giver* as well as to the receiver, cannot be other than welcome to me; and I sincerely thank you for it, and beg from you a continuance of the same.

I have not yet had time to examine the book as it deserves; but in glancing over it I find the evident traces of a cultivated, meditative, intelligent, and pious man—well worthy of further study; and I think I can assure you that this copy will have its further uses, and not be thrown away.

I return you many thanks, and wish you heartily all manner of good. Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

No. III.

KILMARNOCK, 7th December, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—Though I must not trespass either on your time or patience, my heart will not rest till I have cordially thanked you both for your letter and photograph. The letter is everything I could have desired. It gladdens me very much to be thoroughly understood by you, and to have my sincere tribute sincerely accepted.

Many thanks for the likeness with the name written by the hand that has done so much honest work. I had other likenesses of you taken at earlier dates; but I will look all the oftener at this one, because the expression indicates at once the lateness of the evening and the heaviness of the long day's toil. "Two men I honour, and no third," etc. May the evening be prolonged that you may still further help us all to discern between the hand of God and the hoof of the devil, between the reality and the sham. The great white throne

itself has no grander glory than the thing that is true and right. Adieu, dear sir, and when at any time you chance to remember me, believe that I am, yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM BATHGATE.

No. IV.

KILMARNOCK, 26th October, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—There is a suggestion which I desire to lay before you, and I am sure you will have patience with me while I state it. I would make the suggestion to your publishers, but that I know *you yourself* will thoroughly understand my meaning, whether or not you deem the suggestion worthy of adoption.

I believe that a carefully selected volume of extracts from your writings might be singularly serviceable to many thoughtful men. I would have the book compiled by some loving, filial, reverent hand, with ample skill and leisure, so that the arrangement of the selections might, as a building, be a piece of art, approximately worthy of the material. The parts of your writings that I would like best to see in such a volume are those that give us glimpses of the pathos of human life,—The Littleness of all that is not God; Religion; The Eternal Distinction between Right and Wrong; Mastership and Servantship; Sowing to the Wind and Reaping the Whirlwind; The Sacredness of Duty and Work; Death and Destiny, etc., etc. These are merely samples of the directions in which the extracts might point. There might also be a Golden Treasury of Aphorisms. I believe that many persons, tolerably acquainted with your works as a whole, would greatly prize such a volume. Others who have not the opportunity of becoming acquainted with your writings generally, would derive stimulation, courage for the battle of life. I find that many of the best passages in your books, independent of their context, strike the soul with amazing force, when it is not twice dead.

I need not multiply words on the subject. I hope you see

the full significance of my suggestion, which I would have laid before you ere now but for the dread of bothering you. I am glad to know that the cheap edition of a considerable portion of your works is getting an extensive circulation. I was the other day a little surprised, but greatly pleased, to find the *kenspeckle* little volumes in a humble cottage at the foot of the Cairngorm Mountains. On all hands I find your influence for good growing among thinking men, who feel somewhat of the power of the realities. I am, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BATHGATE.

No. V.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, 28th Oct., 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Carlyle, my uncle, desires me to thank you cordially for the letter he received from you yesterday. To my uncle, your plan seems very feasible and good; I send your letter by this post to Mr. Chapman; if he sees good, and you have the necessary leisure and willingness for the task, my uncle knows nobody more likely than yourself to succeed in the undertaking. With my uncle's best wishes and thanks. Yours very truly,

MARY CARLYLE AITKEN.

VI.

KILMARNOCK, 2nd November, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—I was pleased to learn from your niece's letter that my proposal as to a volume of extracts from your writings seems "very feasible" to you, and I hope that Mr. Chapman may also approve. I would have answered the letter you kindly desired your niece to write a little earlier, but I waited thinking she might perhaps be able to inform me what Mr. Chapman thinks of the suggestion.

I am *honoured* by the confidence reposed in me when you say you know "nobody more likely" than myself to succeed

in arranging the selections in a satisfactory manner. I have abundant "willingness" to undertake the task, and I persuade myself I could do some measure of justice to the selection and arrangement of the materials. But, unfortunately, I have not, in the meantime, the "necessary leisure." My life is a busy one, and my health is not of the Samsonic species. Still, should the publishers approve of the project, and *not* employ any one to execute it forthwith, I might, perchance, do a little to mark and classify the passages which I would like to see in the volume.

I should, however, in some aspects of the matter, very much prefer to see the book published without a long delay. I trust that your recent visit to Scotland has somewhat braced you. These eternal hills, with their secrets yet unread, and the joys and sorrows of many generations lingering around them, have a majestic kindness to us Scotchmen. With all good wishes, I am, yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM BATHGATE.

I am not aware that such a volume of extracts from Carlyle's writings as was floating before Dr. Bathgate's mind has yet been compiled, but if some one competent had lovingly addressed himself to the task, and Dr. Bathgate had lived to render what assistance he could in the work of selection, we are sure that it would have met with a wide and cordial welcome, and would have served to extend and deepen the conviction that Mr. Carlyle well deserved to be spoken of as the prince of nineteenth century prophets, and that his great power and influence have, on the whole, been exerted on the side of truth, liberty, virtue, progress, and happiness.

Not many years had passed till from being a zealous reader, Dr. Bathgate developed into a writer of books. We have it from himself, that he had "no taste for book-making." How came it, then, that, during his life, he kept publishing one book after another—all on the gravest and mightiest themes—until there were six of them altogether? The correct answer I believe to be this: he wrote them because (1) his mind was decidedly literary in its cast, and (2) because he felt that he could shed light which was much needed in Scotland and the

sister countries, and would continue to be needed, as long as the race endured, on the subjects of which they treat. That he had rare joy in the composition of them, and an exuberance of delight when he learned that they had been helpful to human souls, does not admit of question. We have it on excellent authority, that "many a time he said, that, glad though he had been made by seeing men converted under his preaching, the purest cups of gladness had come to him as the fruit of his books, and their usefulness to thoughtful minds."

The publication of them may not have entailed pecuniary loss, but they cannot have been a source of profit to him; so that the sending of them forth, as time and strength permitted, must have been due chiefly to the fact that their slowly accumulating contents lay as a burden on heart and conscience, and that he could not get rest till he had enshrined them in book-form.

His first book bore the title of "The Moral Character of God," and was published in 1849. It is dedicated to Dr. Morison, to whom the MS. was submitted, and, in a letter to the author, Dr. Morison frankly stated that the perusal of it had been to him "a perfect feast." It is undoubtedly the production of a ripe theologian, and would have reflected immense credit on a writer twice his age. His case might be appealed to as proving that theologians, like poets, are born, not made. Though the subject is, from its nature, difficult and abstruse, Dr. Bathgate enlarges on it with an ease and mastery which could not have distinguished his treatment of it if he had not set himself to study it in the spirit of one determined to understand it or die in the attempt. It is logically divided; all needless digression is eschewed, and whether he occupies himself with a statement of the reasons which are fitted to induce men to study the Divine character, or with laying bare the sources of information concerning it, or with furnishing a compendious view of its qualities, describing its adaptations, by which is meant its "practical uses," taking note of insurrections against it, or enumerating the victories achieved by it, the thoughts and appeals are grand and impressive, the argumentation is as clear and fair as it is cogent, and the style is chaste, fervid, and prevaillingly eloquent.

Two years after was published another work, under the title of "*Æternitas; or, Glimpses of Human Destinies;*" and however high may be the expectations of readers, we have difficulty in conceiving of the rise of a feeling of disappointment with the conclusions reached, the reasoning by which they are supported, the spirit exhibited, or the character of the composition. Imagination is held in check with a firm hand; the reader is never tempted to charge him with being "wise above what is written," or shrinking from setting forth, with all the force at command, the truth, and the whole truth, regarding the soul's immortality, irrespective of moral condition, and the future life, as it lay spread out to his eye in the inspired volume; and there is more of biblical exposition in it than in any of his other works. From beginning to end there is not an expression to which reasonable objection can be taken, or an argument advanced on which undue stress is laid; and they must be singularly strong-minded and well-informed who can follow him as he marches on his course, making sure of each step, without accepting those views to the advocacy of which he earnestly, and even vehemently, commits himself.

One year later, 1852, the reading public interested in his books had the pleasure of receiving from his pen a third book—"The Soul's Arena: Views of Man's Great Contest;" and this is the more surprising, that he was too honourable and conscientious to sacrifice the pulpit to the desk. To literary toil he was the more reconciled that he had the conviction, that to have some subject "in steep," was indirectly, apart from any use which he might make of the outcome in preaching, a very great service to those who were at the time the objects of his pastoral care. Moral subjects threw a spell over him in proportion to their felt importance, and he had a wonderful facility in discovering moral truth, and so expressing it as to give it body and clearness. He mused on such subjects as God, the soul, and eternity, till the fire burned, and the glow in his own heart went on increasing as it got vent.

"The Soul's Arena" is not quite equal in size to its predecessors, but it is every way worthy to stand side by side with them. Its chapters are crowded and brilliant with truths

which have a family resemblance, and are pressed home with enviable spirit, energy and freshness. His views of "man's great contest" are luminous, just, scriptural, and comprehensive, and they are brought so close to the reader as to make him feel how vital are the relations of his own spirit to antagonistic principles and persons, and how tremendous are the issues involved. The application of military terms throughout is managed with such skill, that one is in no danger of forgetting the *spirituality* of the battle under survey, as from some neighbouring height. A better book to put into the hands of sceptics I know not, and there is no class that will not find in it abundance of food for reflection, the condition, according to Dr. Bathgate, of all improvement.

The most literary of all his works, and the one which must have drawn heaviest on his mental resources, is entitled "Essays on the Characteristics of a Superior Popular Literature," and was given to the public in 1854. No form of composition suited Dr. Bathgate so well as the essayistic. He fell naturally into it, unconscious that he did. He showed his good sense by not seeking to vary it, and by choosing subjects which admitted of its employment. He rejoiced in the position to which popular literature had in his day attained, and he was persuaded that there was a splendid future before it. He was, consequently, intensely solicitous that it should be of an aspiring, morally wholesome, and Christian kind; and his object in the publication of the essays relating to it was to do what he personally could to secure a result so desirable. When this was not steadily aimed at by all concerned, he was certain that individual and national manners, customs, and habits would suffer, and that a dismal, self-propagating habit of evil would spring up. The subject of the Essays must have engaged his thoughts for a lengthened period before he made up his mind to discuss it in all its bearings, and of his competency to deal with it, the Essays themselves are the best proof. He goes round it with an open, searching eye, and is most successful in showing what literature for the people must be made, if it is to deserve to have applied to it the epithet "superior." In his opinion, it must be permeated by these five elements—the *entertaining*, the *instructive*, the *suggestive*, the *Christian*,

and the *progressive* ; and if our specification of them serve no other purpose, it will afford evidence of the author's breadth, geniality, and thoughtfulness. With the exception of the first, the entertaining, we have the union of all these elements in each of his own published works, and the absence of what is fitted to amuse, or excite "pleasant *surface* emotions," is to be accounted for by the serious nature of the subjects chosen. There is ample scope for pathos. Here is a specimen: "Ah! *on this very day*, how many little ones have spoken, and looked, and sported their last—how many youths that yesterday were in the bloom of promise shall never bud again—how many hearts that overflowed with motherly anxieties shall beat no more—how many heads quick to plan, and hands strong to work, on behalf of dependent families, shall never move again—how many outcasts that cared for none, and had none to care for them, have been newly eased of a wretched existence!" There was little scope in them for entertainment, save in one or two instances. There is a latent humour in the following sentences:—"The heavens must rain books, the earth must bring forth books, the winds must blow books. Are we not a literary nation? Again, we say, not a doubt of it. But after all productiveness is not progressiveness, and may often retard the circulation and increase of a literature charged with the proper elements." It is incredible that a smile did not play o'er his features when he penned this paragraph:—"Resolutely Protestant, and upholders of the freedom of the Press though we be, it would afford us pleasure to learn by some early post, that a truly *infallible Pope*, and a set of like-minded cardinals, had elected themselves the exterminators, not of so-called religious heresies, but of all genuine literary heresies, whether these consist of excrescences or deficiencies. Were this Pope to get into his *Index Expurgatorius*, and to issue his bull against all books—no matter how correct their grammar, how tolerable their composition, how praiseworthy their intentions—which do not make absolute *progress* in any laudable direction, which add nothing to the *literary munitions* of the themes handled—in fine, which ought to be convicted of heresy by the *Literary Inquisition*—then would we for once avow that Cardinal Wiseman should act in harmony

with his name in causing the torch to be put to the huge pile of heretical literature, built with volumes from all parts of these islands. No doubt, it were painful to listen to the lamentations of bereaved authors, as these mingle with the laughter of the gods of malignant criticism, who have for once lost their gravity in beholding such a clearance and consummation."

The pressure of ministerial work seems to have prevented Dr. Bathgate from adding to the list of what he modestly calls his "booklets," until a full decade of years had sped their flight. It was in 1865 that he again came out as an author, and by the publication of "Christ and Man; or God's Answer to our Chief Questions," gave his friends and admirers the assurance that in the interval his mind had not been in a dormant state. To let his pen lie rusting all these years must have tried him the more that his previous attempts at authorship had been reviewed in very encouraging and favourable terms. The notices of the Press left nothing to be desired on his part, and he must have rated them the higher that they were unsought. His merits as a writer of books were so conspicuous as to compel recognition. In "Christ and Man," so named because *Christ himself* is considered God's answer to our chief questions, we have the substance of a series of lectures which he had the opportunity of delivering to the students attending the E.U. Theological Academy, Glasgow, and highly privileged those students must have been, for whose benefit they were prepared. They must have had themselves to blame if the session, signalised by their delivery, was not of special profit and interest. At his feet sat one young man who, year by year, has been rising into fame. I allude to Dr. Fairbairn, Principal of Airedale College. He was an E.U. student at the time, and most willingly do I here make room for the following communication from his able and erudite pen:—

"Of no man have I pleasanter memories than of Mr. Bathgate. He was to me always a singularly attractive personality, tender in spirit, yet most faithful in speech, with a broad yet just judgment, gifted with an eye that looked right into the moral heart of men and things. His intuitive faculty was so clear and sure that he ever surprised us by the discovery of

unobvious aspects of familiar truths, or with the fresh ethical significance he would find in the well-worn evangelical common-places. He was the man who first revealed to me the moral value and force of our simple religious beliefs, and the revelation made religion a new and nobler thing. I owe more to him than I can tell. He was one of the most potent and stimulating teachers I ever had, and his influence was so formative, not so much from his intellectual as from his moral and emotional force. All he said was steeped in emotion, but penetrated and made strong by moral passion. He had in him a fine vein of mysticism, loved the vision of God, strove after the consciousness of unity with Him, but his moral nature was so healthy and robust that he was saved from the sin of all merely emotional mystics, the hatred of all personal will, and the desire for absorption in the Infinite. He loved all that God gave him, and he loved his reason and will as good gifts of God never to be renounced, but ever to be consecrated to like service, and by the service of the Giver most possessed when most completely used for Him. No man was ever more distinctly a reverent thinker—reverence was of his very nature, and looked out of his every feature, trembled in every tone of his voice. Yet thought was as native to him as reverence, and he lived not simply by faith, but by the contemplation of the unseen and eternal.

“I well remember the first time I saw Mr. Bathgate. It was during my first session at the Academy. He had shortly before settled in Kilmarnock, and I had gone there with a friend to spend the Sunday. Everything tended to make me peculiarly susceptible to impressions of the place and the man. I was full of youthful enthusiasm, thirsting to admire the deities, major and minor, of the Evangelical Union. Its theology had come to me as a revelation straight from God of his highest truth. I had literally forsaken father and mother to follow it. To worship in Clerk’s Lane was to my very innocent fancy all that a visit to a sainted shrine could be to a devout Catholic. Then Mr. Bathgate’s early books had touched me deeply, his “Moral Character of God” and “Æternitas” had enabled me to conceive God and myself as kindred spirits bound by mutual affinities and affections that needed Father-

hood on his part and sonship on mine for their expression, and eternity for their realisation. The moment he spoke, the very tones of his voice thrilled me; it was vocal of Tweedside—strongly suggested to me the voice I had first known and most loved to hear. It had, too, a peculiar pathos in it, was most pathetic when most piercing, and his plaintive pleasing tones made me feel as if the pulpit had come near enough to speak the truth of God to me in the speech of my home. The sermons were most characteristic—the one was an exposition of 1 Peter i. 2, the other a discourse on John xvii. 3. Each is still as distinctly present to my mind as on the day I heard it. One point in the second discourse was specially striking. It was an illustration of the love that is of God and needed to know the God who is love. He pictured the love distributed through all hearts, human, angelic, superangelic, then gathered it, in all its immense variety and degrees, into one stupendous personality, which he placed face to face with God, as regards the volume of love at an infinite distance from Him, but as regards the Spirit and quality of the love near and akin to Him, able to know as known. The thought conveyed by the illustration went deep into my soul, and has lived there fruitful and fertilising ever since.

“Four years afterwards Mr. Bathgate was, owing to the illness of Dr. Morison, invited to lecture in the Academy. The substance of his lectures was what he afterwards expanded into his book ‘Christ and Man.’ In one aspect his lectures were not very academical. They were not lectures to be taken down and tabulated in note books, discussed sentence by sentence, or paragraph by paragraph, and then reproduced or summarised in examination papers. In such a process they had evaporated; it had been as fatal to their spirit and meaning as vivisection is to life. But in another aspect they fulfilled the best functions of the ideal academic discourse. They refreshed and quickened the spirit, exalted and enlarged the atmosphere and outlook of the soul. Their wistful, yet contemplative questioning, yet quiet and reverent spirit, made them like a messenger in Godly thoughtfulness to minds that had grown somewhat arid under the rather broken discipline of those days. Many problems of the higher criticism Mr.

Bathgate did not know, or knew but imperfectly, yet his lectures were rich in suggested solutions of problems that lay outside their range, and were not even by implication referred to. He made us feel the value not simply of personality, but of persons in religion—made us see the transcendent significance of the person of Christ to the questions that were then troubling our altogether crude and bewildered minds. In his hands theology seemed to melt, as it were, into religion. We got out of the region of the abstract, the merely doctrinal, came into the region of the concrete, the living, and a region where religion was co-extensive with life and mind, concerned not simply with salvation and the future, but with all that touched or affected man. The delivery of those lectures was a memorable period to some of us, and I for one entered upon my ministry mentally enriched and spiritually quickened, to a degree I have never been able to estimate, by the thoughtful words and wise speech of one I had then learned to love as a father and to revere as a teacher."

Reviewing "Christ and Man," the *Nonconformist* says,—
"This is a book of thought. . . . Excerpts from the book might be adapted for separate publication with advantage to different classes." From a notice of it in the *Eclectic Review* we take one sentence,—
"It is worthy of a close and affectionate study, and is the sort of book we would put into the hands of teachers of our Bible Classes for young men." The *Homilist* says,—
"Mr. Bathgate shows himself worthy to be ranked in the highest class of religious teachers of the age."

His last, and what some have pronounced his ablest and profoundest work, was published in 1876. Its borrowed title accurately describes its contents,—
"The Deep Things of God." It is a collection of essays on "the standard themes of Christian Theology and Liberalism," and though the treatment does not profess to be exhaustive, it is strikingly vigorous and suggestive. In it Dr. Bathgate as a thinker and writer is at his meridian. If those into whose minds doubts have been injected by the course of modern thought were to make a text-book of it, and lovingly study it, having first divested themselves of all levity and prejudice, it would soon flash across them what an unspeakable kindness they had done themselves.

The refusal of men to *bless themselves* is enough to make angels weep.

Dr. Bathgate spoke pathetically of "The Deep Things of God" as his *last book*, but this is questionable, if the Dispenser of life and death had been pleased to spare him for other ten years. An active, strong, fertile brain like his could not be long at rest, and the thoughts which visited him as he reclined in meditative mood on the sofa, or paced his room, with his hands thrust into his pockets, and his head downward bent, were usually of so lofty, burning, and practical a nature, that expression was necessary to appease them. If once more he had lifted his pen, the title would most likely have been either "The True Man," or "Christian Ideals."

Dr. Bathgate was a long liver, if it be true that we live "in thoughts, not breaths." He lived to think, and "he being dead yet speaketh;" and we feel free to say, that we know of no safer guide through life to immortality than the books which he has left behind him. The pity is that they have not had a much wider circulation, and the loss will be the Evangelical Union's and Society's own, if they are allowed to go out of print, or destined to a dusty entombment.

As an author, Dr. Bathgate is logical and philosophical, penetrating and sagacious, rather than metaphysical and learned. He is not a retailer of other men's opinions, but utters his own cautiously formed convictions with modest and manly independence. He is sparing of details, but has a large grasp of general principles, and revels in them. He draws many nice distinctions, corrects many popular errors, and defines with much circumspection and precision. For example,—

"Infants have immortal souls, and yet they are not responsible. Even the fact that the heathen are *adults* does not of itself determine their accountability."

"Fanaticism is the religious faculty unduly excited."

"Would that the line of the poet—

'Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die!'

were as true in fact as it is happy in words."

"Religious impostors deal liberally in particular descriptions of their future state. Inspired men deal very sparingly in accounts of eternal portions."

"The illustrations, comparisons, figures, and similes which he uses are all his own, and there is no straining after them or lingering over them as if in love with them, or afraid that their aptness and beauty will not be perceived; *e.g.*,—

"The diminutive spy-glass is capable of giving distinctness to objects within a very limited range, but the magnificent telescope is required for a survey of successive firmaments."

"It (the soul, under a sense of moral uncleanness,) feels as if it were clothed with a burning suit of armour, which it knows not how to throw off, and handling a deadly set of weapons which strike itself, and yet which it knows not how to cast away."

"Beggary is a sad destiny, when the mendicant has been always poor. But beggary is doubly miserable when he who now drags his limbs from door to door, or pines in a workhouse, once luxuriated among thousands, and was 'clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day,' and who has brought himself to his wretched fate by his own misdoings. So is it with the soul that has beggared itself in the spendthrift ways of him who has turned his back on the 'many mansions,' and his face toward the penury of spiritual famine."

"Man has been treated as if he could no more curb himself in his downward hellward course, than the fragment of rock hurled from the mountain's brow can check its rapid and inevitable progress."

"It (entertainment) is like the zephyr that kisses the flower of the garden, and plays with the leaves of the forest, and dimples the cheek of the lake, and not like the gale that makes the princeliest tree tremble, and brings billows of wrath from the heart of the old ocean."

"The suggestive thought may be as distinct as the rural Sabbath-bell on a breathless morning, and as enchanting as the song of the skylark."

"How few seem to know that the soul quitting the body is like the falcon that has hitherto been hood-winked—that it has merely entered on a new existence."

"Thrillingly pleasant to the man who has an eye to see the spiritually beautiful, and pleasant to God, in a manner and degree not to be characterised by human terms, is the spectacle of a soul saved at the eleventh hour in the last

great juncture. 'Tis like the snatching of an infant from the dry channel of the mountain stream as the sudden flood comes roaring from the high lands. The heart of the favoured mother, the heart of the strong man who rescued the little one from the lips of the flood, beats for many a day at the remembrance of the hair-breadth escape. The tale told half a century after in the neighbourhood of the occurrence will thrill the soul with a painful delight. 'Tis like the rescue of a family from a cottage, beneath which the tongue of the earthquake is heard the one minute, and above which the lips of the earthquake have closed the next minute. The imagination cannot picture the feelings of this family as they gaze upon the spot where their house once stood, and dream (for it seems a dream) of their escape from the awful burial. The stranger, from afar, trembles with a solemn joy as he looks on the place, just saved from witnessing this terrible tragedy. Would to God that every inquirer in the closing struggle had even such a narrow escape !”

In his works there is nothing narrow or feeble, there is no grandiloquence or one-sidedness, and there are no platitudes and inequalities. The level at which he begins is maintained throughout; if there be not much originality, there is not a little that has all the effect of originality, and his one absorbing aim is to get his readers to see with his eyes the subjects treated, and participate in his joys and hopes.

The style of the first book is little, if at all, inferior to the style of his last book. He is a master of phrases, and has a command of the English language for which it is not easy accounting. The fitting word always comes when it is wanted, and the arrangement of his words is nearly perfect. He never offends good taste or violates the rules of punctuation and grammar. Technical terms are avoided, because he feels that he can dispense with them. Few of his sentences are susceptible of a double meaning, and short ones alternate with sentences of medium length. They are seldom, if ever, long and involved; his coinage of words and names is simple, but felicitous. It is often accomplished by prefixing *in* or *un*, and affixing *less*.

He liked to think of God as “The Unencompassable,” and as

the "Heart of Being." His books are remarkably free from self-repetition either of thought or expression, and may be perused one after another without risk of satiety, but such words as "roundly," "scale," "species," "glimpses," etc., are characteristic of him as a writer, and we owe to him quite a number of new words and expressions such as "the new mankind," "honest gospel," "the angelic enemy," "multitudinous conversions," "moral automaton," "ringleading sin," "evangelicity," "converting capabilities," "jewel-studded," "conscienceless accommodation," "unchisled simplicity," "damnatory negativeness," "kid-glove sentences," and "apoplectic common-place," "the unsoiled banner in the van of saints," etc., etc. An attentive reading of them is sure to issue in the enrichment of one's vocabulary, and the charm of delicacy and refinement is never absent.

Besides thinking out and composing the six noble treatises at which we have glanced in the order of their publication, Dr. Bathgate was a frequent and valued contributor to Periodical Literature. Contributions from his pen lie scattered through the *Christian News*, the *Day-Star*, the *Record*, *Forward*, the *Young Men's Christian Magazine*, and the *Evangelical Repository*, and there is not one of them unworthy of their source. Knowing well the range of his own powers, and the topics which he could best handle, he preferred selecting his own subjects. It would have been hard to induce him to perpetrate the inconsistency of writing on a subject which he had not studied, and on which he felt he had nothing particular to say. The more elaborate and important of his *Periodical* articles appeared in the pages of the *Evangelical Repository*, and the wish has often been expressed that a selection of them were made for separate publication; but whether this is one of the events of the future is problematical. His occasional papers were on such subjects as "Christianity, and some Aspects of Modern Society," "The Bible and the Modern Book-world," "Christian Heroism," "The Character of the Apostle Paul," etc.

In place of consuming time, and testing patience, running the needle of criticism through his occasional papers, and to some extent marring them by the attempt to contract them, we prefer to support the position that Dr. Bathgate was a

masculine thinker, and a powerful and graceful writer, by culling from them a casket of gems of thought and expression, and presenting them to the reader.

"A free agent under the shadow of God is more than a conqueror over all temptation."

"We cannot homologate Carlyle's doctrine in reference to the unconsciousness of the heroic, whether in individuals or communities. There is no crime in great men or great nations feeling the truth regarding their greatness."

"Rather let us have a little honest blundering egotism than a paradise of deficiencies to a large extent unfelt."

"If the life of man be a common thing, the earth carries nothing sacred."

"The stamp of the mint of heaven is almost as valuable as the gold itself."

"When once the eye of the soul has pierced the letter of Divine truth, no book can reveal God to the inner man like some glorious passage of Scripture, radiant with the unborrowed light of the Sun of Righteousness."

"There must be an inexhaustible treasury of forgiving grace at the right hand of the Master, else Christian controversialists would stand a poor chance of being saved."

"A correct credence is the beginning of a religious life."

"Thousands of books have no more call to meddle with morals or religion than a boy who, diligently engaged in a question of arithmetic, has to ask himself whether he be calculating orthodoxly or heterodoxly, sinfully or righteously."

"No man is capable of shedding the Christian element through a book who does not himself prize the gospel of Christ."

"No good comes of killing one truth with another."

"Christianity not only paints the hero—it makes him—it disposes and enables him to put on the new, the heroic character."

"The martyr finds it easier, much easier, to die for truth and Christ than many an ordinary Christian to put a ten-pound note into the treasury of the Master."

"His (Paul's) earnestness is not monotonous, like the stroke of a pendulum. It rises or falls according to the nature of the case before him."

"He (Paul) is just as sorry that God is slighted as that man is lost."

"In religion, in the highest departments of the Christian life, there is ample room for nature to work, and to produce trees of righteousness of every variety, from the great rugged oak, daring the storm with a majestic calmness, down to the small modest garden tree, bearing its first crop of fruit."

"In childhood we admired shrubs clipped into the shape of fishes and men. Now such unseemingly symmetry appears to be poor compensation for the loss of the freedom of nature, and the grace of a living thing."

"Melancholy he (John) not seldom is, but his is the melancholy of the saint who is oppressed because men prefer the darkness of self and sin to the light of Christ."

"John is away. Jesus is away. But the gospel abides—the gospel which fills with light men's hearts, men's homes, men's graves, men's future habitations, man's eternity and immensity."

"*Conversation* is a greater power than even the *pulpit*."

"Conscience, the *sense of right*, the sense of God, is by far the divinest thing in man."

"We are at any hour liable to be served with the summons of the pale messenger who comes twice to no son of Adam."

"It is not so difficult to persuade the tenth of any ten converted neighbours to turn unto the Lord as it is to persuade the first."

"We believe we should soon have a spiritual millennium if the one virtue of Christian meditation were to keep pace with the other improvements of the day."

"The alps of civilisation are not crossed in a day."

"Truth is so revealed, and the soul of man is so fashioned, that the latter would never miss the former were the right of private judgment only exercised under right circumstances."

"The man sincerely anxious to find the true only, to know the right only, has within him a powerful magnet which draws truth out of the most unlikely corners."

"Whenever our Christian indignation against error and errorists degenerates into anger that scorches even the breast cherishing it, we have violated the right of private judgment."

by transforming the mistakes and heresies of the errorist into an offence against us, rather than aberrations from the truth or an offence against God."

"There is the Bible of History as well as the Holy Bible."

"No man, no host of men, can keep a faithful Christian soldier from enjoying the approval of the Divine Captain and his own conscience."

"We do not prize at its real value this every-day gift of moral variety and mental diversity. . . . The very azure heavens are relieved and adorned by the little cloud sailing in the concave of the Great Immense."

"The *sustaining* of a small deception is often more heinous than the commission of a grievous sin instantly followed by confession."

"Every man is earnest according as he believes the truth that must generate earnestness in a moral nature; although every man is not earnest after the same type of earnestness."

HIS DEATH.

"Man proposes, God disposes." Mr. Bathgate had stood the visit to America so well, and was conscious of so much benefit from it, that he persuaded himself that it had added ten years to his life. How thick and close the veil which Mercy's hand has let down between us and the future! Before eighteen months had fled, his life had come to an unexpected close, and he had joined the blood-washed throng.

Whether his "gentle wafture to the sky" would have taken place at the time that it did, and the circumstances would have been the same, if for months before his engagements had been fewer, and the strain less severe, is an unanswerable question, and our wisdom lies in refusing to entertain it. Fervent gratitude is due to the "Preserver of men" on this ground, that the voice which called him home, did not make itself sooner heard, and our consolation is this, that when it came, he was "ready" for the summons.

The subjoined details from the pen of the surviving partner of his toils, cares, sorrows, and joys, will be read with tearful interest—

"The last few months of Dr. Bathgate's life, owing to

circumstances over which he had no control, he had too much to do.

"In April, 1879, he visited Galashiels for the last time, preaching on the Sunday, and presiding next evening at a soiree in connection with the Spring Conference of the Evangelical Union. Later in the same month, he attended the Congregational Union meetings in Dundee, as delegate from the Evangelical Union.

"Throughout the summer every effort to get rest seemed thwarted, and having all along abandoned himself to his work, it was perhaps a fitting close to a most unselfish life that ministering to others should absorb his energies to the end.

"He visited his people with great regularity, and as the year drew to a close, it seemed as if he 'redeemed' the time, and looked after the infirm and suffering ones in his flock with even more than his usual tenderness, often remarking how glad every one was to see him, or how pleased he was to see 'the fruits of the spirit' abounding.

"On Christmas Day he presided at the social meeting of the Sunday School Teachers, and was very bright and happy, closing by urging the teachers to study anew the life of Christ, and to remember he was the Revealer of the Father, and that every aim should be this—to 'be about the Father's business.'

"Friday and Saturday he was absorbed in preparation for the Sabbath. He preached with great power and fervour. The whole service was memorable. He read Rev. vii. 9-17; Psalm cxliv. The congregation sang Ps. ciii. 13-18; 'Saviour through the desert lead us;' Psalm xxiv. 7-10; closing with 'Heaven is our home.' 'Our pilgrim song' he called this last.

"His text was Heb. i. 8, and he dwelt on the 'enduring kingdom,' saying with great earnestness, 'Oh! you young men! I'd give half the world, if I had it, just to persuade you that the only permanent thing in the universe is righteousness, and that the smallest duty, *rightly done*, is a contribution to this abiding kingdom.'

"His last words were—'Brethren, when this kingdom is *within* us, and *before* us, we know the meaning of the *old* year and the *new* year; we can trust *the God* of all our days;

we receive *discipline* from grief and loss; we *consecrate* gain and blessing of every kind; we have our loins girded about, and our lights burning, for we quietly calculate on the uncertainty of the time of the Master's coming, and we hear him saying, 'Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.'

"He returned home radiant and happy—no sign of weakness or unusual weariness about him. The large congregation, the expectant faces of his people, and their singing, had been a great joy to him. We talked about the service as was our wont, and especially about the subjects on which he had preached on these last Sabbaths—'Friends of Christ,' 'Servants of Righteousness,' and 'The Enduring Kingdom.' All his ministerial life these topics had lain near his heart and conscience, and he did not deem them exhausted. 'I must study the 15th Psalm a few months longer,' he said, 'and then expound it deliberately.' Adding, 'What the Christian Church of these times sorely needs, is a revival of the spirit of righteousness. I am deeply persuaded of that.' There was always anxiety in his heart. Living on high spiritual levels himself, he longed to help others to be godly, and was 'chagrined' when his efforts were unavailing, or when men were 'less noble and manly than Christians ought to be.'

"He spoke tenderly of friends and neighbours and 'coming changes,' and when I referred to his phrase 'quietly calculate,' 'What else can we do?' he said.

"Having promised to visit one of the Sabbath-schools connected with his church, he set out to fulfil his engagement. Soon after that dreadful gale (known now as the gale of December 28th) arose, and he met it full in the face, and fought his way through it till he 'felt spent.' Unable, when his destination was reached, to address the children, a cab was procured, and as he re-entered his 'dear little home,' neither his step, nor voice, nor eye gave any indication that the 'Invisible Messenger' followed him. But the struggle with that fierce storm had strained the 'silver cord' more than appeared. After resting a while, he went early to bed, feeling 'entirely better' and 'as cosy as possible,' when suddenly his own words, spoken in the pulpit six weeks

before, were fulfilled in his own experience, 'To us, one by one, the Master will speak in a way he has never spoken before, and will never speak again. He will call us aside, and we will vanish from the eyes of men and of friends. If we are "faithful unto death," the love of Christ will place a crown of life on our brows.'

"It was *even so*. Swiftly, unexpectedly, 'the end which is but the beginning' was reached, and ere danger was realised the shores of the better country were gained.

"Being found faithful, he 'was translated, that he should not see death,' and instead of a dark shadow there came to him that Sabbath evening a few more rays of light from that 'Light of the World' in whom he had for so many years consciously 'lived, and moved, and had his being,' and who was his Hope for 'the ages of the Heavenly Evermore.' As he gently closed his eyes on earth, peace set the seal of heaven on his face, and the calm, bright smile she left there soothed those he loved here, a whisper from the 'voice that was still,' saying, 'satisfied now'—'more than conqueror.'

"Thus was 'death swallowed up in victory,' as 'sure of the glorious welcome,' our 'pilgrim soldier' 'reached home.' We who are 'still on the battlefield' see a new meaning in the old words—'Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord his God, . . . who keepeth truth for ever.' His 'life is hid with Christ in God.'"

THE FUNERAL.

The Tay Bridge accident was one of the saddest and completest disasters of modern times. Of all that trainful there was not one left to tell how it happened! It was bound to make a most profound impression, and yet there were many in the E.U., and beyond it, who were more moved by the death of William Bathgate than they were, or perhaps could be expected to be, by that terrible catastrophe. Never more will some of his more attached friends be able to read these affecting verses in one of his favourite psalms—the 103rd—"As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth, for the *wind* passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall **know** it no more"—without thinking

of him. What he would have wished himself—a sudden or a lingering death—we do not know. It seemed good to Him in whose sight the death of his saints is precious, to snap earthly ties in a twinkling, and to grant him swift release from earthly burdens and anxieties; and it is befitting that we should all say, “Not our wills, but thine be done.”

“God never is before his time,
And never is behind.”

It must have been difficult for those who were with him in his last moments to believe that he had actually crossed the stream of death at its narrowest; and as tidings of his demise spread, there must have been in multitudes of hearts a mingling of surprise and sorrow. Wherever he had laboured, or his voice had been heard, the feeling must have asserted itself that his going hence had indeed impoverished earth, and enriched heaven.

“Our blessings brighten as they leave us” in the act of leaving us, and after they have left us. Parents know not how much they love and value a beloved child till it begins to droop; and if the drooping end in death, they have an appreciation of the remark that *persons* are our true wealth, which they never had before. Wives know not the worth of true and tender husbands till they have to speak of them as “not dead, but gone before,” and churches, with pastors over them of the Divine Head’s own preparing and sending, uniformly express themselves in loving and laudatory terms respecting them when they are beyond sight and hearing, as they were not in the habit of doing while they were yet with them.

The death, without warning given, of a pastor who had never spared himself to serve them, was a stunning blow to the Winton Place Church; and it was natural that office-bearers and members should take thought how they could most fittingly manifest the high esteem in which they had held him, and the affection which his Christian consistency and unceasing labours, extending over so many years, had evoked. Nothing that they could say or do could any longer affect him; but they would have done neither themselves, nor the sense of loss pervading the community, justice, if they had not draped church and pulpit in black, and overruled the arrangements

for a private funeral which had been entered into by the chief mourners—the bereaved wife and son—and decided to make it a Public Funeral. However dear our dead ones may be to us, we have no choice but reverently and sorrowfully to accompany their remains to “the house appointed for all living,” and leave them there under His eye who counts all cemeteries and churchyards as His “Acre.” What follows is the report of the Funeral, as it appeared in the *Kilmarnock Standard* of the 3rd January, 1880 :—

“At the request of friends, and with the consent of the immediate relatives, the office-bearers of the church made arrangements to have a public funeral on Thursday (New Year’s Day), preceded by a service in the church. The coffin was removed to the chapel, and placed on the table in the old choir seat immediately below the platform. It was covered with beautiful flowers, and had on it a silver plate, on which was engraved—‘The Reverend William Bathgate. Born September 28, 1820; died December 28, 1879.’ The hour fixed for the service was noon—the hour of the usual New Year’s prayer meeting. Long before that hour the members of the church and other friends began to assemble, the gallery being reserved for ladies. The immediate relatives and office-bearers ranged themselves on each side of the bier, and on or near the platform were seated nearly all the clergymen of the town, and many ministerial brethren of the denomination from a distance. The church was quite filled, and among those present to do honour to the memory of one who had laboured so long for the good of the town were several of the Magistrates, members of Council, and leading inhabitants. Rev. Alexander Denholm, colleague of Dr. Bathgate, presided, and with him in the pulpit were the Rev. Alexander Davidson, Greenock, and the Rev. Robert Hislop, Glasgow. The first four verses of the 90th Psalm having been sung, the Rev. Mr. Davidson offered up a solemn and most impressive prayer.

“The Rev. Mr. Hislop then read portions of Scripture :—2nd Kings, ii. 1-11; Psalm ciii.; 1st Corinthians, xv., 48 to end. At the close he said :—

“Such a day as this is not a time for speech. I should have preferred to mourn beside the bier of our dear friend in

silence. But the next best thing to silence is to try to say what we are all thinking. We stand here to-day where, when he stood, he realised a Greater Presence than his own. He was to have met with you at this hour; and perhaps when we think of the Lord who is with him, and the same Lord who is with us, it may be permitted us to believe that, for all that has happened, you and your dear pastor, we and our dear friend, are not far from one another. Taken away from our head—those who seemed to cover and protect us—they stand in the foreground, and we are screened behind them. They catch the stress of responsibilities, and break their force for us. But they begin to be taken from our head; the covering line gets broken, gets thinner; there is one taken out here, another taken out there; and the front line must be dressed, the open places filled up; and we find ourselves with a strange, cold sense of exposedness standing in the front line, with no wider margin than one uncertain step between ourselves and that silent, all-receiving eternity. At first, in earlier life, death is a mere piece of news to us, something we hear of, a passing wonder, a solemnity concerning others, but scarcely concerning us. But by and bye a comrade falls here, another there, around us, the enclosing numbers thin and dwindle, and then this supreme event, or the possibility of it, forces us to take a practical interest—we take it to ourselves, as we say. When so many have been taken from our head, we think of it as something we must try for ourselves, and wonder how we will bear ourselves when it comes to our turn.

“‘Gone’—‘no more’—‘never.’ That is the kind of dirge that goes on in the stricken and forlorn heart. The familiar face and figure in the chair at home—no more; the presence on the public street or quiet country road—no more; the presence here, the smile, the tear, the kindling earnest voice, or the tone of voice that was as level, and direct, and as straight, and firm as righteousness itself—never again, never once forever. ‘The wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place that once knew it will know it no more.’ But in lamenting what is *gone*, we forget to be thankful for what once *came* to us. True, God *takes*, but he first *gives*. And shall God send his best and give his best, and have no thanks for them? It

occurs to the good heart, not at first perhaps when all is sore, and bitter, and dark ; but by and bye, when it is only sad and quiet, and when we have had time for reflection, it occurs to us that our present sorrows are always a testimony to our past happiness. Darkness is the absence of light, but the light was here. We mourn because our treasure is gone, we have it not now, but it is clear from that we had it once. We cannot be thankful for our loss, but our day of loss ought to suggest the happy day of our possession. There could be no vales of tears if there had been no sunlighted hills on which we once walked. To lose is to have possessed, and the pain of the one is measured by the very joy of the other. And by well remembering God's goodness in departed yesterdays, by gratefully recalling the brightness of days that are no more, it detains the reflected brightness of these days, though the days themselves are dead. When we remember what they made us and what they keep us—the memories that are immortal, the good that has entered into our life as a permanent element and cannot die—when we think of what they will evermore do for us; for they seem to go to God and mingle with his omnipresence to follow us everywhere—not with us only here or there, only now or then, but at our side always, everywhere—when we remember that unseen companionship, that influence, that power and sweetness—we begin to be constrained to think with gratitude of what God gave and spared so long rather than to think with repining of what God has now taken away—we begin to cherish, amid our disconsolate regrets for their sorrowful dying, a gratitude that they ever lived, for we feel that no change, not even death, can ever make it all the same to us as if they had never lived. Let then a little Christian joyfulness creep into the psalmist's sad strain—let there be a little dawn of light from the Risen, the immortal life of the New Testament to spread itself over the darker horizon of the Old Testament. Let us remember God by his giving, and by his giving again, and not only by his taking away; for it is but an ungracious thing to return no thanks when the past is over, to forget the loan and gift of love when it has spent all upon us, or to call the play naught when the curtain falls.

“‘Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ These are the last words of his last printed book. It is the power of this same text that his last look—for the swift work of death left him no time for words—seems almost intended to convey. For he lies there with the calm smile of meek triumph upon his face, as if to say that in that moment of solemn loneliness when he met death, and death met him, it was he and not death that had the victory. There are those who will fare in the journey of life worse and lonelier for his gain. There are those who will feel the world turned colder already for his absence. But even when the world turns more deserted and wintry to us than it is—when, as it might seem, we have but little company left but our own cold shadow—let us not be tempted to think we are so abandoned and forgotten as we seem. We are in His hands—into whose hands and holy keeping all our losses fall. He can lose nothing, nor can we lose him. All change is transacted within his presence. There is transference, but no ceasing to be. There is translation, but no death. Life is his. Death is his also. Death is but a blind-folded servant, and even when he seems to win he loses the victory. ‘Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory.’

“The Rev. Dr. Ferguson then offered up an impressive prayer, after which the first three verses of the 53rd Paraphrase were sung.

“The blessing having been pronounced, four of the office-bearers carried the coffin to the hearse, the organist playing the “Dead March in Saul,” and the *cortege* then proceeded by way of St. Marnock Street, King Street, Duke Street, and London Road to the Cemetery. The mournful procession was an exceptionally long one, and the route was lined with sympathising spectators. On reaching the Cemetery the mourners lined the pathway, and the coffin was borne on the shoulders of four of the office-bearers to the grave. After it had been buried, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Paisley, engaged in prayer, which brought the solemn rites to a close. The bells of the town were tolled during the ceremony.”

The following Sunday a funeral sermon was preached to a crowded, subdued, and expectant congregation, in Winton

Place Chapel by an old and valued friend—Professor Hunter of Leith. He was the minister who, when Dr. Bathgate applied for admission into the Evangelical Union, wrote intimating that his request would be cheerfully complied with if the interview of the Committee appointed to converse with him at Dr. Morison's house, Kilmarnock, turned out satisfactory. The text selected was 1 Cor. iii. 21-23, and he spoke only the bare truth when, in giving utterance to a few eulogistic remarks, he said that "those who knew Dr. Bathgate best honoured and loved him most."

There is too much truth in the line of the paraphrase—"And all the dead forgotten lie." The living absorb attention and thought. Dr. Bathgate will share the fate of other preachers and pastors. Those who knew, admired, and loved him will, a few years hence, have gone "the way of all the earth," and he will become an *umbra nominis* (a shade of a name).

We were pleased to notice some time ago that the Winton Place Church had done themselves honour by converting, at considerable outlay, the centre division of the spacious window behind the pulpit into a Memorial window. On this window, the colours of which are beautiful, and blend harmoniously, have been legibly inscribed his name, dates of birth and death, and the text (Heb. i. 8) of the last sermon which Dr. Bathgate preached; and the middle portion of the window is adorned by two figures, the one that of Christ, the other that of Mary, and the intention of the artist seems to have been to suggest the fact of Christ's own resurrection, and the doctrine of our resurrection in and through him. For generations, therefore—as long as the sacred edifice shall last—Dr. Bathgate will not be quite nameless and forgotten, and we would fain persuade ourselves that the window will lead many of the worshippers within its walls to inquire who Dr. Bathgate was, what were the facts of his history, and in what respects he distinguished himself, and to imitate all about him and his work that was deserving imitation, and so serve both a useful and ornamental purpose.

EXPRESSIONS OF CONDOLENCE AND OBITUARY NOTICES.

Lest it should be supposed that we have thus far indulged in a strain of exaggeration, and that we saw in Dr. Bathgate what others did not see, it may be well that we should allow those for whom he laboured, and with whom he was most closely identified as a Christian minister, to tell their own tale of appreciation and of grief.

Writing to Dr. Bathgate's wife and son, the Elders, after referring to the deep pain and inexpressible sorrow which Dr. Bathgate's death had caused them, go on to express "their sense of the great loss which they and the church have sustained in the removal of one whose genuine Christian tenderness, far-seeing prudence, and impartial integrity ever secured and maintained during his ministry unbroken peace and uninterrupted prosperity; their high appreciation of the untiring zeal and self-sacrificing devotion with which for twenty-two years he laboured among them to win men to Christ, establish Christians in their faith, and to promote the best interests of the church."

The terms of the Managers' resolution were these:—"By accepting the invitation of the Church in 1857 to become its pastor, a happy union of sentiment and feeling was effected amongst all the members of the Church, and since that time till his lamented death on 28th December last, Dr. Bathgate's ministrations, both in the pulpit and out of it, have been of such a nature as to develope and perpetuate the best characteristics of the Christian life among his people."

The terms of the Sabbath School Teachers' resolution were these:—"In him the teachers feel that they have lost not only a faithful minister, but a devoted fellow-worker and a dear friend, who took an active and unceasing interest both in themselves and the work in which they were engaged; one who was ready at all times to spend and be spent in advancing the cause of their common Master, having made it the last labour of his life to further the spiritual interests of the young."

Members of the Church and Congregation have recorded that—"As one of the most noble and honourable of men,

eloquently fervent on behalf of truth, righteousness, Christ and man, we not only loved and honoured him, but also feel that we owe to him most loving memories."

The resolution of the Kilmarnock Abstainers' Union (of which he was an honorary president) contains the following sentences:—"The Association would gratefully acknowledge the services he rendered to the temperance movement during the many years he laboured in this town. . . . This Society will long miss the help afforded it by his hearty and willing efforts, and the dignity conferred on it by his honoured name; but its loss is his gain. 'He rests from his labours and his works do follow him.'"

The next and last resolution explains itself,—

EVANGELICAL UNION HALL COMMITTEE,
GLASGOW, *24th February, 1880.*

"This being the first meeting of Committee since the lamented death of the Rev. William Bathgate, D.D., Senior Pastor of the Evangelical Union Church, Winton Place, Kilmarnock, the Committee unanimously resolve to put on record their high appreciation of the Christian worth of their departed brother, and their deep sense of the great loss they have sustained by his unexpected death.

"During the many years Dr. Bathgate was a member of this Committee, he attended its meetings with great regularity. He invariably brought to bear on the consideration of business much intellectual sagacity as well as Christian patience and brotherly kindness, and the want of his well-balanced mind and heart will be deeply felt in time to come.

"It is a satisfaction to the Committee that a man of so much mental power and culture, and of such sterling Christian worth, should have lived and died in the fellowship of the Evangelical Union."

By all the ministers of the Union, Dr. Bathgate's death was deeply regretted, and quite a number of them were so affected by it, that they felt constrained to make public reference to it. The Rev. W. R. Scott, Langholm, took occasion to say—"I know of no other man in our beloved Church, or any other Church, whose life, like Paul's, was so much bound up in

Christ's. Where will we get a man to fill his place in the Evangelical Union, to do the great amount of work which he did so quietly and unassumingly?" "Rev. R. Anderson, Glasgow, took occasion to say—"We have known him intimately for upwards of 27 years, and the longer we knew him the more did we admire him for his sterling worth, honesty, and Christian deportment." Rev. J. Whitson, Anstruther, took occasion to say—"Dr. Bathgate was one of the truest and noblest of men. He carried himself with great Christian manliness, and yet, withal, had very great tenderness of soul towards down-trodden and suffering humanity. He had a perfect abhorrence of deceit, or sham, or mere pretence in any form. He was honest to the core." Rev. Alex. Davidson, Greenock, took occasion to say—"Dr. Bathgate was, by his Christian sagacity, his spiritual earnestness, his loyalty to the Master and to the great evangelical truths of God's word and saving plan, his culture, and his understanding of the times, the unbending integrity, uprightness, and noble consistency of his whole character, an ornament, a tower of strength, and a source of blessing and inspiration to the Evangelical Union. He was, take him all in all, as a man, and as a minister of Christ, one of whom any Christian community might be proud, for he was one on whom you could rely, confident that he would not disappoint you. I have known him for close on five-and-thirty years. For nearly 25 I have been honoured to enjoy his intimate friendship. I have known him speak true words, faithful words, stern words, but never an unkind one. Not only did I never know of him doing an unrighteous, a dishonourable act, I know he scorned and loathed the very thought of such from the bottom of his soul."

With all the ministers of the Union, he stood as well as he did with these four, and we never heard of him getting into a quarrel or a controversy with the ministers and members of other denominations. He was ever mindful of the exhortation, "If it be possible, as much as in you lies, live peaceably with all men"; and to fraternise with people outside the Evangelical Union he never manifested any reluctance.

When he settled in Kilmarnock, there was only one minister who had the courtesy to call on him; but before he died he

had so completely lived down all jealousy and suspicion that ministers of the town formed no inconspicuous part of the funeral cortege.

THE CONCLUSION.

We have now finished the task assigned us, and if we could have foreseen that it should fall to us to write for publication a biographical sketch of Dr. Bathgate, we should have qualified ourselves for more worthily executing it by putting questions and taking notes when we had the opportunity. We have aimed at doing justice to his mental endowments, culture, usefulness, and character. What was he in point of character we have felt to be, after all, the main question; for character is that which we do not bring into the world, but which we take with us when we leave it, and which determines our eternal destiny. Now there is abundant and satisfactory evidence that he was a shining trophy of the grace of God, and that he "wore the white flower of a blameless life." Great must have been his peace, for he was characterised by a deep and growing knowledge of God—God in Christ, kept his law as it is given to few Christians to keep it, and was so spiritually minded. Once, when waves of trouble were raising their crests, he remarked to a friend—"Nothing can disturb my equanimity." He was one of those to whom the spiritual world is as real, if not more so, than the material world, and who "lived on high spiritual levels." Meditation and prayer were not with him isolated acts, but habits, and were "a wall of fire" round about him. Darts which pierced others fell blunted or spent at his feet. He was a man of transparent earnestness, truthfulness, honesty, and modesty. There was nothing assumed, or obtrusive, or spasmodic about his earnestness. It made itself felt rather than seen, and was so finely regulated that it never broke into smoke and flame, or was carried so far as to encroach on the rights of others. It struck inward and downward, and when events occurred to deepen it, it readily took the form of pathos. He was so strong in this element that, whenever the occasion arose, it revealed itself. If he had encouraged it, it would have issued in a settled pensiveness. So vividly did he realise "the pathos of human life," that he frequently referred to it in conversation.

He could not preside at the Annual Congregational Soiree without indulging himself, in the course of his address, in a few pathetic words. Such words as—"This meeting always moves me. The bright expectant faces of it move me. The memories of the past year move me. The anticipations of the coming year move me. It is just six years to-night, even by the day of the month, since we held our first soiree here, and one of the memories that come corroding round my heart is this, that some seventy faces of members of this church, that beamed with gladness in this chapel on that night, shine in the temple above, and are turned in adoration toward the visible Elder Brother. I am not murmuring, but it melts me when I look at and see, side by side, the face of the patriarch and the face of the maiden." Such words as—"And as the years roll on, and the shadows and lights of the nearer eternity fall upon me, deeper and deeper is the benediction of my soul when I say over you, May the mighty, loving Lord Jesus Christ have you in his holy keeping." The suspicion in his mind that the thread of his life was more than ordinarily brittle may have contributed to make him uncommonly earnest as a man, a preacher, and an author; but it sprang chiefly from his abiding recognition of, and faith in, those great spiritual realities which were the fascination of his life, and from the clear perception which he had of the worth of moral earnestness, as, to quote his own phrase, "the basis feeling of all the higher virtues." In his case was largely fulfilled the prayer—"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." He may have sometimes erred on the side of caution and reticence, but no insincere word ever escaped his lips. "Golden opinions" he did not despise or undervalue, but there was too much natural dignity and principle about him to fish for compliments. What but his own experience could have taught him that "A near Divine Being is the great safeguard against both egotism and inertness"? He was not ready giving his confidence, but once given, he was reluctant to withdraw it, and they stood high on the list of his friends to whom he signed himself "Yours affectionately." Conscious of a strong love of independence, and an intense desire to do for himself without being under an obligation to anyone, he

had to practise strict economy. Of silver and gold he never had much to give, but he rejoiced in whatever way he could to lessen the sum of human misery, and swell the heap of human happiness.

The New Cemetery which holds all that was mortal of William Bathgate is rapidly assuming a ridged appearance; and, year by year, the monuments which affection rears thicken. We understand that he was the officiating minister at the first funeral which wended its slow and solemn way to the Cemetery after it was opened. No one visiting it to view the spot where his ashes repose, will have any difficulty finding the grave. Despite Longfellow's line—"There is no death: what seems so is transition"—love has planted it with flowers, and erected on it a chaste and substantial monument of grey granite, part of it polished, and part left unpolished. When one mild, autumn day, I stood in front of it, and read as follows:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of the
REVEREND WILLIAM BATHGATE,
FOR 22 YEARS PASTOR OF THE
EVANGELICAL UNION CHURCH IN CLERK'S LANE,
AFTERWARDS WINTON PLACE.

Born at Galashiels September 28, 1820.

Died at Kilmarnock, December 28, 1879.

"Pure in heart"—"Fervent in spirit"—"Faithful unto death."

"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through
our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust"—

it occurred to me that his was no flattering monument. The dead are an ever-increasing majority, but the action of few in that greatest of all congregations—the congregation of the dead—smell sweeter or blossom fairer than his own.

GEORGE CRON.

NOV 17 1983

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